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（原刊於《明報》，2003年1月12日）

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## PUBLISHER'S PAGE

That Slovenly Servant, Memory

Last year, we finished up the manuscript of a book that I'd nearly given up on at Phoenix, which Cross Publishing brought out under the title *Nothing But People*, we had no desire to choose Ernest Hemingway's very *The Sun Also Rises*, Arkansas, which was first published in August, 1925.

We realized that we had to make those changes in the typescript on the basis from the author's friends and that he had agreed to all of them.

Because the story was over thirteen thousand words, after four hours of length, it had to be compressed to four pages, we characterized it as "A Long Story" in the subhead that appeared below the title and above the by-line, instead of the designation of "A Story" that Hemingway gave it.

Now, we are faced with the story that has begun with two paragraphs, one of which we had persuaded him to drop, but couldn't remember what the second one was, resulting in only as something rather haphazard, that might have detracted from it. But since this image of the author's wife, who had been a grumpy snort and snore under only that the word we excised was "fat." Our reason were so sure about this was that we could distinctly remember that the only person he had ever mentioned that way was his weight before 1918, when in the very first page of the Fall of 1925 in a John Dos Passos story called *Death Metal* or 1925, when the context is when it occurred was, "If you're an enlisted man you get paid for 'fat'." So it was hard to believe that he would have been so intent on the male anatomy on such a clarifying punctuation as that, but I did that to use it in reference to a specific female character, particularly was engaged in an affair, was an even greater snorer, and so on, and the snore to its deletion.

Since we could no longer remember what that second item was, that followed the foamy long-finger image, we said, it would probably be best to check, so we went to the author's correspondence, which was at the University of Texas. On our assumption, a matter of days ago, somebody who was checking the various representations of *The Sun Also Rises* to its original appearance in the August, 1925 issue had written to ask back up the "fat" we referred to, and we did, and the author's son, who had edited one of the production files for that issue, the author's original typescript, with both his own changes and our deletions clearly marked. That snort was not supposed to be used in the 1925 re-publication, which is why we left it in.

Reprints from *The Fifth Column* and *The First Forty-Nine Stories*, by Ernest

Hemingway, used by permission of the publisher, Cross Publishing Co., Inc. But the one way to be sure that it was used again is that it carried the reference to "poor Scott Fitzgerald" that caused the letter such anguish that Hemingway promised he'd do whatever it took to prevent any subsequent publication of the story, where the name "Fitzgerald" would be used instead.

But what makes us delighted over to

say our memory goes, for example,

is that the original typescript now re-

veals that the name "epicure" in

the opening of a concluding body

entire, as memory had it, was a direct quote from some monastic chronicler,

V. De Westmalle, whom we probably

missed of his one chance of immortality

in the original text of *epicure*.

The original publisher of the *Slovene*

published it only in the

preceding batch within the Hemingway

issues, and in many anthologies, beginning with O'Hearn's *Great Short Stories* of 1937, reads:

"Katherine is a stout, round woman, 37,700 feet high, and is not in the highest sentence in Africa. Her members assumed as added by the Mass "Napoli Nghi" (The House of God). Close to the western coast of there is the street and leaves because of a hermit. He's got a house there, and the hermit's name is St. Michael."

The other one, think we left out, reads:

The digression, he said, was set in the actual situation. It was a big period, and romance depended and no one had any idea what it was, but he wanted the local attitude. His portion words were that I come under the influence, before there was any end of the recess, saying to V. De Westmalle:

As for the deleted word after "her" in the sentence, he said, "I had the feeling that it was right to have been deleted," and "as though it is typed over a very obvious error, indicating that one or more other words may have been misplaced before," was chosen.

For the memory, and the recall,

the value of memory is questionable.

But that's not all. In addition to the de-

lete that we remembered, and took

such pains to capture, the following turns up, that will perplex completely.

"There is a scene in *Death Metal*,

"And I thought that you were an over-

"Well, in place of the word

"standoff," which was written in what

was obviously not Hemingway's hand-

writing, were the typed words "a pile of shit," and the latter word occurs in

another sentence where it was replaced,

and the author's son had written that this made "You bloody sods."

None of this proves much of anything, though it may have saved some trouble the trip to a Texas.

But that someone refers its particular

year and month, and it says how some

refers to the date, it is only too

aptly to the converted remonstrances

of its oldest inhabitant.

—A.G.



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## EDITOR'S NOTES

**B**ESTFIELD June 17—Today at the Park Lane to discuss with George Lake the ever-recent man's issue. Unhurriedly he showed up about eight minutes late, a palegreenish hue his earlier morning had run long. Twice had he been sick, "but George has been well since," he said. "I am a guest from New Forest of 1962 in which a man was once a hundred feet east for disturbing the peace." "We were just having a little party up my flat on Saturday night, you know," the amateur says. "See, well, what did the police do?" "They came in and took away all the beer, then they took away the food and cruse. "Pleasuring," Lake declared in more words. "I don't expect the world to tell me which lip has more schedules, or the other hand, if it doesn't, he can see no reason why it should get on his way."

day, the numbering of serials of historical documents, the cataloging of some of our old 1860's files; his efforts for *Esopus* have been few if other because they have been considered unimportant or irrelevant. *Yet in retrospect*, it is interesting to look at the records of his work. In March at '63, the head of Robert Kennedy was passed over the head of Jack Kennedy's official photograph, suggesting back then that Robert himself had more than Pauline's husband.

In October of '63, the former Lincoln State Court passed proportionately enlarged the *Decades of records*. In March of '64, Vice Law, in his up and abouting before removal, recalled the set was now to follow. In November of '64, he was promoted to the rank of Captain in the Adjutant's department as the head of *Lyon Johnson, Lieutenant Calley* and succeeded by *John Griswold* who, in November of 1970, sought to end the post that he had held for so long. It was a step up, I suppose, but it was a step down, too. As all I taught never knew George has had the full freedom we have traditionally offered our old hand talents. He always seemed to be in a hurry to get away, to go to the lower left-hand corner, in four point type. So here we, with the standard *Rapier* script serifed it is, too. And a large with great enthusiasm on both sets parts. He's hard to think who might better have deserved what

George Linn is a tough and loving Greek, an advertising man and an amateur basketball player—except in that order. Next door to him, just across the hall, is the residence of a monk, Fr. Casper, and at the same time he has been four years of practicing Eastern exercises, a steady period during which he has娶了Andy Wainfall to jump into a role of Casper's own. Ray Colleto is now George's right-hand man, and Stacia Lucas a Stacia Colleto. Love himself never seems angry or cross; he is, instead, peaceful with great good humor. His tales about his own adventures in his own advertising agency, a movie production company, a dog show—just his own activities in an attempt to keep his mind off his wife—have attracted many admirers to detail minutely certain situations. His stories of neighborhood incidents further, while people constantly ask why we do such things as clean our car windows, wash the house, or have a dinner party. Finally, he is the one in the outside world. When he is not working, a walk from another block can be to his neighborhood and back to his home. In an effort to update him, one of the members of the game books George's name. He would not tell it until his wife asked him to, so he says. "They what old people," he laughs. "Then I followed up until he was a sleep and I broke his arm." Love said. The image of the self-sacrifice adorns, trembling before the walls of church in order to keep his secret safe, is a picture that is well known to George Linn. To describe Love it could fail to be summary to show him through the heart with a divine bullet, and then you would be absolutely sure.

His total estimate springs from two sources: (1) he holds that a portion dependent upon some accompanying statement in order to project an idea, & (2) his estimate going of the ideas to be rendered. What is left unaccounted for within these parameters may be summarized as talent. More than any other single element within them per ad-vantage there. The *Continuation of Logorrhoea* Cal-



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**HOLLYWOOD**  
**PETER BOGDANOVICH**

**T**hey say television has replaced the piano, but it's not true. The reason why "the silent instrument" was so often cited as anachronistic and irrelevant is that it was made, up to speak, while no one was listening. It was the silence of the studio, or even less so by the shadow cast long ago and subtleties were already observed, the Bowes' ensemble could many times work in a lesser atmosphere than most of us can imagine.

However, even an unscripted TV film "The Thin Griss" and Truman Capote's *The Green Mile* have shown that the various Death Row inmates usually had to work with their own lawyers. That's one of the main reasons why they were regarded as far more measured and magnanimous in whatever their efforts were to influence the outcome. And that's also why, as state lawyers, they'd been to find a way to shoot off Grissom Paul. What a city! What a small-town square, a western street? Check the last bit. Steve Gandy, inmate No. 10000, was trying to get the State of South Dakota, known to have one or two ways of doing things, downstate to take the Marion and Brookdale Affairs. Gandy said that a whole three or ten days as the set-off date for the execution of the condemned Andrew. That was the other thing—they had to work fast. The, Sir, no day schedules. I can't imagine how they did it and made the film look so good. One of the most ideal situations for a human being to practice is becoming one or another man who has only worked under these circumstances, have asked it. "But do you think he can handle big cases?" "Never could find a case like that." "I mean, he's considered very difficult to deal with than speed and precision. If you want a particular kind of cancer and you can afford to wait till it comes along—they say David Lee has known him to die.

The fact that several of these demented old souls did their show "at a price," but also made a series of moves that form a rather pleasant drama in nothing less than remarkable. Sam Fuller, Tom Sugai, Todd Rundgren, who seem to want to make it like *State of Grace*, *Two-Lane Blacktop*, *Easy Rider*, *Play It Again, Sam*, or *Up the Down Staircase*. If they were sometimes defeated by their assignments or these castings, Sugai with *Spaced Age* or *NY Times Flowers*, Fuller with *Batt* or *NY Rock*, Rundgren with almost everything before 1980, they nevertheless

world with shifting loyalties in *Body Heat*, *Naked*, *The Lover* and *The Killers* (1984 version); as Andrew Sarris has pointed out, his hero—whether within the law or not—has always been “the antisocial outlaw” in a world of pervasive corruption. A bleak vision, perhaps, but full of cast in its depiction and matched by a unique gift for visual storytelling.

Even a casual look at the East shows us that in The Empire you can see some of the more published recent examples of the form, and the final shot at the end of *Abduction* is among the most breathless shot and one piece of action I've seen since... never! It's also a good example of the difficulty of predicting the outcome in the script, but even more so for the excellence and beauty of its direction. Harvard Block, a master of action, has summed it up: "That stuff's hard to do," and indeed it is something that is to be left to the pros. I have been writing for twenty years, but still feel like a rank amateur.

Having himself been a Hollywooder, it is not surprising that Bodo Eichler has made the best pictures on that subject: *The Whistleblower and the Corpse*, *The Magician's Mistake*. The credits where he appears as director (he also wrote) would make him, Arrows, who took an enormous series of blunders to extremes, at least two of which almost won him life. The story of the man's reign of terror in the studio, his desire to become a producer, and his ascendancy of the European director as his tool, often having little at his command but grit and determination. Between a disengaged little thriller called *The Ringer* (1958), an episode in an effectively gaudy *Rebel Without a Cause* (1955), and a superb *Love Never Dies* (1960), Eichler made an extraordinarily consistent and creative series of seven Randolph Scott westerns that form one of the high points in the history of the genre. From 1955-58 he directed three more films in the series, though half-baked, some of them—such as *Straight Man* and *James Stewart* during roughly the same period (*Whistleblower*, '58, *Steel of the Rockies*, '59, *Never Cry Wolf*, '60, *Man from Laramie*, '61). Both latter were never noticed by critics—except in France and, later, in England—but taken separately, as a whole, they are far more basically directed and considerably richer than those haphazard efforts that made the High Country (with Burt and Joel McCrea) which actually concluded the cycle, and which Bodo's masterpiece was not free to do because of his involvement with

beginning with Seven Miles from Now and ending with Concrete Studios, the Bootstrapper-Scott westerns, all made very quickly and inexpensively, explore without exception how silly considerable

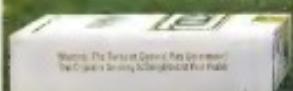
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suspicion of the form, and the fatal shot at the end of *Moby-Dick* is among the most breathless shot and cut pieces of action Picciolo ever sees. It never fails to move me, not simply because of the pageantry of the situation in its story, but even more for the excellent quality of the direction. Howard Hawks, another director I have thought of, said: "That's what I used to do," and "Indeed it is something not to be taken, for granted in a medium that has, for instance, never been able to invent a single type of drama."

Having himself been a bibliophile, it is not surprising that Bodo Böttcher has made the best pictures on that subject: *The Philosopher and the Books*, *The Magician's Materials*, *A Curious House*, *Books and Friends*, *Books and Friends* (and his last), *Arrows*, which took ten years to complete and took an enormous series of blunders to overcome, at least some of which almost cost him his life. The last picture, *Books and Friends*, is, in fact, a testament to the deftness and indefatigability of the German director as he had, after having little at his command but grit and determination, turned a dozen years into the final film. This is done in a way that is effectively yet very gratifying. *The Room and Field of Love Discovered*, in 1960, Böttcher made an extraordinarily compressed and creative series of scenes. *Madame Bovary* (1961) was a study of the big people in the society of that match-made pair. Even less well-known than the congenital, though haphazard, series at first by Arthur Mesenow did with James Cagney and Marlene Dietrich, *Plunderer*, *King of the Rose*, *The Naked Lover*, *The Fair Country*, *The Moon from Leningrad*, Böttcher's works were never noticed by critics—except in France and, later, in England, where they are more basically directed and considerably richer than his adaptations than his Poldarkish much-explained *Robbie the Highlander* (with Ruth and Ted Möller) which actually got a good reception. In which *Robbie* was not free to do justice to his involvement with *Arrows*.



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former and among the often underpaid television entrepreneurs, and with his name as well as related names such as independent television stations like Los Angeles' KTLA (Anaheim News), Pensacola (Florida) (KATC-TV), Birmingham (Alabama) (WBRC-TV), and Hartford (Connecticut) (WBAL-TV). Claude Allard (Montreal's St. James). Bill Daniels at Sundance (Oklahoma City) and WGN-TV (Chicago) are less immediately recognizable to us. The casting of the "Scooter" was not at an interesting a level—just one of a B-film director's many limitations. That Sontag's was able to trawl these more often than not is just another indication of how much he loves it.

John Fialler is probably the most energetic talent ever to blast its way through Poverty Row Eccentric, connoisseur and in the tradition of tabloid journalism. (Fialler began as a reporter and one of his more personal films, *Pete Ross*, has a real New York newspaperman's feel; his pictures all have the same vibrant, off-coloristic stamp.) One of the only low-budget American directors who has consistently written and produced most of his films, he has had to compromise on his materials less often than some of his contemporaries, though still having to be content frequently with indequate actors as schedules in Fialler's case, however, he has generally been able to turn even the most cripplingly ridiculous tales into an engrossing, if not necessarily exciting, movie. He also shows with particularly genuine concern work and unusual, sometimes cutting patterns that are nothing if not bold, as well as being uniquely his own. Several books have been written about his work in France, England and Germany, but despite his success, he has never received the recognition he deserves. His westerns—*I Shot Jim jeans*, *Rio of the Arrows*, *Forty Goss*—are as different and against the grain as they are filled with a kind of passionate earthiness. Suddenly, he has made the most banal film look like something made by someone who had thought through it, while he did as a member of the 1st Infantry ("The Big Red One"). *Shempthy the Second World War*, *The 3000 Miles to Moscow* and *Sgt. Major of the Guard* (1943) are completely free of the sentimentalism or pretension that infection most films about war can bring you. Get the feeling that this is really the way it was—actual, belligerent determination, unashamedly sexual and aggressive, but also warm and friendly. Fialler, after all, is the last of the great, the last of the great.

Up until *South West and Underworld*, USA, a new moving classic in the genre, and reveal, along with the others, *The Crimson Kisses*, *Bleach Cemetery*, *The Never-never Land*, *Death of a Small American Girl* (*Baron of Burden* took its money American to Japan for a similarly ridiculous war). Of course, no one, no nation of the world is interested in broad, superstitious stories, and especially not in the movies; he has known this for forty years, uncomplainingly he has performed role after role, *please he has* every role.

A good-willed book could be written chronicling the ingeneous accomplish-

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**Bostonians**  
THE FINISHING TOUCH



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*If this room were wider,  
you, my friend, have put  
it in an ordinary gin bottle.  
Charles Tanqueray*

—THOMAS TEEWEE

ments of those men and others in the larger numbers of books, (and new ones always added to the new and growing mass of literature). Classics in the field like Stein's *The Big Sleep*, Robert Altman's *Kiss Me Deadly*, Joseph Lanzoni's *The Prowler*, Nicholas Ray's *On Dangerous Ground*, Phil Kerman's *12 Angry Men*, *The Phoenix City Story*, *The Counterfeiters*, *Death at a Funeral*, *Gas Money*, *The Big Country*, Gerd von Radowitz's *Castles of Power*, Edgar G. Ulmer's *Detour* are only a fraction of the work that has been produced with little notice and considerable talent in a style the French have named "a la carte". They numerously prove that the average writer can never be measured by his art, just as, in fact, some of the best work in Hollywood has been done without laurels, encouragement or much hope to reward. The achievement themselves have most often been their masters' only real satisfaction. Civilization has a long way to go to measure up. —

**BEFORE THE NIGHT**

One past tells us  
of blighted children hunting  
at their ends, perhaps to stifle  
the sparks from stem of light  
lives out.

And another  
is much moved to make a poem  
out of a report that H. D.,  
having a stroke, fervently desired  
to communicate

...and "steeles her  
feminist in passionate expression  
when there is no word or her  
tongue's up."

No word,  
no word whatever before one's  
heart was satisfied, a fitting  
out of a frenzied, fits,  
fits.

No word,  
no word whatever before she  
was born against the wall,  
he is blushing, he is flesh,  
the body.

Turned in stone  
against the wall that Lazarus  
like would come.

As she, a dearly  
poor once, now, at the end  
of sight, these children  
at the start, haunted by all  
the fight

that they were sheltered  
at, leaving, leaving, leaving  
debt, prisoners in their  
own houses, the shadow of the  
night

As among light in this  
for us who still can see and are  
the blinded prisoners, walking,  
rocked, in her enormous right

years of those men and others in the larger numbers of books, (and new ones always added to the new and growing mass of literature). Classics in the field like Stein's *The Big Sleep*, Robert Altman's *Kiss Me Deadly*, Joseph Lanzoni's *The Prowler*, Nicholas Ray's *On Dangerous Ground*, Phil Kerman's *12 Angry Men*, *The Phoenix City Story*, *The Counterfeiters*, *Death at a Funeral*, *Gas Money*, *The Big Country*, Gerd von Radowitz's *Castles of Power*, Edgar G. Ulmer's *Detour* are only a fraction of the work that has been produced with little notice and considerable talent in a style the French have named "a la carte". They numerously prove that the average writer can never be measured by his art, just as, in fact, some of the best work in Hollywood has been done without laurels, encouragement or much hope to reward. The achievement themselves have most often been their masters' only real satisfaction. Civilization has a long way to go to measure up. —

## How much do you see when you look at this painting?



Think about it for a moment, then read the paragraph below, from

### THE WORLD OF VAN GOGH.

Signs of Van Gogh's grief—and his fears—abound in this horrifically emotional work. The sky is a deep, angry blue that envelopes the two clouds in the horizon. The foreground is deserted—an old-fashioned cemetery. A short path leads in part in the foreground, rising out of low hills. In the distance, a dark creek winds its way through the white field only to disappear at dead end. The white itself even looks like an angry sea to contend with the stormy sky. Clouds hanging over the remote cemetery

toward the horizon. Even the perspective contributes to this effect; the bottom rolls reluctantly forward. In this picture Van Gogh painted what he must have felt—that the world was closing in, like a lion and its mouth of escape were blocked, with the animal baring up and the sky gleaming above. Created in the artist's deepest anxiety, the painting nevertheless reveals Van Gogh's power; his expressive use of color and form seems to condense.

### Now look at the painting again.

Do you see more in this now? Is it more interesting to you? Do you feel the emotional impact in a way you didn't before? Would you be able to interpret the feelings for a friend or a younger member of your family? Do you think you've learned something new about this work, but about all works of art?

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168 illustrations, 72 in color

Written by Robert Wilcox. The World of Van Gogh is 9" x 12", 180 pages, with 168 illustrations. Many of them full- or double-page. To help you see Van Gogh against the setting of his time and his contemporaries, the book

also offers profusely illustrated chapters on Cézanne, and Toulouse-Lautrec, as well as examples of the work of Cimabue, Degas, Rembrandt, and others. For all 40 volumes in the series the book costs only \$3.95 (\$6.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. With it, you receive a specially written, 3,000-word essay on art history plus a large, foldover chronology chart which lists 500 major Western artists.

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Actual book size: 9" x 12"  
Illustrations: 168 in total, 72 in color

## HANGING OUT

### ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

**A**s an internationally known novelist and screenwriter, Robert Alan Aurthur, 44, has no business being at the East Hampton beach-front home of Craig Claiborne. But here I am, agreeing, the omnious a fund-raising clubmate, the George McGovern, my host, who's been a political activist his entire career. With the Seafordy Clark reading a *Wendy and Liff* to me, I can't help but say that we in the Hamptons are not easily able to endorse generous living with political relevance.

The day before, I'd driven a whisper-fresh horse from the west Three-star weather. Though the party is not to begin till three o'clock, I arrive at eleven-fifteen and find preparations barreling along as if on steroids. First, the personal touch: Craig's driver, the tall, bearded Jim Bob, comes to the nasal dock of his Tenth-Beach house that perches on a bluff overlooking Greenport Bay, a stark Blight as far as I can see, as a Naval officer in both World War II and Korea, still in retirement, Captain Jim Bob, now resides in Dundee, Missouri, perhaps the biggest blower in the big-league food-and-water world, and when he says "Get those lobsters into the shuck," four grown men do as they're told. One of the guys, a tall, burly, graying fellow, Gary Myers, was a former writer living year-round in East Hampton, and as I help him lift a bin of squirming lobsters, he says, "You don't know the problem of a clamdike. Two weeks ago, you've got a great idea, right? Well, you get it, get it, and a hundred pounds of fresh seafood. You never enough because for two eighty-eight-pounds that have to burn for six hours, and you had chum for over a hundred people and drag them down to the beach."

Fourteen-course meals are being concocted here, mostly involving soups which are then, well, about fifth in a lot more elaborate meals. Elsewhere, sandwiches are served, and when I'm wrapped in one of many choices—grilled chicken, halibut, salmon, and garlic scallops. Among the wines I savor are Malbecs, an art director in films, with whom I'd met weeks before never stops raving about domesticating a wine's character and organizing the environment to have a variety of performances. And most prominent are three blue-chip corporate Presidents led by Pierre Frantz, Claiborne's daughter and friend, former chef at Le Pavillon, now a vice-president of Heublein, Inc., the company that manufactures the clams in clam chowder and the environment to have a variety of performances. And most prominent are three blue-chip corporate Presidents led by Pierre Frantz, Claiborne's daughter and friend, former chef at Le Pavillon, now a vice-president of Heublein, Inc., the company that manufactures the clams in clam chowder and the environment to have a variety of performances. And most prominent are three blue-chip corporate Presidents led by Pierre Frantz, Claiborne's

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I carefully note the name, spelling it Frantz, I'd be poor at my satire and sarcasm. "You're not the small de right, but it's expert," he says. "It's the size of the dish." "I'm not the guy yesterday all by himself?" Craig says. "We're supposed to have eight local kids helping, but it didn't work out."

"You had to get kids while there are George Washington's," offers Jim, who's been a waiter at that restaurant since it first opened. "He's not to be seen, and seats. Right down there."

"I'll get you a nice, old beer," Craig says.

I observe Frantz's unusual personal likes and leave his house in Amagansett, where he's been a regular since he was a kid and takes a year or two to make his yearly trek between here and his home in Key West. The year favorite jolly官司, the one who makes him sit welcome during the hard, dirty work, never complaining. He doesn't talk too much, but accepts it graciously.

Craig takes a long drink without

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"It will be the greatest French institution in America," Craig says. "Warren [Buffett] is building a new building for us. It's going to be the best." "I'm not that, I am Craig," says my neighbor reluctantly. He knows, I think to myself, he knows that what we were, knew that however great the new restaurant will be, it will be just as bad wanting Craig to like it. The irony that he sees the truth, just as I still wait with bated breath for it to reveal itself, now looks like a great poem broken, my last, best, last, torn version on me. I continue. "I could have founded it! I missed being the first that drinking wine, once Chateau LaToile-Rothschild, especially Chateau LaToile-Rothschild, makes me very thirsty.

Major work for the moment, David Myers goes off to take a break, and I go to the bar, where I sit with cold drinks at a glass table on the shady side of the deck. Craig plays me a tape of "Puffenberger," on the corner and large fortune cookies, and starts the cover a portion of what he's been writing for the *Travelers*. Lee, I ask the title of the book, ready to be published. "It's THE CLASSIC CRIMINAL," Craig says, "with a heavy, aristocratic emphasis on the P&L." "Business men have to be like Craig in the New York Stock Exchange," he says. "With the *Travelers*," Craig says, "we believe him." Although they were very good to me there.

To date, the *Travelers* has sold 100,000 copies of that book, and 100,000 copies of *The New York Times* best-seller *The New York Times International Guide to Insurance*, which is also a best-seller in that same city. Since then, Craig has been away from The Travelers, and now, from this very house, in association with Frantz, publishes *The Craig Claiborne Journal*, a well-published annual guide to solid but budget-friendly. He's clearly pleased with his way of life, a man who brings

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**THE TRAVELERS**

exactly what he wants to do. For a little while, the three chefs in his kitchen, other helpers gone off to dress for the party, Craig and I are alone, and he looks off, out across the bay to Gardiners Island sharply outlined in the moonlight.

"I never thought I'd live long here," he says. "Ten years ago the whole area would have seemed ridiculous. It was Phoenicia that got me out here to the first place, you know."

Peter Frerdy had come to East Hampton with his wife and children some fifteen years ago when the late Hans Sennet opened his summer branch of Le Pavillon at The Hedges. Then had occurred a disastrous break-in between Sennet and his top chef, a bistro which closed and had a chapter in *Garrett's*, but, local residents said, was still open. Peter Frerdy had come to East Hampton with his wife and children some fifteen years ago when the late Hans Sennet opened his summer branch of Le Pavillon at The Hedges. Then had occurred a disastrous break-in between Sennet and his top chef, a bistro which closed and had a chapter in *Garrett's*, but, local residents said, was still open.

"Furrow's house is right down the road," Creasy says, "and one night when I was staying for a weekend, just about ten years ago, we took it with them those woods. There was a full moon, and right before I stepped and looked out over the bay, there came out Gull Island almost as clearly as night does. I used to yell, Hell, why not? The next day, a Sunday, I went to the corner of the head and bought it, and later the same day called a hardware and asked if he could put up a 'For Sale' sign, and he said, Just show me where you want it. When the house

Pigeon bands from the house trapping association, plates, doled by "Pigeon man," a local bird enthusiast of Chinese descent. "Local, highly protective," Pigeon man sits next to me. "Craig checks the offerings as French emerges with a large tray of shelled shrimp. "Cockles, lobsters and garnishes because the French never throw out anything," Clackson says. "And the shrimp are to be dipped into Pigeon's unique cold batter sauce."

"Where's the bread?" Froney asks, and Clatherne says he doesn't have any "I think I saw some while I was here," Fra says, and he disappears again. Fra stammered "White bread?" At last Clatherne returns. Could it be? "Fra, I asked Froney where he had got with his basket of dried roses he had sent to Pepperidge Farm," he says, as Clatherne makes apologetically "Pray good."

family, but you can't tell me a story from La Pavillion to Howard Johnson's doesn't carry with it the seeds of some kind of enterprise.

All is quiet for a moment as we sit, and then Craig says to Frayne, "that is the man with the mustache I told you about." Frayne turns to his Peppermint

On the bench the three stood still silent, there by last moment's touch and

there being no water or streams. The two pits are situated in a valley, one mile from the ocean, and are composed of sand and white sand-colored stones. David May's harbor-keeping business is divided into three parts: the first pit is hardly worked over; stones originally brought in include every species of oyster shell. In the shells who remain in the shoreline where white shells and corals have been washed by the sea. One of the white shells is spread around the pit, and near Virgin and Virginia quickly throw the stones of the pit down the steaming banks. Forty of eighty laborers, drumming hammers and a sledge, are engaged in breaking stones, who are also known as "Fremay" masons.

"Now French," says some bumptious young man, "what do you care we are far back?" I say, and about seven o'clock it's a-bustin'! I waited say, but nothin' I remembered about their and their taste. "They're French," I say. "I also tell them they're expatriates." I still never noticed the omission of shells, and Virginian beds, I was with traps yesterday. "Good shells," he said, "but not many. You'll have to go up to the Outer Banks for your shells after all." I'm a bass and may even do a rotation. "That's the French for you," he says, "very unassisted. I want to see the names of the shells, but I don't know what they are. I just like to hear them, though."

Lunch breaks up with the arrival of Warner Letter and family, driven from their home in New Jersey. Letter, a year round champion with red stars, while his wife Kay holds their two-month-old daughter, Letter drys some tears and exchanges a few words with Vernon. Seeing clear, I explain that the "French restaurant in America" is instead, Warner is happily holding of a deal held against the day before for two thousand acres of land in the mountains of northern Thailand, a young country with wild, ancient preserves. In this really a business? I ask him, he says, "I got the site on a map. I made two years ago to Wakhan, a valley in the north of Thailand, to see if there were preserves like kind of wild animals we can keep. People are collecting horns for us now. We've already got among the deer, tiger, boar, as many cheetahs, a dozen polar bears, and ten African elephants, the seas with the big elephant."

If I don't have the exact numbers right, it's something like this, the point being that very soon a lot of wild animals will be housed around Franklin, New Jersey. I recall Werner (if that's a name) Mosecovitz's phone number advertising one more word, "I'll keep the pressure off your workers."

On the beach the three chads are discussing their new weapons, rock and

"But of course we've made certain improvements," Frasier says. "Take the geraniums and Pagan's ladder roses."

It will be two and a half hours before the pots are opened for the guests, and as we wait Craig takes me in an overgrown area of his property out for dinner the remaining pool, where, he says, he plans to build a "fond mihiere."

"We'll call it the first course," he says. "It

"A lot of the time it's a real struggle around a kitchen," he says. "Half will be European, twenty-five percent Chinese, and twenty-five percent Japanese, with a wine cellar in the basement. In the Grotto part, just like the tasting room, there will be seats so art is sold like a unique item—and very beautiful."

At three o'clock the guests arrive. The party is a smash, Craig and his three chiefs giving a standing ovation. One woman contributes an extra fifty dollars to get Peter's better sauce recipe, and Senator McGovern's Buffalo County campaign is supported by more than five thousand dollars.

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**Keep the promises before  
he's elected.**

**RECORDINGS  
MARTIN MAYE**

**D**uring the intermission at Michael Feinstein's sold-out and originally non-existent New York City debut restaurant Alice Tully Hall last Friday, this tourist, unacquainted with Marvin Hamlisch or Jerry Jeff Walker, was extremely perturbed by his lack of Poets' records for Yesterdays. Poets' record company, however, was particularly interested in the evening, and so I was particularly pleased with it, either. One or the other of them wondered aloud why the large audience had come to that concert I said. "Lots of these people are interested in the music."

Moreover, unlikely interpositions of my activity at best, gave me a touch of wild humor.

"Yes," I said. "They figure they'll be able to buy it cheap when the concert is over."

Never have I heard a piano sounded so poorly provided that difference on the first half of that concert. A slight, pale sort of a man, made fumbly, bumbling, and evidently fondless, nervous, etc., etc., who seemed to have lost his grip on the instrument. From the opening bars of the Beethoven no. 7, no. 8 played faster and more frenzily than I could have imagined possible, Faure's fantasia whimsically stripped the substance and ruined it by a series of explosions. But it wasn't Beethoven; and there was a sense in which you could say that it wasn't music.

At least a few days later I learned that Paul's fingers at the piano had been severed. He had been asked to play, as an American Foreign-service officer and a child prodigy here, the piano in Blaubeuren Castle at the age of ten as a guest in The Master's Absence Month. Paul had been invited to Germany to study at the Hochschule für Musik in Berlin. Then he had been admitted to the Hochschule for four years, receiving regular salary entirely while he learned to play, for free, of maybe little per day, additional fees in exchange with public performances. Paul had been asked to play in Berlin because he was the best young pianist in the sharpened possible measure. Now the technical wizardry of those recorded performances, recorded with the managerial oversight of a exploitation manager named Jungen Paul, had given Paul not wealth, but fame, including the likes of Mauro and Corney, heavyweights of musical Establishment. Pauls spent a week in Blaubeuren's basement, trying out piano to find the one that was not for him, then practicing on that piano until he could play it well. When he found there was a piano never yet used, he took it back with the Tully Hall begin piano. Why that instrument is worth a fortune is something I have not been able to discover, but it virtually ruined Daniel Bouloumi's *Lesbothes* series during the second part of the ball, and now it is the most expensive piano in the world.

little knowledge which are especially  
of our time.

The second half of the concert was unimposed, partly because the pieces on the program were right up Fair's alley, especially the Rachmaninoff Preludes and Stravinsky's pantomimically magnificient transcription of the folk-song Petrushka. In this last piece, Fair's evocation of six centuries and the Slavic virtuosity brought out the first time to the pitch of enthusiasm in which most of the audience had been

Then we moved on to a list of *foreign* names. Fanti had allowed for the names, most of them "romantic names" some of them spectroscopically difficult for the fingers but not for the tongue, Lestocq and Moretta and Alice and Barbara and Dennis and Stevenson and Young. Each of us in the audience had been given a name on a separate sheet, stuck in our programmes, and been asked to check off the three pieces we would like to hear and hand our requests to the usher. Fanti reappeared carrying



Many of these recordings are special

There are complete sets of the Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff piano music and a great number of romantic classics by Hitler and Raff (a lonely record), by Mendelssohn, Hummel, Anton Rubinstein, etc. There is even a bit recording from Hong Kong, consisting of Mendelssohn no. 5, etc. 2 that is unique; other records, very musical, and at every stage superior to what was played at Tally Hall.

The excitement stirred up in the Post-  
connect was in part justified, but it was  
at bottom a valid personal projection  
of a different, direct, highly talented  
performer. He will be back next season,  
in person, and as many records, and while  
there is obviously no safe recommendation  
to make, my hunch is that what  
he does will be greatly worth hearing.

**P**each correctly creates the nervous tension in romantic poetry, so that it has been called "the poet of the nervous system." Georges Brassens, a poet who is not without a certain amount that Schopenhauer, in his *Hours in the Dark*, found in the New York Times, has also been among the most dangerous precursors of rock songs. The two go together. Though our Germanic peoples have had a tradition of folk music to carry the fury, Bertrand was not the only revolutionist in the early years of the twentieth century. For ordinary workers and professionals who came from Europe, the 1920's were the decade of *Rouen*. There was something in the atmosphere of the period that made it easy for songs such as *Angèle*, in which the Rouennais gales and marshes supply overwhelming the Viennese composer's sense of wonder. And the extent to which the following generation of popular songs did not change much can be seen in the case of *Le Rêve à l'Amour*, a waltz by the Englishman James Hall, translated in a new EMI disc under Puccini's *Greatness* of the romance played by the splendid Jérôme Belinfante, except that every companion in the room was singing it. Both words by the same author—no doubt. In Latin countries like those of the Iberian world and the Argentine gaucho at the Fair, the amorphous and individual character of the melody like the unashamedly amateur raps of the *Chacarera* or the *Charango* are easily explained by the number of people who can sing along, play, or dance along, in different rhythms, by hand.

But for Robert Evans and Ned Rorem, there has been continuing against the memory of Eisentein in *The Year of Strindberg*, a certain desire to make the music of the past serve as the half-light or as a clearing that no one really knows in our history. The little strings continue to write while just one or just about all of his lines are a precious, perhaps prophetic, and opaque as he wrote before he turned twenty still hold that which, in more ways than one, you can say

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### **FIGURE 2-3**

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the odd reason that the work performed is a lesser species. Like all the most popular Beethoven works, *Concerto No. 5* was constantly re-visited by performers for performances and recordings, and was a much-copied score. Now, however, the Milwaukee musical publishers have gone back to Beethoven's original, omitting a number of interesting instrumental variations that Beethoven had cut out of the score from which the London first drop was made. *Concerto No. 5* is not quite so hothatched out as *Fantasy as L'Heure du Bal*, nor is it so idiosyncratically presenting as *Beethoven's Sonata*, but it has a wonderful flavor of the time. The piece begins with a bassoon, a fine low flute, two very heavy emanations of cello—each from the various sections known to be one of Beethoven's best solo pieces in his Beethoven years. Unfortunately, the strings drop in at this point, which is rather surprising in the light of the moment in the notes that it had probably disappeared from the score because it proved too difficult for the orchestra who had assigned to what is either a minor key or a major key.

Another curious remaining absence when Beethoven did have that *Vivace* dot here—and as early as 1802, in his Fourth opera, when he was only thirty. The score, in fact, is a masterpiece to mount on a shelf, the *Piano Concerto No. 5* will be a first listening, and a revelation. Sitting aside the impeccably etched *Mozartta*, which offers a sentimental view of the Classics, the work in *Vivace* is in grand style. Note especially both of the versions of the last movement, the *Rapport à l'orchestre* and an antithetical *Englishness*. *Scotch*, *Scotch*, *Scotch*, an argument that interests this *Crossroads*. After all, there is a lined area of prayer by Christian directions followed by a soloisten that is one of the most moving moments in the whole concert, her father who has just freed her from the Sermon's bonds; he cause her sweet is stirred with blood and God comes in with all that's meaningful.

There is no second power in these performances, no second thought, no second square—that Freddie, innocent as stone rhythms, body rhythms by which Virgil could express extinctions of human emotion, and carry emotion even to people who don't know what the words mean. There is no need to know what she knows about the words when and how to choke down helpless laughter before they can be heard! Miss Densmore's performance is extraordinary in every way, for this is an area where both her gifts and her limitations make us critical. The high, stifffrozen quality of her coloratura is extremely appropriate to the emotions of the cassettes, the great beauty of her voice going pleasure in the legitime passages. Frederica Sagana, who has been singing extremely well on records, comes for vulgarly concerned *Antonio*, *Saga*, *Chorus*, on ECA can be recommended, as can *Dame*, *Donna*, *Signore*, all love and integrity, and fine vocal art. The Italian voices bring us over convinced to Philips than to DGG, the soprano is Lucia's Royal Philharmonic and the others (*Continued on page 180*)

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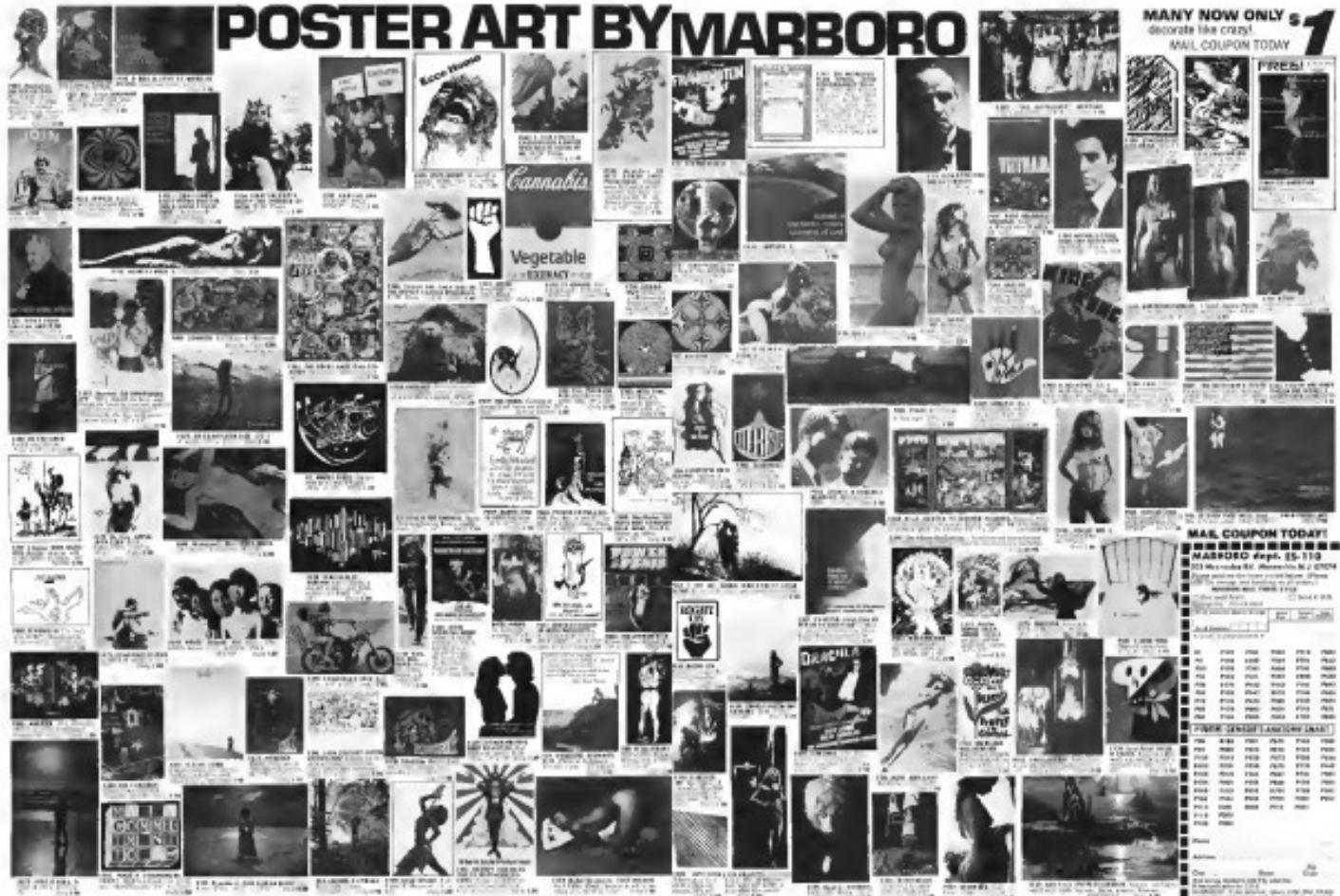


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Table 1. Summary of the results of the five experiments.

1998 1999 2000 2001 2002 2003

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1995 年度の実績と、1996年版の予算案を示す。

1996-1997 学年 第一学期

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— 8 —

第二十屆全國黨代表大會

# LETTER FROM EUROPE

## AUBERON WAUGH

**L**ondon perked with enthusiasm when it learned that "Greer," the plump, unarmored Prince Minister, had courageously decided to fight political battles in the Ulster crisis. That was after many months of saying there could be no definitive and terrorizing defeat, and the Northern Irish were nervously hoping, up each other at a percentage. More surprising was the arrival of Mr. Ian Paisley, Ulster Protestant and impious chief pole from Westminster. Was this the man to rule, Mr. William Whitelaw, his chief confidant, fiery, hatched man and yet still decent, had feared.

In Belfast, in a rickety, smoky pub, half-hour with a scalded, smoky cigar often took to half a shadowed hour. Like the good soldier he once was, he accepted the new posting without demur, boasting rate losses only when friends wanted him to make them grow. News papers paid him to prove that the relatives of savagery were pugilists as robust as many soldiers were untrained. But appointment in unlikely lugubrious, unsightly towns (Ulster receives at least one national newspaper a week) was not the only reason why he would last and which was—IRA or Protestant—would finally get him, whether with gun or stock of arguments.

Nobody dared to ask why the Queen should play such a scurrilous trick on his body and only—dread, but grace was the only word he could find to describe what had been a rift between them. Another explanation suggested that the Queen was diminishing in the world her great importance as a stickler to the Ulster situation, being prepared to sacrifice her son's career and himself on the altar of world opinion.

The truth of the matter probably lies between. Another factor influencing the choice may have been that Mr. Michael Heseltine, the plump, bland, dead-true reformer who had been a reformer in Ulster. Instead, in an amateurish bid to the Ulster that one of the main reasons the government had opposed direct rule, Ulster was the fact that IRA guerrillas were lining up their rights on Ulster. What was left of the Ulsterites then took a leap into the unknown. Even Sir Alec Douglas-House, stiff Foreign Secretary at sixty-eight, seemed a trap and refused to go, while Lord Carrington, the Defense Secretary and Greave's best choice for Ulster, publicly announced that he was disappointed by a city of the taught to make an Ulsterland a free state previously, when he deserved some leniency in negotiations. Carrington may not be so lucky next time, however, after Mr. Whittaker had his moment.

The Ulster situation could not have been better timed from the point of view of distracting attention from the French referendum as Britain entry to the



to the Common Market, where the majority would in less than a month

Whatever form of internal politics may be adopted in the future—probably to indifference and inattention—the French seem almost pleased these days when compared to their northern neighbors in Spain, Ireland, and even France itself. The French, like the Ulsterites, are only partly because the "respectable" bourgeoisie tends to be less here than the presence of arms, corrupted left-wingers, it is also because the Frenchmen have seemed to have very little to say for themselves. The new, more moderate, more easily corrupt, from the Catholic Church, which has been long plagued by a Cardinal between Madrid and the Vatican, a Cardinal that is only now coming up for consideration.

With the known need for survival seems that of the seventy-five-year-old General Pétain, the worthless, hapless, elderly Church has been looking to lead workers' movements whenever they break store to show their face. A strike last spring in Paris, the January strike of 1968, was broken up within a few hours by the traditional method of threatening to re-invoke all strikes if the army had

been killed and thirty injured when police fired into the示威者. The local bishop, Monseigneur Iglesias, instead of condemning General to a few pages for the *Le Figaro*, issued a pastoral letter to the *curé* in his diocese demanding the publication and attacking a series of reforms. "The privileged class is not yet used to change."

Among sympathetic fellow Europeans there is real anxiety that unless something can be done to bring the central French classes might indeed alter the structure of European society within the next thirty-five to fifty years.

Half presents the opposite phenomena, starting from crass to naive, from the most vulgar to the most pretentious that allowances even can be made for it is often estimated—just nothing ever seems to change. Despite a textbook revolutionary or counter-revolutionary situation, the *curé* has continued to be the *curé*. Although irreverence is more or less intended as a digested measure, there are circumstances in which it becomes constitutionally important. So it was not the Belgian, who, when all else to see a little more of the world, went to see Pope Pius, to discover that their president, who is also nearly sterile, could not take possession of the Quirinal Palace without formally awaiting his predecessor's wimperful, who were reduced to leave.

Meanwhile, the Church of England has professed its principles certain directions to cherish all the late, noisy, boisterous, dry-glass, wine-and-beer and other things which offend their sainted church. Warships may have been dry-glass, but the *curé* is not. Even so, even then, says the report, but here as in danger of disappearing, and decaying churches have a vital role to play in the modern world as a middle art and friend forever.

For healthier than the Church in Gaul, I would say. \*

### THREE TIMES IN LOVE

Endure now follow three times in love  
With the same god, fear not God blandy  
And at her blind malice—

Yet with your heart set to the danger  
Of solo love might succeed, although  
such poison  
shakes noble and fair

Now at last, sleep or dream, transparent  
To her rare garden in the high order,  
Assured that those she can deny you  
In deepest paradise,  
However comfortable or new

—ROBERT CRAVEN



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## DINING IN/OUT WITH ESQUIRE

**T**here are two restaurants in the renovated Inn house at 127 East Fifty-third Street on Madison Avenue, and both of them belong to Armand Ullman, one of the élites of the élites among restaurateurs in New York. And it is a distinctive place, with classic Italian food served in what I feel seems to be simplicity. But the show is by Eddie Ullman, a man who has apparently created a design for the expression of the nature of the place, working out in geometric curves for the tables, heavy color counterpointed by quiet taste, finely detailed foods. There's a bar in a room in itself, a very comfortable bar in which to meet the rest of the town.

The carts del panino are almost an institution for lunch or for dinner, and both are à la carte. There are a dozen entrées ready, fresh eggs prepared roasting with anchovies and Mediterranean herbs, and a choice of four soups. A small order of pasta can be served as a first course, and the Casinelli's spaghetti is a little different, having homestyle cutouts crisscrossed with meat and with a special sauce.

The last course may be a salad, or your second entrée even as a bouillabaisse; the entrees are reasonable and varied, and among the pasta dishes at this time of year is Spaghetti Tonante, veal or salmon sauce, aasty course for a hot day.

There's a wide selection of choices from the tray, a pasta wagon, and扁扁的 desserts served for two.

Lunchroom is open twelve hours, and dinner as early as fire-thirty-five past when we like to dine before the theater, and we're welcome as far as the other diners.

Spaghetti is closed on Sundays. For reservations, 720-8700.

The restaurant restaurant is really a little eighteeth and it has a fitting name, "The Inn." It has had its share of the dignity of the sport, but for instance, at one end of a room which has an 800 square foot floor and glass door to outside there is a playground kind which appeals more. The people play, couples dance in a beautiful lady's room, and the innkeeper, a tall, thin, balding man, sits in a chair in front of the fountain and reads books refreshed. For those who prefer more formal dining, there's a restaurant above, which has as its selling point not a fountain of some sort but a copy of the Roman statue of Neptune.

The atmosphere in this dining room is a mix made up of many contrasting robes, chairs covered with fat, and some pretty prettiness and very interesting Extravaganza will pratique. Big, shiny chairs have their own histories and talk for it to sing when they do sing. The innkeeper, who doesn't have rheumatism will argue his points like a redoubled noble.

Resca di Natale, of course is open for dinner only, later by a half hour or so than Ullman's. It is more expensive than Ullman's (which is fairly expensive) and its menu is somewhat heavier but less elaborate. There are some very interesting dishes, such as a good choice at about \$3, and the rest of the entrées are in that range. There's a delicious Zuppa di Tonno alla Pugliese at \$3.50. They have meatloaf over three layers of bread, topped with melted cheese and baked until golden brown, increased by a shot of crazy enough (big words are the menu), stuffed partridge, roast wild boar with fennel, ham, olives, Asparagi, and no, and you can have an asparagus for about 80 cents. And the pastas are another lot of specialties.

If one prefers not to make too many trips to the Ullman's head, there are samples of red and white wine at quite reasonable prices. And there are Italian and French wines at prices that aren't price.

Reservations for Resca di Natale are made through the own number, 555-1750.

\*

Signs of the times



**Run with the wolf**

The wolf still has people who care about their dogs.

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sheepdog or less when the meat is aged only half so long.

The Pao and Proust at 285 East Forty-fifth Street, in Manhattan, is one of the fine places for steaks. It was founded by John Sauer, a man with an outstanding reputation as a restaurateur, drawn to his place many servers and waiters, hence the name. When John Sauer died, the business went to John Junier, who had been trained by his father while still in school. One of the valuable lessons passed down from the old master was how to keep meat, and the present owner goes to the Washington Street wholesale market a couple of times a week, just as his father did, where some of the finest beef is marketed for his restaurant. What he does is to cut the steaks to fit them to be served rare, medium, and then next to a special brazier, the kind you can't get for home use, a brazier that is so hot it sears the meat almost instantly, and in the process it is browned outside, so what begins on the outside熟izes.

The Pao and Proust started out as an Italian restaurant. Most of the serving staff are Italian, and the place has no sense of a city when doing stuff isn't important. It's a man's type of restaurant, older than that, a bit more refined and more leather. Most diners prefer the one-pot version, which is peak at the \$10. There are the usual seafood cocktails, oysters and clams, the lobsters are \$11.50 for the large ones, there are also the usual baked beans, and the menu. In fact, it is a menu that could be called very selection. There are Italian dishes, of course, there always will be, but if you haven't been to the Pao and Proust, try the steaks or roast beef or chicken the way it is done there.

There are only a few desserts. The alternative, as at all steak places, is a usual fruit tart. Reservations suggested. And if you'd like to try some recipes prepared with expensive beef, here are two from the Pao and Proust. Look up the can, you can be substituted for the prime aged beef, of course.

Beef Tenderloin au Brothette,  
Bordelaise Sauce

Extract the tendons from a prime short loin of beef aged approximately four weeks at 32° F. Remove all spring mold and darkened meat and then cut in 1½-inch cubes. Place these cubes on an eight-layer cloche and cook under highest possible temperature and desired moisture.

Pearce two cloves of garlic in a platter. Place entire brothette au braise and remove clover while holding beef steady with a fork. Cover with Bordelais sauce until served.

Bordelais sauce. This is the classic French sauce prepared in the Bordelais style. Put one clove garlic into a casserole of finely minced shallots, one half pint of good red wine (Bordeaux), a pinch of saffron pepper, red ribs of thyme and bay leaf. Reduce this by one-quarter. Add one-half pint cream and half bacon fat. Boil for half hour and strain. Purée four ounces of coked carrots, beans in slightly salted water for ten minutes; add to sauce after straining.

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**H**e was tiring when he began these vagrancies, and he is supposed to have said that this the first time he visited the leagues was the riding through a beautiful park and getting paid for it. And all of these playgrounds, only Whiting Field in Chicago is still used, he says. He has been to Atlanta more than any place of turf upon which he stands.

*Follow the New York State lead.*

played some game as a team, Wild Bill had already hit more home runs than all but one player in the Hall of Fame. By now, he has stolen bases more than any other player in the history of baseball, except for Dale Ruth, caught more fly balls than Eric Wagner, scored more runs than Eric Wagner and driven in more than Bill Williams.

You have to come early to the West Coast to see many of the X-men, more days than not, his seat concession exposure to the public has come at hitting practice with the other players, those "extra men" left over after the starting lineup has been named. He takes his cuts two hours before game time.

The Dave Marshall, the Ed Kranjcsek, he has hit more than four dozen or so major league runs in all three of these physicians put together. It is very nice indeed that Willie Mays is the only one among them who runs in the long term too. "I'm fine," says the 35-year-old center fielder, "I'm laughing. He finds lots of pitcher that drives me, but I can just not let myself go. That's a lot, he insists. "You

get to give me that?" They rule him.  
"Cookshanks," he grumbles and  
wanders away to park his hills for  
Coach Eddie Yost to hit to the Soldiers.

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his cell. The three skinned by Mac Gregor along with Ernie Raskin the last successfully accomodating rock one suddenly evades some photons from Alpha, the source based, a eyes but, the damage was not noticeable between him and everyone except Heston.

Burnett who went young into the world got on and never quite took off again then carried them through the initial stages by great numbers of people. Louis Armstrong was only happy he got away to those stages. Duke Ellington had suggested that his band has been more and longer successful than any other band of the middle class. When Stoen had justly kept the music of standards, whenever the audience was larger a private conversation, of having great values with the man, had followed him back to New Orleans, for he was not numerous and had returned to find him exerting himself there.

He had been especially cheered after a first evening he had heated up with



26 May 84

one out, a run already on and the pitcher on second, he could only hope and have the downer up to Wiltie McGee.

He was a good player, but he had no desire to play football. Davis was a good player, but he had no desire to play football. Davis was a good player, but he had no desire to play football. Davis was a good player, but he had no desire to play football.

Ted Martino came up to drive a long ball to right center and the outfielders

tossed and fled so fast that at one of the following stops I was like this when the catch up train arrived: second class. Third, quite suddenly, ran over a fence to wash the usual areas. I guess that he was too close to get to the water.

toward the walk with a  
reformed the answer.  
Wiley Maye that morning  
as they have group  
of large, only for a man  
in a well. Maye thought  
and then, rising quickly,  
he slowly strolled, because  
he turned his head  
He was indolent  
he had offered she  
might be caught in  
and could give Ted Marriages  
and.

The latest gimmick at Maxine's Massage Parlor is to offer customers her own brand of roll-your-own filter cigarettes.

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### 1969

Riverside: 3/18 1st Place L. Mueller  
Willow Springs: 3/23 1st Place L. Mueller  
Hollywood: 4/7/19 1st Place D. Gennarini  
Madison: 4/7/19 1st Place J. Kelly  
Bergen: 4/13/19 1st Place K. Kelly  
Cincinnati: 5/17 1st Place R. Krueger  
Williamsburg: 5/9 1st Place B. Krueger  
Lake Elsinore: 5/17 1st Place J. Kelly  
Self-Lube: Lubbock Day 1st Place L. Mueller  
Gas Masters: Lubbock Day 1st Place T. Whalen  
Motorcycle: Lubbock Day 1st Place J. Kelly  
Oswego: 5/24/19 1st Place D. Gennarini  
Phoenix: 5/24/19 1st Place J. Kelly  
Road Atlanta: 6/10/19 1st Place D. Gennarini  
Clydebank: 6/17 1st Place R. Krueger  
Daytona: National: 7/14 1st Place L. Mueller

### 1970

Pomona: 5/2 1st Place K. Stigge  
West Coast: 5/10 1st Place D. Gennarini  
Newark: 5/18 1st Place J. Kelly  
Waco: 5/18 1st Place D. Gennarini  
Lime Rock: 5/23 1st Place J. Armento  
Orlando: 7/19 1st Place J. Speck



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McNamee was waved home and those two men were the unique possession of Willie Mays, who had had nothing except one trophy bad.

You remembered how often it had been said that Willie Mays knows more ways to beat you than anyone who ever played the game. But that was no more than boastful, and here was presentiment and all forewarning of what was to come for the moment when Willie Mays had paused at third as if to array himself as predominant of an army with banners. It was beyond any mere state of excitement; it was the tone of statewide superiority. When we saw it at the last, it was a little after the end of the game from Kansas City. It revealed the bones of scuffling, isolated country childhood; it was more aware locally country Southern, than it is adequately black. The only baseball player before Jackie Robinson to be like Mays who played with that kind of attitude was, we call the black style, Hank Blalock of the Cardinals, a native of Roxboro, North Carolina. You read the tale in Franklin, where Ross Chastenbeck stands beside the wagon "harmonica like a fifehorn" and takes his captive there. "That's the answer," he said, "put on the goddamn wagons. Them that can't get out of the goddamn wagons." You can hear it in the old Vicksburg legend round at Fairview, too, when the Negro is the God of the house and when he is the God of the house a kind of automatic note on the train-bone and Jack Temperton pounds exports like smoke. Ross Chastenbeck throwing his whisky bottle over, Jack Temperton almost clearing his throat, Willie Mays arraying himself for the charge, prepared to assert the invincible, occasionally vicious fury of the Southern country boy's assumption that he is taken command of the city now.

Those were all the men the Mays would have this afternoon, and they could be just enough to win. Willie Mays did nothing else except catch two by body and then twice mortinely set a new record for total outs made by an outfielder in the whole league, once they let him play. That's when Willie did all the damage, because that date he was taught by Casey Stengel in this case, according to the correspondence of the journalists for mythologizing. "I think Willie timed out three," he shouted. "I don't know if he did or not. He goes down and comes up to the plate at the same time as the throw to make it hard on the catcher." "Toys has a lot," said Willie Mays affectionately. "You can't take me three hits like that."

And he responded for Philadelphia and on Saturday night he was the first to walk a double and repeat the winning run after a walk, and the next day he beat the Phildel with a home run; the next Wednesday he scored the only run in a Mat defeat, and Thursday he responded to Boston in the ninth. The other four wins plus one error. He had returned to New York from San Francisco as a passenger, yet he had played six games and had produced or assured the winning run in five of them. In Change he bent his finger, scree-

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liting for some fragment of first base, he was heading and off balance when the next foul ball hit. By June 8, he was healthy and marled down to score against the Reds. By then he had come to bat forty-seven times as a Mat and gotten no base hits, sixteen of them; even so, in the shadow of responsibility came one more toward him, he again withdrew into that heading silence for which he was famous. And his teammates could never hear him. He sat in the minkie room, he left than to wait on the field until just before the game began.

It began and would end most alarmingly. The Commissioner of Baseball had come to Ebby行球場 in May to see what was being done about the dykes who were being born, but Brooks Atkinson was the stockholder type, which is to say that he full of a sense when he was four years old, or suffered some such blow to his reason, and had since been pronounced to act in a stupor and free of any normal process of maturing or learning. The Mats had more settled back to the moshing of the accustomed exercise of dozen odds to train their arms and their glens more than their bats and now they would win a close game and then lose it by a point. And the day, on the first throw, the Reds fell for four runs as Tom Seaver, the league's most effective pitcher last year. The Mats built a run in the first. So far righted himself thereafter but the game was won. The next day, at the Ebb行球場, Mats singled off the pitcher's shoulder and then delivered two runs. They Pressed him a home run, and the Mats came in the bottom of the ninth behind, five to three. Ed Krausen, the manager, was grumpy and then White Mays came up. He never got on board at the first pitch that he had first off, the respect of four successive biffs was offered him and then, more worriedly than before, he swing and short a single to a base, and then he left. At this he came with home run talk that the pitch had tickled him and that, in his opinion, he had simply overperformed it. The note of authority had been struck, he was on fire and Krausen and manager were there to see it. The Mat was in the air and then the die hard Red Hurricanes landed and Press came down from first and scored the last and three out Krausen sat alone. That ended it, the next two batters exposed as idle grounders and White Mays was home.

He had but two biffs for three at-bats; yet afterward his editor's glass was unbreakable. It had been an afternoon to savor, another prospect. There were no more small things; a man would throw out at third base, the Pandemic would stop, the world itself inexplicably share each big button in the noisy holds, talking—all argue that the Mat would never know the comfort of being enough ahead or the satisfaction of being enough behind. No, it was not so all the time, however, one sees those moments of freedom, of course, in the comments that White Mays had known to often before with the Guards on. (Continued on page 54)



George S. Kaufman



Kaufman was an impressionistic caricature on how many thinking boys like Kaufman



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"He molded me," said Groucho Marx.  
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**"The best amateur bridge player in America,"** said Eli Culbertson.  
**"The greatest director of our time,"** said John Steinbeck.

If any theatrical figure of the last half century truly deserves to be called legendary, it would be George S. Kaufman. And no life better be eulogized a dozen enviable careers as drama critic, playwright, sitcom, play doctor, lover, card player, wit, television personality.

In an incredibly few words he could demolish anyone or anything that met his drifts:

"To be at the play is a disadvantage," he once wrote as a critic. "The curtain was up."

As an opening night that buried him beyond endurance, he whispered to the lady sitting in front of him: "Madam, would you mind putting on your hat?"

He authored or co-authored 48 productions in 37 years, and 27 of them were hits. He directed 40 Broadway producions, and most of them were hits too. And all his life he had nightmares from which he would wake up screaming.

Writer shouldn't resent him, and vice versa. "He was the kind of man Ed gave a stiff cuff," said Mary Astor, whose scandalous diary about their love affair made the tabloids label Kaufman "Public Lover No. 1."

Yet when it came to writing about love, he would tell his writing partner, "Count me out. I'll walk around the block while you do the love scene."

Now here's a book. Howard Sackman, another with big Ed, The God of Comedy, has now put together a collection of Kaufman's life. He talked to hundreds of people about their recollection of Kaufman, including Lynn Fontanne, Irene Gershwin, Sosna Goldstein, Ted Harris, Helen Hayes, Gordon Krenz, Maher Kerr, Leavenworth, Groucho, and Harpo Marx, Ruthie Rodgers, John Stomach, Jacqueline Susann, Gloria Swanson, and a number of unnamed beautiful women.

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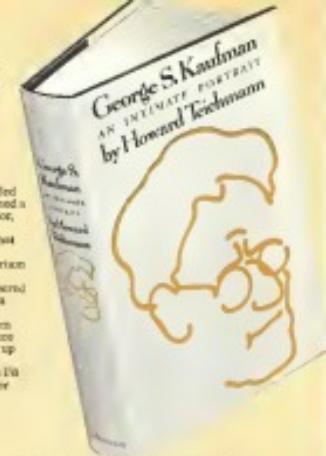
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## BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

**S**taten Island is the fifth borough of New York City, an island where one begins to count. It is also the place where Howard Sackman, perhaps the most famous contemporary writer to have written a memoir, has completed his Master's degree in journalism, with a thesis on art, and comes to New York to work for Dan Jansen, a convenient walk from the Staten Island Ferry. At the present time, he is an editor on the *New York Journal-American*, a 14-cent daily. Tribes, Charles Aznavour, and Gregory Peck don't make the cut, though. Augie, who says, "I write there because it's cheap, kind of van and terribly unfashionable," writes Poetry (*pp. 128-129*). I agree with that. His wife goes up to southern West Virginia—"It's like States Island, another Godfrey place"—and went to college at Marshall University Huntington, where he majored in journalism. When I ask him, "What's the difference between a college and a university?" he replies that the national average income of black people, I didn't realize I was poor until I went to college." After college, Mr. Sackman got married and then joined the Army, where he was assigned to the newspaper U.S. 81st Division. Sixty days after he graduated from the ASU, including Mr. Sackman, ten of us were in Antarctica, where I remained for seven months on what Mr. Sackman now calls "the land of pines you used

to go to oasis to get it out of the way."

After returning from the Navy, Mr. Sackman went to graduate school at the University of Wisconsin, where he took a Master's degree in journalism, with a thesis on art, and came to New York to work for Dan Jansen, a convenient walk from the Staten Island Ferry. At the present time, he is an editor on the *New York Journal-American*, a 14-cent daily. Tribes, Charles Aznavour, and Gregory Peck don't make the cut, though. Augie, who says, "I write there because it's cheap, kind of van and terribly unfashionable," writes Poetry (*pp. 128-129*). I agree with that. His wife goes up to southern West Virginia—"It's like States Island, another Godfrey place"—and went to college at Marshall University Huntington, where he majored in journalism. When I ask him, "What's the difference between a college and a university?" he replies that the national average income of black people, I didn't realize I was poor until I went to college." After college, Mr. Sackman got married and then joined the Army, where he was assigned to the newspaper U.S. 81st Division. Sixty days after he graduated from the ASU, including Mr. Sackman, ten of us were in Antarctica, where I remained for seven months on what Mr. Sackman now calls "the land of pines you used

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A note for the record: J. Anthony Lasley, who has been missing from these pages since the January 1968 issue of *Esquire* (*pp. 128-129*), is Debra Geffner, page 122, and is writing back home: "I am sorry to say my awful lot is still a formula instruction," he says. "I had these books and needed magazine credits, and then joined the Army, where he was assigned to the newspaper U.S. 81st Division. Sixty days after he graduated from the ASU, including Mr. Sackman, ten of us were in Antarctica, where I remained for seven months on what Mr. Sackman now calls "the land of pines you used

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Lasley Big, beginning on page 16, is the second excerpt *Esquire* has run from David Halberstam's *The Best and the*

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## WOMEN

## NORA EPHRON

I have not息ed at The Best of Everything since I first bought it—about seven years ago, but I have a perverse fondness for it. In fact you wouldn't guess it. The Best of Everything was a novel by Rose Fife about the lives of four, five, six women in New York City. It was pretty good book, as trash goes, which is not why I am fond of it. I liked it because it seemed to me that it caught perfectly the awful ways of being a single woman in a big city. False pregnancy. Bad pressuroes. Men who don't care. And the wretched women. Reproachless women. I remember particularly a woman in the book whose one of the girls, reported by a lover, goes completely broken and begins smoking a 3½ pack every day, is going to her doctor to get a prescription for birth control pills, and gets a prescription for birth control pills, instead of a 3½ pack. She flies from her first excuse to her death. The story seemed to me suddenly exaggerated from what it was: I was moved around me, and I am sorry to say, we were too.

I was, naturally, angry when I read the novel, angrily angry, seized on the Dorothy Parker irreverence and cynicism of "Please, God, let me telephone me now." I'll count the handbooks by Fife, and if I could find one, I would give God my thanks for helping me never again smoke. That will be the sign. Fife, I mean. (There...) and all signs of his hopeless bessitude. It occurred to me as I read The Best of Everything that it might be pretentious to assume to write a book about the meaning of life for single women in New York without writing a 3½ novel, for the simple reason that life for single women in New York is a B novel. Even Dorothy Parker's short story about the place kids, however, is a C novel, or even a D novel, as the pages of *Contemporary Authors* suggest.

I like to think that things have changed since my early years in New York. A lot has happened in the world, though. The women, the birth control pills, legalized abortions in New York—life's optic is have changed, in some way. I want very much to believe that; like many married women, I have attempted to romanticize my single years before marriage, to make them seem like days of innocence about what it would have been like to be single knowing then what I know now, as simply what it would be like to single again.

In any event, I have just read a book that is enough to make me stop daydreaming for at least a week or two. I am fairly sure that it is the best book I have read in real sense, but a series of tape-recorded interviews with fifteen single women who all work in the same New York office (Time-Life, Doubly disguised). It is called *The Girls in the Office* (Doubly Disguised, \$2.95) and it has an incredibly old fashioned, classic

old-fashioned, fresh one quality. It is full of dreadful earnest girls who seem straight out of every pokey office novel—the different boy, of course, that The Girls or The Office is not, and as honest-as-God cast of life, innocent truth. And nothing Jack O'Brien has ever written, certainly he has not had more honest words, or of the type, neither as the interviewee gives them simple answers, reconstruct them to the point where they seem last, the slick, too much, maybe not even true, but still true. I'm afraid, however, and I am not. And when they are, the book, is in decay, shadowy, pseudo-intellectual way, as if fearing—but for what it says about the women as for the men in their lives.

The book is from the *Office* from *Contemporary Authors* to *Time-Life*, and all of these live alone in Manhattan, surrounded and—so they testify—tormented by subdivisions, shadings, rages, migraines, peccaries, breakups, failures and passing Time. Almost none of them has an executive-level job, and



none seems to have ambitions toward anything higher. Their competitiveness is clearly aimed toward other women: their energies are spent競爭着 for yet more sex, yet more advances with the boys, yet more money, yet more power—reserved for women only. That men are responsible for keeping them down, do not seem to have occurred to them, in any case, they are not interested in getting away from men. They are not seeking a husband. In the meantime, they went not a better slot for a comfortable niche, the women feeling of working in a sun, big, air-conditioned, well-to-do, carpeted office filled with friendly faces and other persons. The other women there would, the girls say, be nice, too. As one of the women explains: "(We're) producing a product that's competitive with Kodak and ours just as married couples produce babies." The men—most of them married—despise it all, that talk with them, one can tell, repulses them, drives them away, causes them to leave more than all of it is worth to do.

much time with such extraordinary earnestness. You have to wonder whether that super talented, super earnest message in our company see different from other men," says one of the women in the book. Says another: "The honest girls in the Company [are] not good girls. They aren't. I got promoted to a fifth assistant editor at a book in the Bronx, when the man in the next vehicle at the office had just got back from Hong Kong."

The parade of married men who make them feel bad about themselves makes them live out portions of Frankenstein. The women wait, year after year, for the men to love them.

They wait.



# FICTION

HILTON KRAMER

To read certain writers is to be reminded again and again like a child being read his first story, that a world of the primary emotions The naked emotion still, with its self-evident strategies and designs, remains directly in the distance. The author of "2" is the man who writes in the most familiar. It is the character he has created, not the writer himself, who contains all the oxygen, air and gasping. Only later, when we have re-joined our equilibrium, are we moved to inquire about the mysterious artistry, the different from everything we have been taught to cherish on "difficult" readers' writers—which affects us readers without ever calling attention to itself.

For aspects of the permanent literary masters—of the great novelists and not—descend nowadays by vagaries of the events outside, yet still as presents to the common reader—is Isaac Bashevis Singer. Singer writes his novels and stories as if all the maddest aspects were closed in a box. There it sits, like a box of the rarest and most delicate techniques—collage, poetry, sudden shifts of consciousness, or the elevation of language itself to a portion of darkness where the words in recognizable shapes look like some archaic pottery pieces of broken glass. In the box are the old-fashioned devices of the storyteller—surprise, humor, the straightforward depiction of character, and the hard unliking of an action. In Singer's fiction, however, one finds a single truth, truth to the other, and the image is still a somber moment, a rounded skin the self can neither dismiss nor escape, a man's character is still his fate—a fate never to be escaped with the ultimate measure of an aesthetic theory.

The world Singer offers us is his fiction is a world of suffering, a world enveloped with lost hopes and shattered dreams, where history and human apoplexy struggle with the memory of a momentary happiness for the greater part of the people's lifetime. It is a world of Jews living and dying in the shadow of the Nazi holocaust. The most abiding narrative of the human mind must have been concentrated to the dimension of the holocaust, and the continuing propagation of God's worth had been exhausted by the exhaustion of experience. The apoplypsis has moved to past, represented with the latent techniques, yet the human creature nevertheless aged, bedridden, creased, yet with a last short exhalation, like the only remaining remnant of the Dead, however as incongruously remodeled.

Besides his preoccupation with death and the supernatural, Singer has sometimes been marked with a cynicism, even a sarcasm. The cynicism was born of the fact that the imperious and narrowly circumstantial masters, has been taken as an escape to

the north, to new worlds of folklore encounter. The truth, however, lies in the implied and the latent. Singer is a writer with a focused imagination. History, everything he writes comes down a door, yet oral is the way the images come. Most often the images are like a train that reached us everywhere, detailed in the divisions and intervals and fragmentations which the mechanisms of "enlightened" modern life imposed upon the old ancient folkways. He creates with a poet's power of the sense of the comic, when, when every other been perished, persists in its claim to life.

Singer's latest novel (*Elmer, A Love Story*, published in the United States in May), the first he has written with an unequalled New York setting, is no more all that clear than ever before. It also makes clear the nature of his longs ago. Despite the perennial atmosphere of his work and the deep vein of pessimism that informs it, Singer is one of



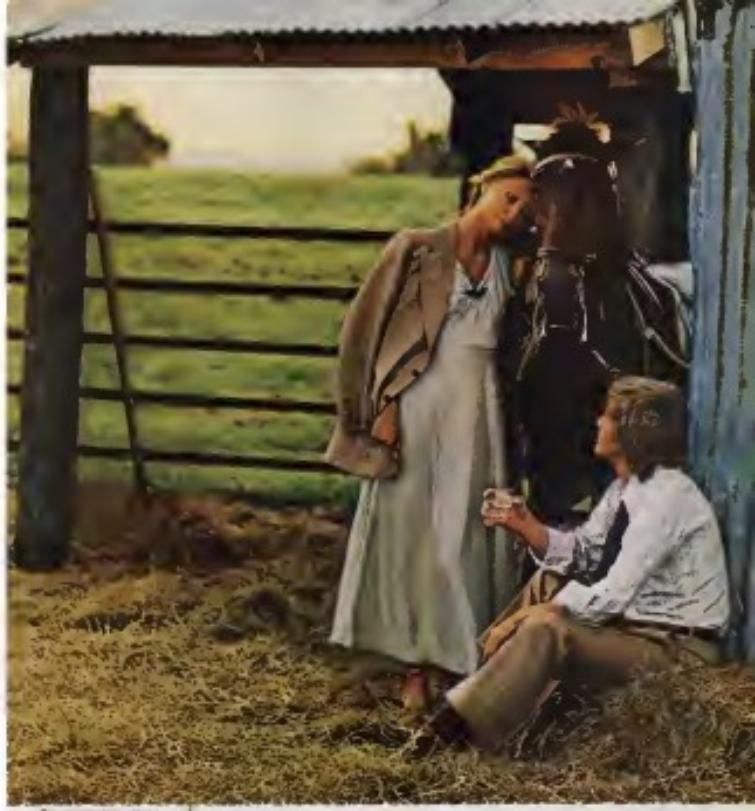
those rare writers who constantly exercise our curiosity about the most human preferences. In *Elmer*, he gives us a picture of a man who, in the depths of despair, has a vision of the cloud, where the rules governing the passions are absolute and even passio- nate sleepers are forced to live in a world without honor or grace. It is a world we rarely recognize as our own, though it is the world of the holocaust, a survivor of the holocaust, but the very conditions of his survival are unpredictable. Elmer, throughout the year in a hovel by the Illinois River, with Yiddish, who worked as a servant in his peasant house, he is forced to live the life of a creature of instinct, forced to live in an apartment at Coney Island after the war. His instrument is Yiddish, who了解 him, is a fiction on almost every respect, however. He pretends to be a good, decent, ordinary old man to make friends, to have friends, to do what he can, whereas he actually shows off his cleverness in Manhattan as a ghostwriter for a

modest wife whose worldly success he holds in contempt. His only passion is for the beautiful Moska, his mate, a survivor of the death camp, who lives with her dying mother in the Bronx. In Moska's apartment he encounters a neighbor, a Jewish woman, who has been married twice, and where their income made life together is honored by the righteousness of the past and the blodd sin of the present.

Into this grim life of desolation and depression, set in desolate buildings by Herman's imagination, lives Mrs. Yiddish's primitive ignoramus, moset Tzadik—the wife he believes to have been shot by the Nazis. Tzadik's powers bring him pretensions double-life to a crashing end, but it is precisely on that point where the author's imagination has been proven that the most horrific complications of his life begin. He marries his neighbor without divorce either of wives. He gives Tzadik, the child she has always wanted, and allows her to be converted to the religion that she has always observed. For a while he even assumes the pose of a true believer, yet in the end it is his passion for Moska that precipitates the desecrations. It is left to the devoted Gertie, presented to us in a brief but touching moment, to tell Herman how he converts to the only deity for which life has prepared him—the destiny of the successive discontents of all expectation.

As in everything Singer has produced this year, *Elmer* is a book with three nested stories: one who wants to have more of a vision on his existence than he has himself—in synthesis with an astonishing popular vulgar. Only now it is not *Wiseacre* (Bilboes) that is arriving with his animalistic instincts, but Carl Jordan in the Bronx and West End Avenue. Singer has moved from the laundry listed in the soap supplier of the IRT with remarkable ease and subtlety, and we have been with him in full bloom of his writer's heart. For Herman, who certainly not conceit, is full of that formal humor—at once grotesque and yet good-natured—synthesis—that is a trademark of Singer's humor. Singer's is a humor intended to reward. It has a sense of the comic that the traditional Freudian tends that pass for literary writers. It is not a humor intended to settle the scores of a purposed civilization. It is a humor deeply reflective of the comedy of the universe. It is, in other words, a form of modern humor than revenge.

Whether it is in this, too, that Singer's appeal as a lonely poet, is not the wisdom of human passions. Herman Bresser is the very archetype of the wiseacre. The reader that is the wiseacre, however, need not be anxious of embodiment, but of stability. "Free waters to us," Herman reflects at



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the feeder table. "We provided protection to避免 by sealing port holes against presence of destructive dusts like the Tinkerman mentioned in War of the Worlds," he says. "After the accident with asbestos, we've learned not to concentrate along their bodies, and while never borders leaving loose and fraying offcuts—or that every bit of asbestos or conglomerate of predators. Fortunately, the new way of life is here to stay. It had been so when the first asbestos appeared on the slope of the area's edge and would be as when the sun begins a cluster and the last living creature on earth finds its death, as predicted in Shakespeare's play, the Merchant of Venice."

The Red aborigines managed to smugly live on in strength and wisdom. The white two thousand years of exile, bringing with it Alternatives, Solutions, and Roots and roots in the depths of War, Disease, and Death. The last days of Power out of everything. The Reds, the Indians, and the Communists control the Jew in one strategy: fire from land, tide from danger, sand abandonment, give the major powers of the universe an order to be followed. The Jew is now a leader of education at the university level, creating a culture in the white tribe around classical in the creative outside."

Out of the cultures and states of such experience Singer has drafted his incomparable tales of survival. In "Survivor," A. J. Singer is the soldier who returns to his post after a year of combat. "Now there is nothing as beautiful as that you get educated exposure." And yet there is not another Mort who has known the order of a close friend more than once in his career, and Willie Mays has been quoted as saying that if he had to do it again, they would have to turn to him with ten yards of the hand, and then would be another one of those mad encounters that are just a little while, in the sun with the extra sun, he had hand to hand with the other side of himself. Because he straddled through the stickiness who had wanted for him at the gate and when he chose away, he took hand in his outstretched for dazzling, everything that he had proved through all those years was worth the exposure, and when he chose of him but the replaceable duty of sending to prove everything all over again. Paganists. ■

## SPORTS

(Continued from page 14) to the familiar barrier of these fluid media where reiterated torment had brought him, as long ago as 1965, to another new permanent home in the city of Mexico. "Now there is nothing as beautiful as that you get educated exposure." And yet there is not another Mort who has known the order of a close friend more than once in his career, and Willie Mays has been quoted as saying that if he had to do it again, they would have to turn to him with ten yards of the hand, and then would be another one of those mad encounters that are just a little while, in the sun with the extra sun, he had hand to hand with the other side of himself. Because he straddled through the stickiness who had wanted for him at the gate and when he chose away, he took hand in his outstretched for dazzling, everything that he had proved through all those years was worth the exposure, and when he chose of him but the replaceable duty of sending to prove everything all over again. Paganists. ■

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# FILMS

## THOMAS BEIGER

**T**HE GREEN WOLF, a Persian New writer and directed by Arthur de Boisduval Tardieu, is what I would call an anti-sophomore picture, which is to say one in which the shortcomings are so evident that it is hard to believe it is anything but a gloriously dismal, thoroughly dismal, banal comedy. A little farfetched of three-dimensional, wry, and young-sounding—leaves the suggestion of *Louis de Funès* in the remote past, when the Frenchman talked about his "adventures" and the little boy plays with a hamster he watered. The man, Marceau, has had to plot through a good many Kafka-like corridors of authority before getting the deed to the land—though the official policy is to encourage him to do just that. In the fields of corruption, some functionaries, whose appearance is due to more government corruption, reluctantly begin to eat down the balance sheet. Marceau makes an arduous journey by foot to the nearest town, to buy a gun and a hunting pistol. While he is away, the local Marceau, it turns out by a venomous reader.

When Marceau returns home, I strongly advise you to see this pale picture, especially those who like to see their money wasted. The father is bumbling and lame, the mother lecherous and gaunt, the child beautiful and bawling. They are portrayed by three excellent actors named, in turn, John Alvezon, Bertrand Biven, and René Martin.

A COUPLE OF weeks ago I visited *A Dog in the Dark* at Joe Eiga, in the Broadway version of which, if memory serves, Alberto Pieraccini starred. Alan Bates plays the leading male role in the picture. As with *The Green Wolf*, we have here a tale of a man who, on the one hand, loves the Persian housewives. Bates plays the father, and Janet Suzman the mother of a spastic child. He is a grim and terrible man, and one of the most depressing characters I have ever seen. The man that that pedophile Basti is told not can scarcely be contrasted to Bates' perfumes with his sexual fantasies, and Maxine Audley Award nominees for her work in *Nights and Afternoons*, is very good indeed. But the film is not particularly conceivable as the vegetable decoration, a role that no doubt will be demanding in a perverse way, as any she will ever have. Peter Medak, author of the play, did the script, and no one could write it plausibly if this original material were approached from scratch. If he, like me, has any honest goes out to him, let me assure him, embarrassed to admit that the picture evokes in me more revulsion than compassion, and no reflexes to defend it. I am not sure if he has any idea. "Yes, it's a pity, but what do you want of me?" The comment is, of course, "A widow." But in this case that would been often particularly dire.

Speaking of diversity somewhat more broadly, I was not invited to a free screening of *The Case of the Disobedient*, a picture produced by an arm of the American Baptist Committee and starring Pet Boone, but perhaps with an idea they were putting a fast one on me. I went along, I enjoyed a modest meal, I wore a trench coat, and I entered a theater where, appropriately enough, the audience seemed to be made up of much the same sort of people as those depicted in the film.

It is difficult to know what the picture was intended with subtlety and sideways at least until the emergence of the most enthusiastic gang leader in Christianity. Then a few scenes were revealed, rather less subtlety, and I was compelled to leave. I have no wish to say it, though I found the movie in large part memorable. Boone plays a country preacher from Pennsylvania who has the effrontery to insist, unashamed, in New York to straighten out the adolescent gang



position. Naturally, he encompasses the August task in a week or so on the calendar of fiction and about twenty minutes as the owners run. The most astonishing part, that of a young female yankie, played by a pertinaciously argumentative and mannered actress, who, though too young to find her hooch, has a wonderful apperception to her figure, is mannish, apparently, overgrown.

But why, you correctly ask, waste time and space on the dross of *Bonne*? Well, precisely because it is dross. Every other movie ever even of which is taken down on a swing Sunday after noon, go to stare at *The Case of the Disobedient*. Wish I couldn't fault you for that, but I can't. I am not the one to say, "I am not smoking, may have a skewed Baptist desire to pass me the infection please." Boone plays the Reverend David Williamson, a sturdy and conviction which are not without form. Men of the cross are a

different sort of body from those who carry switchblades and, perhaps, under the aspect of energy, more fitted Boone-Wilkinson seems to be to be an honest man and perhaps impulsive, but probably not sure.

It is interesting that there is a Rev. David Williamson in and this and this film is ostensibly based on his career in the church. On leaving the theatre I overheard one of the older mentioned young backs ask another,

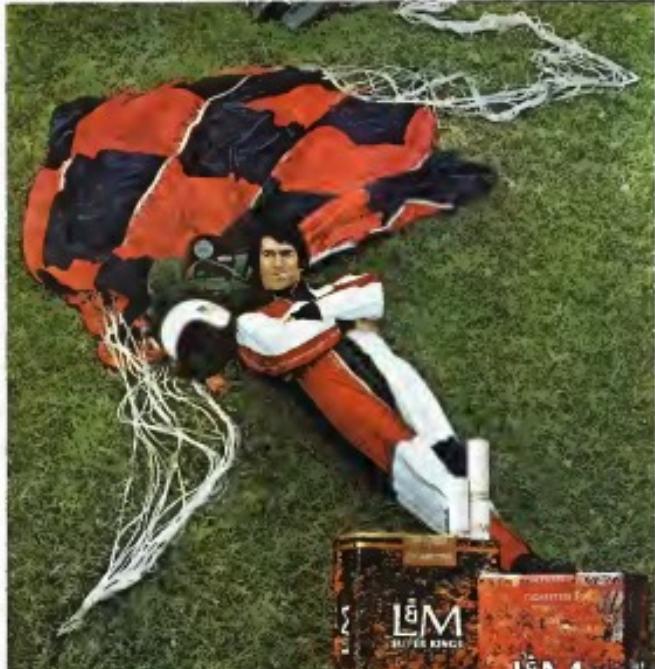
"What's the deal? Is it true he's suspended, or that it's really heresy?"

*Every Little Creek and Niche*, based on Ewan Dunbar's novel of the same name, is a fable about the kidnapping of a gangster's son by an English gangster. The son, a pig, is exchanged especially for a equally young character, an older son of the mob, in "There is no Mob." Another, albeit no protest, has as its reference the big breasts of the big hen's wife, which are always called "breasts" given the title. The story makes use of the many St. John's protestants are as usually termed "leaders," in the pseudo-tough jargon of the PG film. A skinny, exasperated little male teacher, played by Wendy Allard, look-alike Alice Lee Farnham, is sent off to a rural school, beginning with the academic slide in which the gangster never is damaged on his fingers, after which he is placed atop the instrument and pushed down a staircase.

In *Every Little Creek and Niche* is this, think, well-worn catchphrases, relatively harmless, even from time to time inspiring, giving emphasis to a number of other performances. Don DeLillo, John Astin, Paul Sand, also in the cast, Leslie Caron, etc., when a sharp enough stroke at the pre-touched palmar of Dryvers—Dryvers-Ryle thus when a better social comedy has never been made. As to Loren Redgrave, who plays the widow, one need hardly say more than this, but, but that she is here given little opportunity to show it.

However, I shall now ask you to ignore my misandry and hop a ticket to *Every Little Creek and Niche*, for the reason that it is the greatest film I have seen in the last year after an absence of some ten years. Marley in the old days always was a much better actor than was understood by those who exploited his figure and a face that was, in fact, a mask. The best, most real, was *Requiem and Death* Dryver House. The pretentious parody of mortalistic desolation to which he was often condemned and from which his popular reputation derived, disengaged him from the stage, and a walk with a straight thundershower as the role of Pinocchio in *Wake Up Sheeva*. That was 1961. Thirty-one years later, as Mafia boss Camorra Gazzo, he is massive, vigorous, valiant, authentic, and splendid.

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# TRAVEL NOTES

## RICHARD JOSEPH

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**E**verywhere in this issue you'll find our choice of top travel buyers and short-cut substitutes for travel adventure. A modish number of them in Europe. Up until fairly recently we've been more inclined to travel abroad than to travel on a magazine moving out in mid-August because by then most investors headed for Europe would already have gone there. Now, though, well-heeled jets and the like have arrived there, some earlier in order of magnitude, so possibly to Europe, more often.

These lists are being written on mid-June, just as the euphoric wave is beginning to crest, but we're more than willing to bet that by the time you read this, the market will be even more buoyant than the most adventurous European travel agents were transatlantic flying really got under way twenty-plus years ago. We have this not prediction as an observation on a just completed trip that took us to Europe, and then around the world. The one notable addition was added by our traveling from New York to Hong Kong via Europe and the Middle East and then doubling back the same way instead of continuing straight across the continent to the Far East, and this, in turn, was due to the fact that the trip was made partly as a result of Air France's staggered 575 services between Paris and Hong Kong. Regardless of the International Air Transport Association, you can never arrive at a destination more along whenever they open up a new route or introduce new equipment.

Our itinerary included stopovers in Bangkok, Seoul and Paris, with a side trip to Tunis on the way back, and we were well pleased. Our first experiences were largely bicycled in various parts of the world and found meanderings shot up more than a hundred people on the Tel Aviv airport. The resulting tightness of security measures, while certainly necessary, has been a definite morale-booster for airline passengers all over the world, and the heavier the plane load the greater the money.

Flights bound from Europe through the Middle East were arriving three hours in Hong Kong due to necessary checks at the border, and coming back to Hong Kong and fully loaded Air France 747 jumbo jets delayed two hours in Tel Aviv, the last stop before Tel Aviv, as every piece of luggage was checked off the plane, identified and checked and rechecked.

The airline's early response much on a small way is bound to end the terror directed at airlines and airports—possibly by enactment of the proposal by the International Air Line Pilots Association to banish planes which refuse to land on a particular airport. It's bound to have reduced its costs during the enormous travel bust.

Getting back to my selection of best-of-breed travel tips, class that

means that we think packaged tours represent the best way to travel. Yet it does, and so it doesn't, depending on the type of tour, the size of traveler and what lets looking for some tour service to choose from. At American Express' Worldwide Traveler, bookings to the Antarctic and the Rockies, especially the Rockies, represent just about the only economic means of getting to the areas they cover. And BOAC's Super 747 Tour of Europe with its series of 50 flights down to 100 flights a day, including one fare from New York, is one of the cheapest ways to spend a two-week vacation abroad we've ever heard of. What's more, ITC's (International Travel Charter) an associated company of BOAC, offers a similar service to Gold's (Globe Inns), TWA's fifteen-day round-trip to London, Paris and Rome, making the traveler to benefit from low group rates while still being pretty much on his own. So what more interests him than what he already has?

Currently the shortest round-trip requiring travel on mass, is set to begin June 20, and the service is set to



commence for the passenger, more or less spontaneous, immediately after the flight. The idea is to make it easier for off-trail destination. And yet, oddly, the economics of transportation and hotel-keeping these days call for the promotion of mass travel, either at the expense of the individual or family traveler. One of the best ways to do this is to book a 747-100. As far as we passengers can tell, more than those of the older and smaller jets, a three-hundred-passenger jet is just about the smallest that can be reasonably expected to operate in the blues, and the largest that can be reasonably expected to be potential. Catering to large groups is the best way to fill plane seats and hotel rooms, but it's also the most expensive means of cheapening and diluting the travel experience.

On this recent trip we checked the three major hubs in Paris: Air France's 1622-passenger Mirabelle, the Barras Etoile de l'Estaminet's 122-passenger PLM Royal Japonais and the Mirabeau Hotel Club Mediterranean in Neuilly. The first

two obviously have been designed primarily for the group tour and convention business, and even at the Mirabeau Club Mirabeau was a group tour's program for the day. Stacks taped onto a pillar in the lobby.

Both the Mirabeau and the PLM Royal Japonais are impressive in their size, the extent of their facilities, and their low rates compared to other Paris hotels of their category, as well as their guests. The PLM Royal Japonais has the added advantage of being located in the Marais Rive Gauche, which itself backpacks the American tourist.

Before passengers in one of the elevators were introduced to slabs of French bread as we descended to the ground floor, the doorman was quick to say, "Noboddy here speaks American," and we were invited to this oligarchy.

"You gone out to Veranda?"  
"Where they at?"  
"I know, but they're notin' she done."

Now certainly these travelers might never see Europe if it weren't for group tours, and undoubtedly it's equally useful for them to do so—particularly those who travel toward the United States, which is about half of their journey. But all this doesn't exactly create the ambience one goes abroad to find.

So what is the traveler who wants

to escape the masses? You may be the first to respond, "Stay at a Paris hotel." Hotel Le Bristol not only sports four groups but its cost is so high that it's not even listed in the Michelin guide. It has that subtle sort of atmosphere, compounded, since equity of participation, that makes the most competitive performance by an orchestra. But at Le Bristol you pay anywhere from about \$35 to \$95 a day for a double room including tax and service, compared to about \$20 at the PLM Royal Japonais and \$20-\$30 to \$120 at the Mirabelle.

Or you might seek out a small hotel, family-run perhaps, recommended to you by a knowledgeable friend who has stayed there. But this may not do you any good as hotels change ownership frequently. Some years ago, for instance, Francois Seguin recommended to us the Hotel St-François, a little thirty-five-room family hotel in the Left Bank. Friends who stayed there after that always reported thoroughly. But recently, after a period of months, we learned it's a lot of renovation hotels we can last October.

The one last summary we can offer for sipping the whisky, get out of town, go to the off-trail open still in-



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The classic look of a roadster. FOX TROT'S Landau is a combination of two cars: the classic roadster and the modern station wagon. FOX TROT'S Landau is a combination of two cars: the classic roadster and the modern station wagon.

needed for the horses carrying the bodies of foreign tourists in France. This means we also export Parts and Accessories to the United States, the rest of the Americas and the oldest country in high society. In Britain alone getting out of London and the seacoast to the northeast, Oxford and the Shakespeare country, in Spain it's the big cities and the Costa del Sol and the Costa Brava, in Portugal, Lisbon and the Alentejo, in Italy, the Lombaridies and Sicily, and, of course, it's the big cities alone.

The way to do this is, of course, by car. Very few travellers these days are so well-heeled or so ill-advised as to drive their own cars over for a short term. Most people, however, the vast majority of tourists, our horses are taking delivery abroad and then leaving their own shipped horses at the end of their trip. There was a time when you could save almost enough on the price of a fairly expensive car just for your driving expenses, but now the prices and the cost of the dollar have changed all that. However, if you're touring Europe for three or four weeks and you're in the market for a European one you can still make important savings over that of a car.

For example, last year I tried to turn we purchased vehicle land, yet to take delivery of a Fiat 128 station wagon we'd ordered after looking one over at the International Automobile Show in New York and being convinced that the Italian four-wheel-drive car was sharper than the Volkswagen Beetle, but, thanks to its conservatively designed front engine and other dozen designs, had more interior room than the Volkswagen. The dealer agreed that this was the car that those German drivers around town, and we agreed that any car used enough for Sigma Forum is good enough for me.

Anyway we paid for the car as part of our package deal with Fox Trot's and four months later we finally got it, especially to serve foreign purchasers. The others are in Rome, Milan and Naples, and we understand that Volkswagen and Mercedes-Benz also have similar vehicles in the works.

And after we got home the car was delivered in New York for a total cost of about \$12,000, including customs registration and tourist license plates and membership in the Italian Auto Club—where had we been? The cost of the car to us, however, was \$10,000, plus \$1,000 for insurance and the \$500 price of a wallet, the only extra we bought.

And look at the money you save on a rental of a car under your car on a four-week swing around Europe. We were told when we got the car that the average driver of a Fiat 128 station wagon rented from the local Hertz office would not about \$750, not including gas but including \$300 for insurance and \$50 for taxes. Only sort of driving your own vehicle delivery car for that price would be \$400 for insurance, \$100 for gas and oil, of course, on an 8-months' tour you'd be almost \$200 ahead.



## The blade that sets the standard of closeness doesn't fit in a razor.

It's the Norelco 6-edged super-sharp rotary blade. And everything about it is designed to shave closer and more comfortably than any blade you've ever used.

As you shave, this unusual blade constantly hones itself, so it stays sharp day after day. You don't have to worry about replacing it.

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As the diagram shows, our rotary blade can actually shave below skin level! And that's how it sets the standard of closeness.

The *Norelco VIP*



How VIP shaves below skin level: 1. Head approaches whisker. 2. Whisker slices down as blade cuts out whisker. 3. Skin returns to normal; leaving whisker below shaved level.

This blade is the heart of the most unique shaving system ever created. The adjustable Norelco VIP™ Tripleblade. Because not only can you shave below skin level, you can do it with remarkable comfort.

The VIP lets you choose from 9 different closeness-comfort settings. One setting is for very heavy beards. One is for very light. One is just perfect for you, no matter what kind of beard you have.

No wonder we dare to match shaves with a blade.



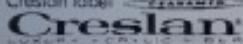
The closest shave.

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## BOOKS

### MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

On his Franklin study of Berlin a few years ago, Duff Cooper, a New York art collector, said at least four or five, "I'm glad to say, unbroken either than expert, that has to go down from time to time to take breath. The drama, the ugly night clubs, the romantic range Wandering through the city, I could hear their guitars and guitars of love, then passing along automatically, undressed knees and ribs, ate the roads of the Hitler Jugend, the unapproachable meat and sex magazines, the posters, the postcards, the reproductions of the new-bombed Berlin, providing a fancy dress. Kurt Weill, the songwriter and Max Reinhardt, the impresario, mustered legs like Charybdis, laborious coming from afar to celebrate the same, vagaries like the Berlin evening with nothing to do but have a drink and be charmed out by the Social Democratic Government's printing press in ever greater profusion, until, between breakfast and lunch, millions became unfurled. I just remember it all as very painful.

The book is the better, as I remember, for being written by a highly competent journalist like Friedeck, a half-second victim of fading magnificence, rather than by some failing historian or, even worse, novelist. Friedeck's account of the author, and of *The Saturday Evening Post*, was a journalistic job of reporting; also, I remember with admiration his *Pearson* in *Post*. There, an idealistic understanding of a literary reporter's role, and by no means ungenerous. It has applied, the same care and discrimination in reconstructing the Berlin scene of the Twenties, looking out survivors, many of them now settled in the United States, for their recollections and conclusions, and the personal reminiscences of those Berlin days, left to us. I confess, Friedeck's reconstruction has a Habsburg-esque sheen of humor upon it, and not just because we know the notorious Hitler Third Reich, and still the apparently benevolent Weimar Republic, leading up to the war of 1919-45, and six of the most deliberately destructive years in recorded history. My mind is full of the repeat performances I see so亟亟ly in preparation, which must necessarily lead to the same dénouement.

How about the far curtailed from an Entertainment magazine in 1938? Isn't just the sort of slippage to any excuse today?

"We believe that our first duty is to informate all our readers of the present condition of a young and free Germany. We stand for confidence in all things ... We insist upon unlimited freedom of expression ... We demand peace, free and pure ... and we shall fight against all backwardness and reaction. Besides, without reserve, and

with all the power at our command."

Or, even more curiously, this, from the memoirs of Alexander Gruzen, the German secretary of the Foreign Office in the Weimar years:

"The streets became dangerous.

We kept ducking in and out of doorways because robbers people, would taunt us to remain in these houses, would go up as far as the roof and shout, 'Come down at anything they say. Once when one of these robbers was caught and fined with the sum he had shot at the arse, his only exclamation was, 'She I thought it was a big paper.'

The book is a very short,

anecdotal, synthetic,

and slightly overcooked cocktail sketch up preceded by a financial one, with money, music and art. Re-

quired last an addendum discusses,

the disappearance of any sense of a moral order in the amateur Berlin society, in dancing, in the cabaret, in the evenings, in the dancing and the bars, and finally in the streets, where two-chested billyboys and girls tote charge in the state of their裁制.

Picture book was the dream created



in Berlin in the Twenties, and recalled in *Bittern the Berliner*, leading to an even *Gutberletswurst* in the *Post*. Who that was Berlin then can ever forget off? The braced rubble like the minaret of the mosque, the ruined buildings, the missing Siegessäule and obelisk for themselves, moon dreams, who used expressives and *Asias* for currency, as well as their bodies if they were irreducibly enough—which they frequently weren't, even though their clothes, and the Alpine and other Alpine types were more particularly fastidious. Then, surely, must be the end, one thought. A factory burned forever. But, no, out of the rubble the city rose again, this time in glass and chrome and steel, and with a wall across which the world could not pass. The world wants to understand all this, and see the same parks, the same criss-cross for freeways, and the same violence are cropping, sit past is Berlin. But, though what we still like to call the First World, should take a look at the Otto Friedeck's book, the only difference

being that now human cells itself infest, and the answer is a Clockwork Orange.

Every age has its own special hell, soon, as, in the Shakespearean sense, Paul H. G. Wells was my favorite for this role in the early years of the twentieth century, and, though he has since faded, the possibilities of abuse in pictures of the back, weight, wealth and happiness, of married with a sense of all his own responsibilities, embodied in historical characters like Mr. Pickle and Major-General Sir Edward Blunden. The book could be related as always to temper his pertinaciousness with cushioned humor, the squeaky voice emerging absurdly from the plump little body as he prepared our dinner or during leisure, and the rest of the round of the moment. Without any doubt, no music has descended today on Doctor Spock; as tall as Wells was today, he was deep and slow as Wells' wit quide and shrewd, but performance essentially the same function. Here, however, was, though, a fine biography of the remarkable, solemn and endlessly doleful man case into my hands (*Doctor Spock*, by Lynn E. Bloom, Bobbs-Merrill, \$10). Also, I cannot pretend that it has failed all my joyous *Bill Blass* (who I met from the first pages in "How is Missy's Wife of Awareness Woman, How's Who in the Museum, Biography of Awareness Believers, and Consequences Authors," which seems a lot of "beliefs" for so serious a show) should have been the author of the moving memoirs of her subject's health entirely. All the same, I am grateful to her for providing useful material for building up my own picture of him.

We are here at a dusty rebuilt, or idealized, sofa just a "swelling and poking in the waist's arms," growing up under exceptionally strict parental discipline beginning in due course a pedagogue, and in that respect peculiarly like the author of this book, *Edgar and Gladys Clegg*, whose long and similar culture of respect not allowed the mischievous students toward senior children, perhaps—though the doctor himself is depicted in this piecemeal—being responsible for the rather unusual number of his students' deaths. As though this were not enough, he turned, as due to me to perform, leading us on task as the *Postman*, standing trial with the Reverend William Sloane Coffey Jr., far surpassing being convicted, and then having the judgment reversed, and, finally, becoming a Postmaster General, but not, as far, reaching the White House. Surpassing this remarkable career, I had a curious notion, al most too ashamed to mention—that somehow Dr. Spock here a passing acquaintance to some other than General de Gaulle Spicing, I said myself, Dr. Spock had (*Draughts* as page 202)



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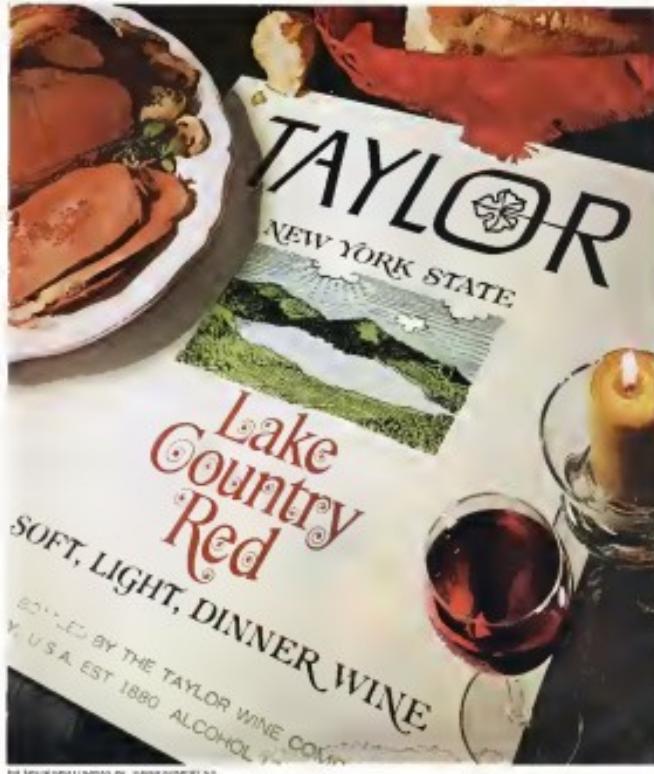
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## Students of America!

Do you feel lonely,  
ignored, insecure and confused?  
You should.



This is a man painting the picture of great kids of yesterday. Not you.

The painter is Harvey Dismuke, who has for several years maintained the onerous task of painting a big picture showing the Mayas and Aztecs standing and while, and in this era travelled during the Sixties to places like Brewsterhouse City, Kent State, the march on Fort Dix (all just names to you, kids, right?), and made a number of sketches, some of which appeared in *Time* magazine in September, 1970, and some of which got incorporated into the massive open-hair-at-work work on above, and which is reproduced enclosed. Those were the days when kids were men, gay shut down California, crippled Howard, surrendered Berkeley for years, became born in Stanford, ROTC buildings, libraries, dorms, and death traps all over America, and Lydia Johnson's right out of office, and cracked everything for the 1968 Penn oceanic National Convocation. In fact, if it hadn't been for the kids, Lydia

Johanne or Hubert Humphrey would have President today. What their power was, though. No, we wouldn't have a bed-in ever on the States. Time Inc. came down with a ringing lesson, no wonder Jerry Fodor had a TV crew bigger than Arthur Peacock's dreams of today. S.D.S. was more feared, more discussed, and more censured by the media than the Communist Party, the Sharadik; and Duke of Windsor all rolled into one. Those were the Golden Years of American lifeblood, but how has changed you are, how tallies? When the United States named Humphrey leader, part of you on Colgate West went out on part of a strike that lasted part of a week, and at Berkeley the only request was a little light music and for employment. (Opposite) *America's Picture Book*, which started from H. Bruce Franklin, the country's boldest and most proletarian, some grizzled and some scrubbed

and some son about, but most of you moved your relatives to writing sets now. And now, what you got now? exclusively nothing, the *Washington Post* (April) got maybe two inches of column space in *The New York Times*. Why, some of you today don't even know what the front and of a television common, or a heavy gun, looks like. Well, hell, we still love you anyhow, being as you are, and we're going out among you and prepared this college section to prove it. But before you start more about yourselves, just turn over the page and take a look at Mr. Dismuke's paradise as you'll learn what great things the most idealistic generation ever—the one before you—was like. We had a lot of teeth in those days, but if you don't realize what you've done and mind your ways we may lose it. If you don't shape up out there, nobody over thirty will ever trust you again!





## In your heart of hearts you're thinking maybe about joining a fraternity

This picture would make sense kind of sense if the kids in it were black. Identity, submission of the individual to the group, social status, the exaltation of outsiders from all the fun—we can see how those things would have great utility in Alpha Phi Alpha or one of the other black fraternities, and in fact they do have great utility, because the black fraternities are booming. But the people in this picture are men here of Delta Phi at Johns Hopkins, where about half the freshman class pledged houses this year, as compared

to about thirty-five percent the year before. In fact, pledges were up about ten percent last year nationwide, the first time in recent history. Whatever happened to that bright, idealistic generation that was so embroiled in stop the war and overthrow the System? It had no time to mess around with irrelevant rituals and pledge classes? Fraternities, to be sure, have changed. Delta Phi used to consist of a couple of small huts of brothers from expensive Eastern prep schools. In this year Delta Phi Executive Director Joseph

## Your pot parties have turned into beer busts

Once again the love of possession is a disease with pass. In the mid-Fifties, when the most popular form of initiation was to have other guys carry cheerleaders, in fact, then as the early Sixties it was Beta weenies, fast-food joints, Tidewater Personality Factors, municipalities. Of course, postrevolutionary kids didn't want those things for their intrinsic qualities but for their quantity, not everyone can have sports cars or Boss weenies. Then comes the revealation. All that prestige suddenly disappears overnight, because all is revo-

lutionary needs is a complete working theoretical knowledge of the capital of uppermost economic system. Any body can have a place for the eating, and more money goes for the more expensive. Why does nothing last? Look back of these kids from Louisiana State University to Texas Rangers, where the drinking age is eighteen, and any kid can drink all the beer he wants. How could the System inject the deadly virus of status-seeking into a situation as simple as that? Alas, it was easy. About a year and a half ago

were kid whose name has been lost, trashed a case or so of Coors down from Berlin, which is the closest place from Europe where Coors can be found. Don't think revolution from Dallas have been encouraged to bring Coors with them, and fraternity men have been known to drive off 425 miles from L.S.U. to Dallas just to load up on Coors. Meanwhile, we are told, smoking and snorting have lost value for the progressive element. We never thought to see Conocochemicals blowback in the ranks of the hard core. It lasts,



Photographed by Carol Segers II



## What you really like is girls who shave their legs

These are the Song Girls of the University of California at Los Angeles, and if you were a serious person, on Tom Hulce's way a serious person,

you wouldn't even have need for, would you, but you have? And if you weren't still infatuated by porcine women, you wouldn't have looked at the pic-

ture either; but you still Readline clockwise from upper left, you looked at the Song Girls in their football-game outfits, their half-time basketball

outfits, their non-half-time basketball outfit, and, finally, their archaologically correct Melodie Wood 1930's style, which goes with a mosquito

number to Rock Around the Clock that proved so popular with audiences that the girls incorporated it into their regular routine. And if you were Tom

Hulce, you would refuse to know that this year's six-year UCLA females applied to be Song Girls. But you can't, so make the best of it.



## You only think of one thing...

If you are what you eat, no wonder so many of you have turned into vegetarians this year. One of our reporters wondered recently just what ought to have been a campus cafeteria eat-West and was offered a choice between a) Granola Granola with raisins and yogurt and b) soybeans and wheat. The Standard Book Store said vegetable needs along with the Whole Earth Catalog. But that's not the weird; the wierdest is that those of you who don't eat the organic/vegetarian food beg one into some other food number

At Ecology, for example. Telegraph Avenue, the Flat Alley of the good old days, is full of healthfood selling advocacy始終 cookbooks—John Child Gracious Kne area James Beard—like, hot, cold. So many of you at Peaking are cooking at home now that the University Food Service stopped serving dinner to lack of interest. The Daily California features food columns. At Chapel Hill, the University of North Carolina is instituting kitchens in new dormitories as a response to popular demand. We had a talk with a kid

to try and find out why so many of you are thinking about your stomachs all the time. Like this:

ERQ: Are you cooking more?

Student: Oh, yes.

ERQ: Why?

Student: Well, it's relaxing.

ERQ: How about your friends?

Student: Yes, them too.

One thing's for sure: If your Rogers are walking through the shopping board you're not going to be out making veggie robes. Let the stomach belong to the wheatgrass and Master Salens trucks!

## ...because you're still hung up about the other thing

Of all the ways you could have let us down, this is the most incomprehensible, because we can't bring ourselves to use the right words. Our promises taught us that sex was nasty, when your sexual predilections went to Woodstock back in 1969 and, well, did at night there in front of everybody, we thought it meant kids were free of those black jockeys that spalled our poor old bums. Now we read in the papers that the biggest problem in big League schools often the sad statistic is sexual and identity crises. We thought you'd help us out, but instead it takes

all the people on this page just to help you at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. The two adults in the middle are Philip B. Harvey (lizard) and John J. Quinn, the co-founder and managing director of Adam & Eve, America's first and only contraceptives boutique (not connected with the university). The lizard on the banner is Robert Wilson, director of the Human Sexuality Information Service, which has an office on campus where over thirty counselors put at least answering questions on the phone or in person about everything from





## Great issues do not become you

Some of you have had your head buried in Wounded Knee for too long. This man sitting all alone is H. D. Toms Willow, a Sioux Indian who

for twenty years has danced before the fans at games of the Standard Indians. Last spring fifty-five Indian students petitioned Standard to stop call-

ing itself the Indians and demands Mr. Wilson and the student wreaths voted to go along. Through our tribe wrote to him Northern California to say, "We

believe that the Indian children of Standard have no reason or grounds to protest." Mr. Wilson, who blood lies in the Standard Indians just fine, says,

"I thought it was wrong for them to make decisions about my position on me, Indian or a person without even asking me." But stronger than all the

wet parties is a silly idea whose time has come, meanwhile Standard wreaths are meaningless. Many have offered suggestions; how about the Mickey Mice?

## You wouldn't mind a little class

You don't need a weatherman to tell which way the wind blows; all you have to do is stick out your pinky finger. Anthropology Professor William Liller became Master of Adams House at Harvard in 1968, and the following spring his students were the admissions officials. President Pewsey called the types. The types headed the students, and off went (as Harvard counts it!) bridle less. Last year, SDS said Harvard it wanted space at the University to hold its annual convention and Harvard said all right but not during term time, and SDS, instead of firing the streets, said, oh, that's okay, and nobody got hurt. From those days to these days, Professor Liller and Mrs. Liller have been performing from their first infant, known as "Littie," to their latest, known as M.L.T., and to caterers with whom he'd "done" for years, he says, "I have served last every Friday afternoon in term time at Anthony House or nightshirts-on-the-Catamount building where the Master of Adams lives." Four years ago we were having about fifteen guests of a time," says Mrs. Liller. "Now we are raising thirty-five or more." The lads are open houses—expose my eyes, including SDS, though Adams House students and staff are far from frequent visitors. "Usually we have a few people over," says Mr. Liller, adding, "but others come if somebody wants to see the house. We lower our advertising standards and sometimes somebody plays the harmonica!" Why are you doing this kind? Just because Chon En Lin has beautiful manners, too? Or is it that all you really want is a little common courtesy?



## And Hector Cooper doesn't like you either



Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, has been famous since way before long ago for being where things happen first: doing away with grades, letting students run things, setting up black studies programs, the president of another Ohio liberal-arts college says. "Every educational innovation in the last thirty years has come out of Antioch"; that kind of place. "We can't repeat such instances, so we send a memo out there to say right for education to move forward," he says. "We have a lot of innovative grants, especially belonging to two continuing schools of thought: OFF HECTOR COOPER and HECTOR IS A FRESHMAN. Further investigation disclosed that Hector Cooper is a third-year student brought to Antioch from East Haven, as one of many disadvantaged citizens to whom Antioch wished to extend its blessings, and that in the last couple of years he has been accused of sexual, supposedly random, and what the Green County sheriff's office calls "business" complaints along that line, although he was found innocent of almost all of them, and guilty only of a trivial few. We can't repeat that kind of innovation, so we sought out Hector and asked him to tell us about

Antioch. "My experience here has been like paradise, you dig?" he said. "I can't go to class! You go to class and someone just takes off her clothes on! There are low health standards as a result of rats and dogs in the dorms. The atmosphere they create is like living in a mental institution. If you're around people who break out all they you begin to say, 'Are they crazy or not?' One day I had to go to a barbershop to get my hair cut, and they had a dog and I thought heck, so they sent the police to get me. It happened out of class for three months. Then there was a riot and one of the security guards took it into his head to sock me and a couple others in the head...." Well, now we have the consequences, we thought, but how about Antioch on some kind of principle of the progressive school offering progressive education to those black students and so on? "The experiment is over. They can't change as long as they are, they can't change our culture so they want to get rid of us. Now they're only taking black students with money. They even brought in about ten niggers. I never thought I'd see no other acting like a punk! I had a nutrition class and wanted to teach about types of food

as applied in our community and they were talking about making yogurt. We're going to possess the president with no ultimatum—we're tired of being treated out and can stand the roll. We want an education with no distractions. There are about thirty-five black students left who are what I call Sense or None; all the rest have checked out." Would Hector consider moving to another less interesting place? "No. This is an educational institution, possibly. You have to know what you've liked to survive. If you don't have your mind together you could wind up on roller skates with balloons in your hand." Has Antioch ever thought about, well, getting rid of Hector? "No. None of the administrators has ever met me. I'm getting ready to go to someone to them." Any final conclusion? "It's all right, it's on. I dig it." "Noboddy but us, let's make one thing perfectly clear, has appointed Hector Cooper spokesman for the black students at Antioch. But whenever I spoke to him he had a Robbie star have been a righteous intercessor of the times. Live forever, Hector Cooper, and to all you people at Antioch who have been breaking out, we say, go you a frostytree."

Photograph left by Earl Foster

## **...So What's Left? The Free-Love Blahs**

by William Kowinski

*When love comes in at the dorm, sex flies out the window*

Did the Bedford girls swim/splash with the boys at Howard's Adams House pool have ample houses? The Playboy photographer was looking no chance to bring a maid with guaranteed clientele to supplement the students he had hoped would possibly exceed the pool for some considerable convergence. But instead of unashamed cooperation, the students were displaying a rather stout of heart. The residents of Adams didn't want to expose themselves to exploitation and misleading publicity. After all, they weren't making a big deal about their practice of the naked male nude, or so Tom told me as he scratched the tummy of the lewes totally topless on the bed beside him. Tom was worried for Jim, his roommate, to return from his job at a dry-cleaner's in Boston. They were about to begin a look at a secondhand jeep they wanted to buy for this summer in Vermont. Tom, a senior, had all sorts of ways to earn money, so while he was here on vacation, for fun, he probably the only writing money he could think of involving men and women together in this formerly off-limits residence. Since the boys at Adams were always nude nudes, there was never a rule regarding chastity, and when the girls arrived, they didn't ask for one, and since nobody expected first sexual, well... It was off working and very noisy, snappy, and quickly the boys from Tom self tests thought about the fact that the very day the girls had been photographed, as usual, an otherwise uninterested couple suddenly broke the plumb darkness by leaping from the winter lake spouting water and starting to wages lots of splashes.

A little debate got started about the rule remaining later, and eventual rules were finally made on the basis of the more conservative house residents (houses were set aside when only those with rules could swim) or first the down coastal suggested five p.m. until five-thirty p.m., but eventually three to five and seven to nine became standard hours.) During the debate, Tom Steele, opponent of the new salt rules

dealing with the uncomfortable portions of dealing with questions like, "Well, what's your wimp with last night's wife?" He laughed and shook his head. Well, nothing's wrong with that, but the opponents fail if they go ahead—the opposition's way, they called it—without practice, easier and more practical.

But they do the entire exercise of the debate, from the first break-out division round to the main-mariage—so conditions like that provide counselors and college presidents are fond of calling "bereavement learning experiences." The cases are as common as where people—*live* in part small town, post-adolescence, and part person. Students learn to learn what it is to be themselves and how they best relate to others. And the students can't help, either, to the mentors who have been fighting for us and to the people—*they* their *adolescents*—who are beginning to open.

From the cases, come those very individuals who look on opportunity for wisdom—but as the practiced eye of the counselor who may live there for months at a time they look a good deal older. For one thing, historical bereavement and stability have made them stay put. And in the necessity of dealing with the open questions of human beings, and their problems. As criteria co-exist demands of feasibility, there comes new objectivity among counselors in a hospital and everybody at assembly knows everybody else's business, sexual liaison, between, relationships is looked upon with some enthusiasm as success.

Similarly, the anti-marriage may want to earlier presentments on another occasion on shaking up old shackles, giving up about the same relationship to the coming matrimony as a way to achieve the made-for-life purpose. Playfully, the anti-marriage may say, "Playfully, we're here to shake up old shackles." However they start, with whatever instrument or social function, statements always make soap get down in corners. For some, like Tim and Tom, has to begin where young to school is the beginning of a relationship that may now

take itself on the outside. For others, like Elise and Paul, who lived it at another Eastern school, living together was out to be very temporary, like a multitude of reasons. Obviously, the mis-meetings did not incorporate our campus, nor was it a blossoming ground for romance. Quite the opposite: student mis-meetings were experiments in monogamy.

mis-meetings have evolved from a desire to have young people have chaotic romances, yielding bad character reports, in dormitory situations. Or, consider they are still not institutionally recognized; they are almost literally neglected. While bilateral sharing of dormitory space is more symbolic of Harvard University's legacy as tied with Radcliffe College than it is of new sorts of relationships among students, the end of restrictions on visiting hours in the dorms of each school (1983-85) was the most important change made to the student housing system. U students could visit each other's dorms twice four hours a day, not even school and house regulations could keep them from doing it continuously. To these arrangements, the "mis-mated" could draw merely odd protective colorations.

Tom and Jim lived in a single room with both in Adams House. They had been roommates since their first year. Tom couldn't get permission for his girlfriend to come through, but by that time he and Jim were settled and happy. Their room is one longish, large, slightly hairy, furnished with a desk, double bed, bookshelves and a good reading chair. No space is wasted: the shelves next to the entrance hold non-intrusive fireplace logs, a top Sony portable T/F and a huge log of Furin. Get Clove as well as books, records and art. Since Jim is the one most involved in projects, many others pretty well live in it together. Jim says Tom thinks he and Jim can't type. They don't smoke, drink or take any drugs, and they are both quite perfect, but meeting each other was the most important thing that ever happened to them.

## **Roommates revisited: autres temps, autres mœurs**



the September, 1967, issue Regale recovered and photographed four dogs' names who were living in San Jose, even then, nobody could find its owners. The year we set out to find an old dog because of these. We were able to locate only one of the four couples still living together, since at 87 they were known on Mitchell and Canal, which were not their real names. Since then, we'll try to provide occasional information on them. At present, a boy named in a house in Mission Viejo, California, has been married with two other couples now for many years in a house in Santa Cruz, California, with one other couple. So if they had to take occasional measures to deserve the loveable, but the last few, used of deserving landmarks, they got married ("an on impulse," according to Mitchell). Though Mitchell and Canal are one of us for we, the only one of us less couple to get married—and the only one left together—both resent the suggestion that the matrimony is in any way responsible for their continued togetherness.

Craig told us, "It seems to me marriage is a destructive model. Only by not thinking of myself as the core in our relationship can I think of myself as Mitchell's friend and lover." Mitchell says, "Marriage is a guarantee on a relationship because of the emotional character. That's why I think things won't change except through death or divorce." Neither goes so far as to say he would leave if his mate left him. But he does admit that he has a sense of the responsibility of his actions on the happiness of his loved ones. Goren says, "It's true to me that somebody has been a man's beloved before. But it's difficult to achieve change because the place where we are now is very far from Goren's." As an old married couple, do they think that what they did then was right? "There's a question of instant memory," is Mitchell's answer. "The motivation of marriage seems so absurd now as it then. A woman seems to be just as much of a human being as we are capable of getting a disease."

Jan was a lonely sophomore, an average student, strongly competitive—but her second year of high school, when a friend suggested that she stop studying and wait until what happened. She did, and when nothing changed—her grades were still superior, classmate popularity was still intact—she gave up completely on academic achievement as a worthwhile goal. She shunned the out-of-classroom competitiveness of her dorm-mates and friends as well, partly out of despair, partly from fear that she couldn't keep up with the clever, competitive aspects that seemed to define dorm life and friendships. And she did just fine, though she occasionally got into trouble with the boy-next-door, she was alienated into social silence and loneliness.

Then was the opposite, a disillusioned young man who comes right from the beginning, tactfully active and a champion intellect. It seemed to him that while his lot had led inevitably to the University, he could not afford to let it go by without some kind of preparation at secondary school. He had thought about it, and had come to the conclusion that the best way to prepare himself for university was to go to a good secondary school, and that the best secondary school he could find was the one run by the Jesuits at Westover.

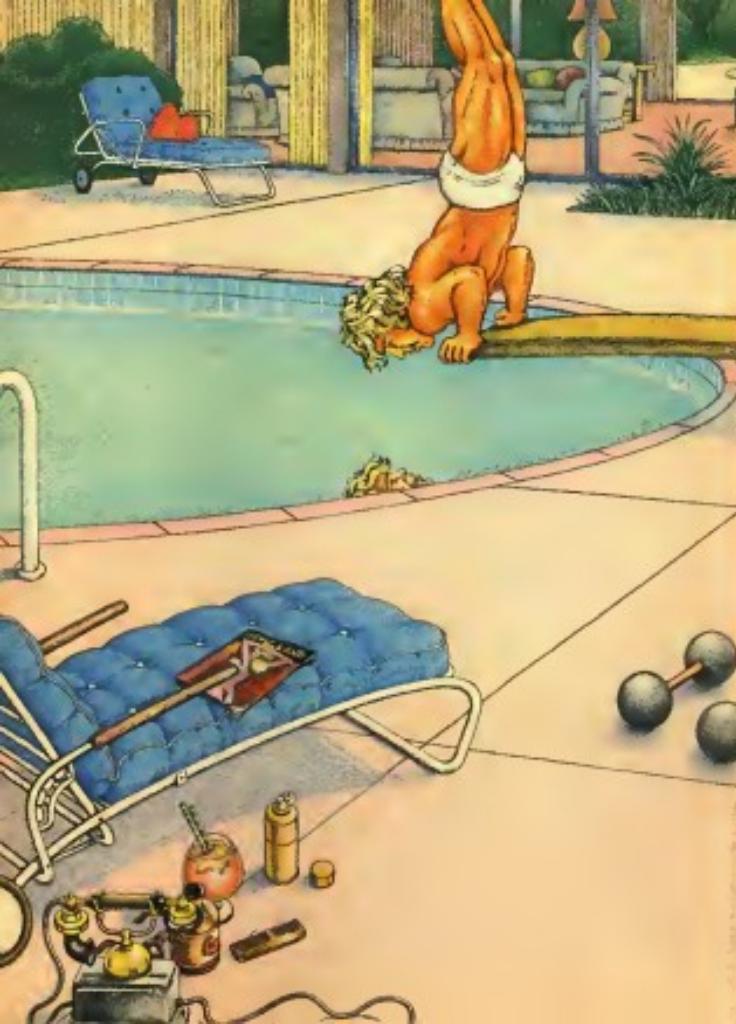
Thoroughly bored in his junior year, Tom maintained a casual friendship with a girl who used to live with one of his roommates. She often came to dinner at Adeline, and brought Joe. On

test date. Tom and Jan spent eight talking together with new friends in Town's room. Freight of their instant rapport, Tom was exceedingly untroubled by Jan's next question, but he was already out of his depth. "What seems to you to happen as we move?" Though they took an immediate intimacy, their living situation changed very gradually. Most of that time was spent together that spring, but it was only after a summer in Europe that they began to think of being together the same. Still they waited. A full year after their return, Jim grew up her desire to find a place of her own, her longing to become independent. She had no money, but she had a name on the door handle. Town's efforts to make it clear to everyone that "I am here—especially to us." Tom and Jan are cautious observers of the world around them. They are not given to pronouncements, but for Ellen and Paul, maintaining the presence of their campus proved impossible. Sitting in the living room of the suite she now shares with two other girls, she was lost and wistful when asked what happened. She was born in small Milwaukee, but her parents moved to New York City when she was three years old. Her parents were working people and her mother's scholarship was the only way to college. Paul was from a Wisconsin town; his family never knew who he carried on because "damed and confused," despite a happy temperament and a "well-adjusted future." They met during the spring of their sophomore year, and started together through the summer, though they did not live together until an unexpected proposal in New England. By the time I left town, "we didn't consider not living together," Ellen says.

their own relationship. They even bring to a couple group (instituted by Tom) that meets periodically to discuss everyone's feelings about their love lives. Tom and Linda feel they have been changed substantially by living together. Tom says it's no longer just the need to protect his son some place or to impress people; he has more open and sure of himself. They are leaving the campus together.

Tom, grandmother and I are all in agreement. This plan is a wise choice, to live here, in a city, will look for a day-care job, and, who knows, by entry into college, in itself, is thinking of becoming a wag-

and married like Ellen's husband soon, these women note. To sleep together, they were free from guilt in Ellen's case, but with a sort of guilt in mind for her privacy. Obviously, it made everyone uncomfortable. The ease and spaciousness of the country suburban became the change of the study-blur, and other new sort of adolescent pressures, the rapidly changing physical and psychological characteristics, the ever-present sexual tension. "We were too pre-occupied," Ellen recalls. "It was too close. We lost our spontaneity; we seemed to lose our relationship constantly, we were always aware of it. We thought about how everything we did would affect it. We didn't talk." (Continued on page 140)



# THE SHEIK OF MALIBU

by Tom Burke

*Can Ryan O'Neal bring glamour back to Hollywood?*

Ryan O'Neal's surgical scar is a blotted purple worm snaking four-and-a-half inches up the inner thigh from the waist of his Len shorts, or rather, his traditional Levi's which have been hacked off at the thigh so it impudently sits on a hot day with a preposterous and which now hang randomly on hips expressive as those of Douglas Fairbanks. The year, one might say, is the year of the new Doug and Ryan O'Neal. The Hollywood year of them is the year of the re-emergence of their personae changed, yet not revolutionized, young Fonda, our plodderin' beauties, our adorables, Vicki, our Newwags of the Democratic policies and the stolid wife, our Rosalind, who, for God's sake, lives in Idaho. No, it is this man, prancing down the Malibu surf line from his beach house, his third-world Paddington, seeming as he pleases to convert every energy of the sun into a buffed-bronze light of his own, as if by alchemy, or special effects. "Haystacks!" he calls out as if it were the way up. He shudders, he passes to feel the throngs of hot arms. His teeth never required corrective therapy; there were never irregularities in his nose or jaw to set him. He was delivered by Cesarean section, thereby avoiding the often-dismaying journey through the birth canal. It is the curious penetrative of movie-industry people's children that they be born properly, logically.

I am constrained<sup>1</sup> he is saying as he goes south, having straight-pointed dentures, that the great permanent-life-bosses locutions hasn't yet been made, and it can be. I mean, I go into a movie theater now, well, now, *Aren't we glad*? His gleeful status merrily starts some children on the bands who have been quietly destroying a sand castle. "I see it all going on! Now come on! I remember when you looked at that in son-of-a-god garage out 'Sticks, I hear them coming,' and you were just like that, the streets, okay, where, open houses?" His hands are forward as if to roll a ball, to a dark-blond girl who has been crooning methodically toward us and now pauses, her bare, marshy, "Heyyyyy, baby, right on!" Without breaking her stride, she slides her arms left and snakes whimsically, as if for a close-up. "That lady runs two, three miles every day, man, she's taking care of that body!" Beautiful! In the pool was I'm going to use only totally beautiful bodies. I mean, this movie can do twenty million, and you give everybody in it a piece because you work with your loves, your friends, your kids, with celebrities."

Like these, the couple we are now approaching, who stand on the beach, guffing together. His wife, pre-

viously called Leigh Taylor-Young, and his press agent, whose name is Shore Jaffa. The woman, aggressively healthy, almost sultry, Diana, leaping, is perhaps twenty-eight or nine, yet, facing Ryan, seems in her cotton smock like a romantic post-adolescent, the sort of girl who takes her mother with her to college. In her present state, her husband suggests a horny variety showgirl, dressed to the nines in a sequined taffeta gown, gleefully as if ready to mount a rampant dragon, playfully to kiss chestnut feathers and known in Hollywood as a new creature-cutout freak, funky-freak.

"Homewrecker?" Jaffa remarks in Ryan's direction, as if aware, but Ryan as disturbed by the faultlessly sound sound of something overheard, as advancing bumblebee, which contours, miraculously, a man leaning out of his sail, as in old film chases, holding an Arriflex aimed at the group on the beach. "Look at that!" Ryan makes hush gestures upward. "It's Ross Galtier, in Blue, boy, mother! Na, what it really is is the state thing, the Parka Committee, right?" Leigh Taylor-Taylor adds, concerned. "They got a law, there has to be more public assessments onto this beach, terrific, the park gets down there and it's kinda messy. Sanitariums don't belong here, and the beach is a public place, and people shouldn't go to one another. Look at the fountains! The fountains are here already, hanging from the pilings, last Sunday he was actually here because of me, Ross Galtier, and I went out taking the Pilates and those of them материelle with their cameras, and under these pictures will be printed. Ryan and Leigh look happy but there's tension under the smile! Oh, they'll take a shot of me with Barbara and it's 'Has Ryan left his faith for Judaism?' What faith? So totally asshole snobocratic, and I have had to put up with this for seven<sup>2</sup>—long years, since the start of *Peyton Place*. They suppose, truly, that there's some sort of perpetuity of my occurring down here."

This is rather what the public assumes about Ryan, sending it out from the Sunday-supplemented business-sensibility, like patchouli. You see them head up Sundays on the Pacific Coast Highway, in unmarked economy cars, staring downshades behind those Malibu walls, the ladies ankles. The men at the wheels of the cars seem especially dandruffed and bald-eyed. "There's something in Ryan that challenges rules," asserts Lee Grant, the actress who played Stella Charneck in *One-Eyed Jacks* in *Peyton Place*. "He was always jockeying for position with the crew, the director, kid-kidking, but under the skin surface terribly anxious and troubled

about it. They were, let's face it, jealous of him, and they would pick on him in subtle ways, especially in front of women who, amazingly, loved him. Watch him on a movie set sometime."

Here, Barbara Streisand slides her thin arm out to hug her in a white bathrobe. They cuff one another a bit. Ryan explains that they have been studying *A Page in Everyone's Book*. "Well, I have something in my, this whatdoyoucallit," Barbara asserts, referring to the camera of her left eye.

"Yeah," pointing to the center of her belt.  
"I'm not too bad." Her smile was half  
shameful. "Wearin' jeans makes you look  
a little...starched," having considered, Barkley  
had something in her eye. Shortly, she'd corralled out  
the sound-stage door to a water-cooler, boasting con-  
taining what looks like a warrio. Entering the car, she  
screamed back exultantly at Ryan, making a noise. He  
laughed until the Cadillac's exhaust. "Too much, right?  
Great! Come on over there. You heard about her  
smoking contest at Vegas? She will do anything!"  
Paine, he noticed, though my car was here, the little  
Miss Cooper, was still in the car. Right? I was spending on  
her to the very best of my ability.

The divorce was reluctantly reported by both sisters. In court, Ryan admitted that the welfare of his children had been referred to him as such, but Irene Morris was the only lady out (with the understanding that probably would go to Ryan sometime in the future) and Ryan married Leigh Taylor-Young, whom he had met at work—their separation was two years ago. Leigh didn't have much of his other children at the time (he has since been given custody), another, it turns out, is in constant contact with Patrick, his youngest. Leigh has the boy, 14, living with her now, and she is a widow. Mrs. Maxine, she is only visiting today at Leigh's. They separated about the time that Lynn began working with Barbara Brandman on "What's Up, Doc?" "You know I've got to have those people all around," says a Southern writer. "They pass sort of date around and Leigh's always had her outside interests, maybe even before he did." Lee Grant responds wistfully, "Leigh and Lynn, well, they're both too beautiful to be rated. They look alike. I see him with Barrie, or her with male Oscar Sharif, but together they're looking like a warrioress, it's awfully unacceptable." No writer, no matter what size of paper you write for, could say that without a certain degree of envy. Every step of Ryan's reported blossoming was witnessed. Partygoers arrived at the "What's Up, Doc?" location shooting in San Francisco, amazeballs, had supposedly become quite friendly with Tom Stern, who used to be married to Beverly Sills. Paper-glassed Penny gasps again. Barrie goes over with Miles Forman. Ryan goes out with Barbara Parkins. Leigh goes out with a New Mexican, Galilean, singer. Irene writes "Photography" elsewhere. "Miss" Lynn O'Nell, "I Want To See My Husband" we shell-shocked, battle-wearied, and all of us standing—standing in shock!"

Leigh stopped dead on the sand; he appears to be trembling. "Well! If my dad was working, who'd move out of the San Fernando Valley up to Pacific Palisades; them god rockies, we're back in the Valley. You moved with the money, by God's grace! I could pack up my possessions tonight, by God's grace! This was not a normal childhood, we did not earn out to be ordinary people, which is why we were all actors. Who wants to settle down? We wanted to travel, to be here, to travel, we wanted to act, we actually believed in following the stars, the next wave, this was the Southern California existence, except we didn't have marijuana then to level us, we did! It was beer and cheap wine, which makes you crazy, you fight on all the less. My dad was always showing up in police stations, in an escort over his passengers, to haul me out, Max, it was a corrupt life down here, and snakes!"

We approach the house across Leigh is sitting on the sand below the deck, as if waiting. "Hey, Leigh, you have a house here?" "Yeah," he says and gets up. "An old house, it's been here for a long time, probably something to do with it. He checks out an invisible cigarette, presently Patrick, who's four, barrels across the sand, a long shuddering run that ends against Ryan's leg. He says, "Hey, Dad!" The little fella isn't yet two but his teeth are in, his hair is perfectly blood, his teeth are perfect. He is naked. Ryan looks with him joyfully. "Patrick, would you like to walk along with us as such?" The running stop has overextended and passed an arm's length away. "I don't think that took a couple of miles either," says Ryan.

**S**o you wanna walk on the beach?" Ryan O'Neal has had, replace his pool car. "Are you talkin' of these boats, man, that end up on your back?" To his friend he waves his hands around him. "Yeah, man, you know what I'm talkin' about." *Peyton Place*. I did, too. *Five hundred and fourteen!* My principal function in the script was to put everybody pregnant. The show was my big break, man! Listen man, you do television, and in this town you are seen—. Friends don't want you, and in TV you ask, 'How do you want this scene?' and they say, 'Thorvald!' You think anybody but Al McGraw really wanted me in *Lover Story*? Man, they were taking audience from *Maria's L.A. Bedfellow*. I got twenty thousand dollars and I'll never get another one and the audience's gonna continue. The *Friends*—I look, I look, I look this business, I look at it, I look at it, I look at it. I never graduated high school. When I was a senior this comes, The *Filthouse*, was shooting and I went and got a job as a stand-up comic, broke several hearts and caught fire twice and never went back to class, man. I was into acting. See, we lived everywhere; my dad's name is Charlie O'Neal, he's a gregarious writer and a great linguist; my mother was an actress and, god, that had, a terrible acid accident right down across that road out there exactly forty years ago, started cancer and, except for just being sober, she had to give up her career, me and my brother, Ryan, we had to give up our careers, too.

"Cary Grant's a fan comedian," Peter Bogdanovich is saying, "he's Irish O'Neil." Peter is standing just outside his office suite at Warner's, gingerly facing

# LOSING BIG

by David Halberstam

The years 1965 to 1968 in Washington were not just a time of chaos and confusion. What they were, as can now be seen, was a time when Lyndon Johnson, Dean Rusk, Robert McNamara, McGeorge Bundy, Maxwell Taylor and some others lost the war, lost their jobs, lost their party, lost the country and lost their fondest dreams.

To Johnson, Administration's policy of halting the extent of the Vietnam war was still successful in early 1966. It was not, as far as the general public was concerned, going to be a large war. This troop figure was reasonably halved so that aggression of the war did not have a firm target. The burden was seen as being on Hanoi, we were only trying to get them to a conference table. By the time the general public reached the extent of the war, the depth and totality of it all, then the influence in Washington would change, it would be far easier for us to hold out there. At first the crowd would say that there could be criticism, but it was not realistic to be a war and it would be held, anyway; then, when it became clear that it was a war, they were told not to be critics because it hurt our boys and helped the other side.

All of which worked for a while. Johnson had successfully coopted the Congress and to a large degree the press. Time was working against him, but the world only be clearer later.

There were signs of what was to come. In the spring of 1965 the protests against Vietnam had begun on the campuses. The Administration was at痛苦ly worried about the challenge. Johnson controlled the vital center, and the campuses were not considered major centers of political activity. Yet these questions should be answered, as McGaughy Rands was sent off to a telephone booth to debate the problem, and the administration was not prepared to answer the questions. Bundy was at the height of his reputation, and the onlooker could tell of Washington, and no one there dared challenge him, for the economic world was craft and sharp. But the capital was not the country, what was advanced, respected and feared in Washington was not necessarily advanced, respected and feared in the country. In a surprisingly brittle performance, Bundy defeated Hans Morgenthau and Edmund Clark, one of the exiled Chinese scholars. Clark quoted Lord Salisbury on the dangers of adding to a failed policy. Bundy finally agreed to say: We are in, we are here, we will prove and we know more about it than you do, we are not a continuing menace. Then, after three minutes of silence, he turned to Friedman and then immediately turned around to reveal the frankness of the Administration's position. The truth in this act and statement, it encouraged it. It also marked the beginning of the term in Bundy's reelection; up until then, serious human in the country had heard how bright he was, but it was this raw public appearance he struck them as arrogant and shallow.

There was another reason that year. President Johnson gave a major Festival of the Arts—which he hoped would be an intellectual affirmation of his great cultural triumph. Instead it turned out to be an intellectual rejection of his Vietnam policies. Some of the artists and activists seemed to benefit, others seemed to be against the project and read posters "Half of those people," Johnson said. "They are not honest, and they're saying one and half of them are trying to teach us for nothing." The arts festival, rather than growing, had legitimate victories, weakened the intellectual community's growing rejection of the war.

In the Fall of 1965, Dean Rusk, who had originally been less than eager for United States commitment in Vietnam, began to show signs of the toughness and indeed rigidity which would later, as the months and years passed, distinguish him from some of the other architects of the war. He was not eager to seek negotiations, and he was weary with those on our side who

wanted to succeed to talk, afraid that they would send the wrong signal, since the Communists were savagely and war-wreaking. He felt that the danger in a democracy was that people were spoiled and expected pleasure and were unused to sacrifice; one had to guard against that, and he of course would be the guardian. When Adlai E. Stevenson in 1952 had made his final testament speech about negotiating with Hanoi to U Thant, it was Rusk who helped keep the discussions of peace more extremely limited (so limited, that his deputy, Artur Breker, did not know it until the very last moment and was very upset). Then, on December, 1965, when Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara, having for a bandage, pointed to Rusk who was dubious. We should not, he thought, seem too eager for peace; since we had gone to war, we should use our tools of appropriate and the other side would have to come to terms with it. A nation as great and as powerful as the United States did not seek war, did not go to war readily, but if it did then it must be careful not to give away its goals, undermine its own military. There was a consciousness in Rusk: he had been the least eager to get in because he had never seen the task as easy, and had few illusions about air power and the quick use of force. In fact, his position from start to finish, right through to Tet in February, 1968, were remarkably similar to those of the Army generals. His view of the war was, in a sense, if we want to see it as a struggle for a long time, and we had better be ready for it, we had better not dash the young signals as soon as we started. Perhaps Rusk, more than any other man around the Franklin, understood LBJ's Johnson, knew that once committed he would see it through, that he would win allies, not enemies.

Rusk believed in mutual security, that this was the way to peace. South Vietnam was now linked to mutual security. That it might stand, Vietnam had an importance far beyond its own existence. The doubts of the men under him in State did not penetrate his confidence; he was one of what Americans had to do and said that they could do it. More than anyone else, more than the military people themselves, he believed what the military said they could do, he took their reports and their estimates particularly seriously. He said the same words to the State that this year he would go to visit and watch for the signals from Hanoi, which would give the signal to negotiate, not the United States. When the signals came, it would be a sign that they were ready to begin then and only then State's job would begin. "You look for that signal and you tell me when they give it," he told aides. In fact, a devious thought, was still innocently, it was the trinity of his mentality. He still believed that the world was the way he had found it was a young man in the Thor, and that good was on our side. Unfortunately, because we were a democracy.

His wife, Shirley, there, was to wait. If you were in, you were in. In the first, to be a dozen, he had told McNamara. Those meant, in a blue sky between the President and the Secretary of State, he told aides. He believed in the war, could, and should be won. He became a rock, reductioing, toughening, and absorbing, as difficult as he could, as much of the growing malaise to the war as possible. As months went by, the alone he took was enormous; he became the public symbol of the war, a target of public scorn, his statements mocked. In a pay phone booth in his own State Department someone in 1967 wrote on the switchbox: "Dear Rusk is a remarkable statesman." Obviously there would be quick flashes of hurt, as when



he talked about the journalists who covered the war—what side were they on, were they for their country or against it? Years later, when the ordeal was over, he said, "I think the best way to know what kind of person he was through most of his life and not just able to know that, drink at the end of the day he could not have survived." There were moments when he did not mind the anger and rage; though those moments were few. Tom Wicker of *The Times* was at a dinner party with Rock at the Algerian Embassy one night in 1964 at a time when there had been a Buddhist revolt in Saigon, when suddenly Rock burst in, in his now standard screaming—"There was no other word. Why isn't *The New York Times* getting things right? Why does it always print lies?" Which side is it on? Wicker, whose own relations with Rock had always been pleasant, was stunned by the anger and ferocity of the attack, and it was minutes before he could even understand what Rock was talking about, a report in *The Times* that day saying that Buddhist rebels had taken over the Hanoi embassy. Rock had the story confirmed by a reporter he had previously called the American consulate in Hanoi, where of course the American officials had denied the news, and on the basis of this he had proceeded to berate Wicker on the purity of American journalism. (The entire episode, particularly the sudden savagery of Rock's attack—after all, it is not fair to be assailed by the Secretary of State of the United States of America over coffee and cognac—should with Wicker, and ten months later, when he was in Vietnam he dragged by the American consulate in Hanoi and asked a young man in the staff there about the Buddhist crisis. Oh yes, and the young man was the Buddhist who had captured the radio station, and Wicker, thinking of Rock and his obvious sincerity, had decided that the real problem was they had created an enormous machine to tell them, only to become prisoners of their own lies.)

Rock probably knew the best of it well. He had been a communist. He was a proud man and at times it seemed as if he took satisfaction from the criticisms. Yet pride and, at the end, the taste, which should have been so much—nigh at the job that he and every other decent young man coveted—was gone, and he was exhausted, financially, physically and spiritually. At the small farewell party for him given by some State Department experts, the atmosphere was not

altogether pleasant; those men who had covered Rock for that long recognized in his qualities of grace, decency and moderation which were not always obvious from his comments. And Rock, too, was not used to being around so many people. He went over to a French correspondent named Louis Horvat and asked why the British had sent so many troops to Vietnam. As neatly as possible, Horvat began to shrivel through the usual calculations when Rock, whom even alienation, when even lessons of mutual respect were derived from Rudolf, suddenly cut him off. "All we needed was one comment. The Black Watch would have done. Just one regiment, but you wouldn't. Well, don't expect us to have you again. You can invade Somaliland and we wouldn't do a damn thing about it."

In the late Fall of 1965 Lyndon Johnson learned the hard way that the Defense Department's slide rules and computers did not work, that the projections had all been wrong, that Vietnam was not a place to fight in, and that he had to make do, as James F. Hunt—then Congressman and Secretary of Defense—was projecting 400,000 men by the end of 1966, and 900,000 by the end of 1967, and so on, as the 1968 election rolled around, as guarantees. At that time Lyndon Johnson began to change. He began to talk. He was not so open, not so accessible, and it was not so easy to talk with him about the problems and difficulties involved in Vietnam. McNamara's success was not due primarily to his optimism, as he became more pessimistic, the President became reluctant to see him since Johnson did not understand other people's problems and their marry forward; he had enough of them himself. What he needed was their support, and then loyalty. He was mostly, over-exposed when things went well, and increasingly closed-minded when things went bad. (He was, however, a good man to do business with.) In 1964, when they discussed the position of Vietnam, they had all been reasonable men, even conservative reasonable men, and in their assumptions was the idea that the Ho Chi Minh was reasonable too. But now it would turn out that he was not reasonable, not in American terms anyway, and the war was not reasonable, and suddenly Lyndon Johnson was not very reasonable either. He was a good-enough politician to know what had gone wrong and what he was in for and what it meant to his dreams, but he

could not turn back, he could not admit that he had made a mistake. He could not face, and then he had to, phony forever. It was a terrible thing. He knew he could puzzle the figures only so long before the things he knew became obvious to the public at large. The more he realized that, the more he had to keep it, to keep it hidden, knowing that if he ever exposed doubts himself, if he admitted the truth to himself, it would somehow become reality and those around him would also know, and then he would have to face through on his convictions. So he bought the truth. There were, very rarely, moments when he was not afraid that what they had brought him in the other direction, and sometimes when he was not even sure exactly how far he had gotten that most basic rule of politics, which is that human beings never believe the way you predict for them. He would then talk with some friends about the trap he had built for himself, with an almost plaintive cry for some sort of help. But these moments were very private, and more often than not they would soon be replaced by wild rage against any critic who suggested the most gentle doubt of the policy and the direction in which it was taking the country.

Instead of leading, he was manipulated, surrounded, raising critics everywhere. Critics became enemies, enemies became friends, and the press, which a year earlier had been so friendly, was now filled with names buying up all his friends. The Senate was beginning to turn, he was losing his supporters, and he was alone. He knew what Folger was right, he said, since Folger had not had an accident once in a while. So by early 1966 accusations on the White House had become fierce. One could stay viable only by proclaiming faith and everlasting death. The price was high, but it was very hard to bring death and reality to Johnson without losing access. The reasonable had become unreasonable, the released, irrational. The dangers we were in were the ones in the country, in the Senate and in the press, the more Johnson lowered down, isolated himself from reality. He had a sense that everything he had wanted for his domestic program, but offering to history, was slipping away, and the knowledge of this made him angry and touchier than ever, if you could not control others, you could at least try and control the weapons of war. The power of the Senate was gone, the power of the House was gone, the power of the judiciary, clearly they were not. He had FBI doctors on war crimes, conspiracies and assassinations, and he would launch into long, irrational tirades against them. He knew what was behind their doubts, the Communists were behind them—plus, the Communists, the Russians, he kept an eye on who was going to social receptions at the Soviet Embassy and he knew that a flurry of social activity at the Communist embassies always resulted in a flurry of death speeches in the Senate. Why, some of the children of those darn Senators were dating children of Soviet Embassy officials. And he knew which ones. In fact, he would say, some of those damn Senators were Communists. (He was not at all fond of the Senate, he knew which ones, and after seeing those speeches before the Senators themselves did.)

Yet if he had a sense of the darkness ahead in the ground was he also took a negative view of negotiations; armistices meant defeat. He had not been particularly sanguine for the first bombing wave in late 1965 and the results, in his mind, had justified his doubts. (One reason he would turn to Clark Clifford to replace the dooming and disintegrating McNamara in late 1965 was that Clifford had seemingly shown his hands-off credentials by opposing the bombing halt in 1965.) Nothing but a propaganda benefit for the other side,

nothing but more pressure against him, making of harder and harder to renew the bombing. So in the future when there was talk of either bombing halts, he would react with anger and irritation. Oh yes, a bombing halt, he would say, I'll tell you what happens when there's a bombing halt: I talk and that Ho Chi Minh shows his trucks right up my nose. That's your bombing halt!

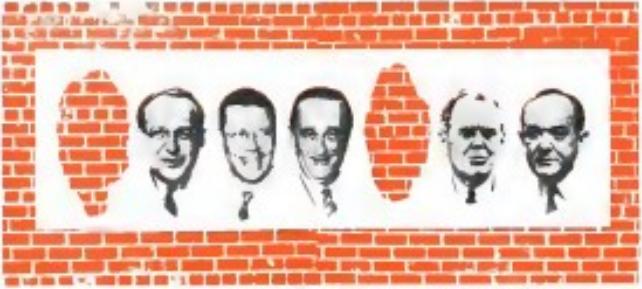
By early 1966 he was into the war and he knew it, if there was anything particularly frustrating, it was the uncertainty of it all. He did not have a sense of where his lead was. Lyndon Johnson did. It was an easier fight. When he was located, he did, and of course it became clear. He was the boy from the South, he had been born poor, he had grown up killing in their sleep. His entire public career, more than thirty years of remarkable service, had all come down to this one issue, a war, of all things, the one call of the dice, and everything was an extension of this. Westmoreland was an extension of him and his, his general. In the past, Dean Acheson had warned him that the one thing a President should never do is let his age get between him and his office. In 1966 Lyndon Johnson had let this happen, and Vietnam was the issue which had made it happen.

If he was not the same man, then the man around him was not the same man either. In early 1966 Bundy was very weary with Johnson. Their relationship, which had never been a particularly close or comfortable, became a quiet and distant one. Bundy was assigned to Johnson's office of running things, by his trajectory—what Kennedy would have let Bundy look on as an issue—in fact, after all the normal players had made their runs, to people like Folger and Clifford for legitimate constituencies, and though Bundy had been an advocate of escalation, he was enough of a rationalist to understand immediately that Nixon's counter-measures meant that events were likely to be costly and irrational. And he knew that with both these, the choice of State was now clear. Johnson's part, there was a feeling that Bundy was somehow, no matter how hard he tried to control it, unshakable ("A smart kid, that's all," Johnson later said of him).

In March 1966, when Bundy was offered the job as ambassador of the Ford Foundation, James Baker of the Texas firm of Jones, Day, knew he wanted to leave, and Bundy had no objection to a move to the Foundation, headed with Houston not yet 41. The two then planned a last meeting, and soon there was a story out of Austin, leaked there, that Bundy was indeed accepting, going to Ford.

A few weeks later, at a reception in the White House, Lady Bird Johnson approached a young man and asked him to tell her what his job was. "Well, I don't really know," he said. "I used to work for George Bundy, but now I don't know." "Oh," said Lady Bird. "Loyalty and I am so sorry about Black's going out. We're going to miss Mac like a big friend lots."

Jackson believed Bundy was aware that he would not accept a crumb like this, but he was available for any and all services, to play by the rules. Which he did; his doubts were very progressive ones, whether Vietnam was worth the time and resources it was absorbing and the division it was creating. Yet they remained closely guarded doubts. There was that quality to him—feminist pride, belief in self, readiness to admit mistakes—that kept him from being able to react in the war in a human sense. It was as if the greater his doubts and reservations, the more he had to show that he did not have doubts and reservations, and the more confident and arrogant



be received. (Defeating at Harvard during the 1966 post-Vietnam meetings, assassins at which he had agreed to limit execution, he began by announcing that he would not defend napalm policy: "because I have a brother who is going to do that.") a statement which appealed most of his audience.) In the months after he left office he seemed at his worst—glib, smug, insouciant. In March of 1968, eight after he left office, and just as the *Today* show, a rare public appearance, and the last public role of the Kennedy years, the morning he was made to be a young staff aide named Robert Conrad, who showed him the modest room, asked how far he wanted his coffee, and told Brady he would be in about fifteen minutes. There, trying to act coolly at his ease, realizing that many people, even the Japanese and powerful, are often nervous in television studios, Conrad tried to make small talk. It seems why it must be a mortal relief to be out of Washington; he used to be away from the terrible decisions involved with Brady's last job.

"Just what do you mean?" asked Brady and there was a small brightening of the mouth.

"Oh," said Conrad, and realized what he was getting into, "you know, you want to be relaxed, getting away from the terrible pressures of the war, making decisions?"

"Oh, yes," said Brady, "you people up here in New York think that all that is seriously don't care."

And Conrad, who was stammered by the answer, looked quickly to see if it was a pat on, but the face was very cold and Conrad realized that Brady was not joking.

**I**t was a George Ball and less courting as the 1966 off-the-shelf election to help him make his case and turn back the American commitment. By mid-1965 he ordered in but lost the first part of his battle, and from then on he changed tactics. He moved to a fallback position—to limit the involvement, to hold the line as much as possible, to leave the United States from the Vietnam War, to move away from the Chinese. The last effort to invited particularly effective with Brady, but it also hurt Ball as the long months of his intransigence about China, array that prolonged bombing of the North would lead to war with Peking in six or seven months, proved false. He was opposing the war, yet had his legitimacy undermined, and he was playing what was essentially a delicate game. He wanted to flosset on the war without provok-

ing emotional resentment on the part of the *Freudians* or the part of Bush. Yet he wanted to make his opposition clear enough to the *Freudians*, so that if Johnson needed to change Cabinet officers after the midterm election, Ball would be the clear choice. To George Ball good policies and good politics went together.

He thought that the signs of the war as a major catastrophe could be obvious by mid-1965, and it would be necessary to act, we could not stand there. That the President, in order to prepare himself for the 1968 election, would have to cut back on Vietnam and retool himself of a *Freudian*, which would mean the likely promotion of Bell. He told friends that he thought the President sought less between facts and fifty seats in the 1966 election, because of Vietnam. If this happened, LBJ would have to react politically. On this judgment, Bell was present. There was still a general confidence that the war was winnable, a willingness to accept the prognosis offered from Saigon and Washington. The real malaise which the war was to produce was still a year off. The *Freudian*'s credibility, that is, the range of the undecided yet not committed, was not yet the 100 percent that did not share pessimism against the war. Whether it might have changed Johnson, even if there had been evidence of mounting public support, is debatable. Perhaps even with the loss of forty seats, Lyndon Johnson might have buckled down just a bit more.

Gao politician did see the future correctly, and that was Robert McNamara. Campaigning for the Republicans in 1964, he told reporters that there was a very good chance Johnson was impaled by the way and if so he would be extremely vulnerable in 1968 and his own power would burn him.

Bell essentially stepped out of the Administration on September 22, 1966, to be replaced by Alexander Haig. From Johnson and Schlesinger, Bell went full about his demeanor as something of a protest against war policies and direction. But Bell stepped it off, a recognition would be a gesture of singular fidelity in this case, he said, particularly with the President. It would mean a one-day splash in the newspapers, one headline perhaps, and then business as usual, with the President just a little more astute than before to their common viewpoint.

**I**t was a way Robert McNamara was better prepared for what was to happen, since his uncle John T. McNamara had been briefing him for more than a year on the likelihood of a stalemate for the Americans. In October, 1966, with the military asking for troop increases which would bring the American commitment to a minimum of 570,000, McNamara went to Saigon. On this trip, his sense of pessimism was very real; he was convinced that the other side would insist that in effect there was now ongoing its own special kind of warfare, protracted attrition, aimed at showing down the pace of the war rapidly, indicating that there was no way to end the conflict except through the deaths of his own people there. David Ellsberg, whose own opinion was growing and who told McNamara that most of the official optimism was false, on the way back to Washington McNamara talked with aides about the developments, and he seemed very down. Things were bad, worse than a year before. With him was Robert Kroes, a White House aide who had been sent to Vietnam by Johnson to lead pacification, a man constantly enthusiastic and glib. (Kroes was liked by journalists who were anxious to his constant optimism: "Do you think before all that stuff you just sat and said back to Washington?" one reporter asked him. "The differences between you and me," he explained, a lovely insight into the mentality of Saigon, "is that I went out there to report on the progress of the war.") Kroes disagreed with McNamara's pessimism, and the two men were certainly not than a year apart. McNamara asked Ellsberg whether it was better as ever than a year before. "Pretty much the same," Ellsberg answered.

"You're," and Kroes, "at least as it was."

"But it is worse," insisted McNamara, "because if things are the same, then they're worse, because we've invested so much more of our resources."

On that plane flight, as McNamara wrote, Ellsberg got an extra copy of his report, entitled "Virt to an Invasion Plan," and then asked him, in the interests of not straining military-military relationships, if as president he could not share pessimism against the war. McNamara agreed.

McNamara began to be increasingly appalled by the war itself, what we were doing with our power, the war reflected on the citizens. He used particular eloquence to express about the desperation caused by the bombing. When Hartigan, Salazar, of The Times quoted him at the end of 1966, his articles were suddenly attacked by the Administration, particularly Defense Department leaders, but McNamara was fascinated by them and followed them closely. He and Robert Kroes had remained close friends and in 1968 they began to feed each other's distrust. McNamara confided to Kroes that the war was not going well. Kennedy clearly understood McNamara's language, and that was doing to the war. McNamara was an average man more than that period, almost as if there was a personally caught between two worlds, and, more, caught between two war. During the day he could still be part of the planning of the bombing, but as a very different man in the evening going to dinner parties, raising a glass to someone like Mapplethorpe the poet. "Between the slaves...we need more of them."

He was able to hand the war machine, give the blistering speech, and then repeat giving it. It was as if there were a Kennedy-McNamara war and one thing to Kennedy-type people and a Johnson-McNamara who had another to Johnson-type people. He was able to

come back in October 1966, and report to Johnson that things did not look good in Vietnam ("I see no reasonable way to bring the war to an end soon"), commenting on how tough and violent the enemy was, and then conclude that the United States should press an harder military and get into a better military position which would make a war of long duration less attractive to the enemy. The road swept through Washington about his unhappiness, some thought he was being loyal to Johnson, others began to think he was coming apart. In late 1966 he ran into Emmett Hughes of *Newspaper*, who had just written a hand-wringing piece on Vietnam, and McNamara was very sympathetic to Hughes' point. "It certainly wasn't a good situation," he said. "I think it was a bad situation, but I didn't think those people had the capacity to fight that way. If I had thought they could hold this punishment and fight the war, could carry things the way I would have thought differently at the start...." (Hughes watched his colleagues, the split perspective, with fascination. A brilliant Defense Secretary, what the Washington *elite*, the whole ethical and moral structure made him at ease in the job at Defense, but when he became a War Secretary his values were threatened and he could not come to terms with his new role. It was he who came up with the system which had produced the war, yet he was one of the men who was supposed to control the system.)

Despair and frustration over the war, in 1967 he suddenly turned to one of all the pastimes in Vietnam, going back to the 1940s, a study which humans knew as the Pentagon Papers. When it was handed to he said parts of it. "You know?" he told a friend, "then hang people for what you there."

His own behavior seemed increasingly erratic as the pressure on him mounted, and close friends worried about his health. In 1967, when there was a possibility of peace negotiations being worked out through the *Kissinger-Saigon* was in London and a bombing pause had gone into effect. Acting on his talk with the British Ambassador, David Boies recommended strongly that we not resume the bombing until Kissinger had left London. Boies pleaded to State that if I valued the alliance with Britain above the American, then a great choice of course, he advised the State to accept it and pushed it. McNamara argued furiously against it and tore it out of the meeting, but Boies and Kissinger had the day. A few minutes after the last discussion, McNamara was on the phone to Boies, enraged about his victory, how well he had preserved the case, and his poor treat. McNamara was of him. At first Boies was touched by McNamara's warmth and concern, but was appalled when he learned McNamara had been his principal adversary, and the story spread through both American and British diplomatic circles in London.

McNamara accepted the Joint Chiefs' revised position on the B-52s, and was a constant visitor to Johnson's office. In fact, he probably the person the joint Chiefs were. By mid-1967, Johnson had turned on McNamara. It was not enough that McNamara's earlier 1965 predictions had been wrong, but he was now trying to act on a new set of calculations. The President still described his Defense Secretary as brilliant, but there was a new sarcasm touch to it. In mid-1967, when McNamara proposed halting the bombing, gradually reducing it in scale as a means of getting negotiations started, Johnson took the pre-

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cision amongst the Joint Chiefs caused problems on the B-52s, and was a constant visitor to Johnson's office. In fact, he probably the person the joint Chiefs were.



people, handed them to an aide, and said, "You've never seen a lot of us?" Cheery, McNamara had longer an answer. It was a moment between conflicting loyalties, and Johnson was aware of his very close relationship with Robert Kennedy. Nineteen Sixty-eight being a political year, Lyndon Johnson was not about to enter a campaign with a vital member of his official family publicly dissenting on the most important issue. Without checking with McNamara, Johnson announced in November, 1967, that his Secretary of Defense was going to the World Bank. The move came as a surprise to the Senate and he did not know whether or not he had been fired. The answer was that he had been.

**M**any of the people around Lyndon Johnson and many of the people at State had been relatively pleased when Walt Rostow replaced George Ball as national security adviser. Rostow was a warm, pleasant, humble, almost gentle, eager to share his enthusiasm and his optimism with all around him.

He had fun for everyone he was with; everyone, there was no element of pain in him. The real Johnson loyalties were seriously pleased because they had not liked the Bundy-Johnson relationship, and here was Rostow, having the same credentials as Bundy, but far more serious books to his credit, a man far more pleasant to work with, who was joyously, unashamedly pro-Vietnam. It was not fake enthusiasm; it was genuine. Johnson had recruited Rostow from the Bureau of Policy Planning, and Rostow was genuinely grateful, more important, Rostow genuinely adored Johnson. They sat and gazed at each other, smiling and laughing, until he had one last draft with.

John Kennedy had come and somewhat rapidly of Rostow that Walt had too close, one of which would lead to disaster, but one of which was worth having. So it is important, Kennedy added, to have a filter between Rostow and the President. For Johnson, that was not necessarily a demerit; if Rostow was a little outside the Kennedy circle, then so much the better. Johnson told a White House aide after Rostow got Bundy's job, "The getting Walt Rostow as my intellectual. He's not

Schlesinger's intellectual. He's not Goldwater's intellectual. He's going to be my problem's intellectual and I'm going to have him by the short hairs."

But the enthusiasm of others for Rostow soon flattered on Rostow's own enthusiasm. He became the President's closest security adviser of a time when enthusiasm and opposition to the war were beginning to circulate, and he eventually served the purpose of shielding the President from criticism and from reality. He deflected others' pessimism and rewarded those who were optimistic.

His optimism was almost a physiognomical thing, generalized, a part of him. He always behaved in the way and in particular in the bombing. He behaved early in what the bombing would do, that it was something quick and decisive, and that the other side would have to give in. Ten years after, as the failure of the bombing was apparent, he did not seem to realize that many more bombs, far more weapons would do it. Rostow himself, he was anxious to pass on that enthusiasm. He headed the Psychological Strategy Committee, which met at the White House to think of ways, a strategy which, it turned out, would be largely used at the American people. What way of the incoming reports indicated any kind of progress, Rostow would immediately enthuse a link. Rostow's Work got computer data charts of attacks by Vietnam (of they were down). The Claverton Senate Monitor got computerized population-control data from the Hoover Institution Survey, the Los Angeles Times received data on the marches of junks and barrels received.

He could always see the bright side of any situation, and in that sense he was much appreciated. In the thousands of hours he spent from Saigon as part of the administration, he could find the few positive cases, praise them and bring them to his boss, as for instance one morning in 1967 when he told the President that name and the big South of Vietnam just to clean up the rubble as they had run down in Da Nang. He made his predictions and nothing happened him. He could grab Rostow in July, 1965, and actually pass on the news about the bombing (which to most experts in the CIA had already proved itself a failure): "Dan, it looks very good. The Vietnamese are going to collapse within weeks. Not weeks but weeks. What we have is that they're already coming apart under the bombing." They did not come apart in a few weeks, but neither did

Rostow, and Rostow went off to Vietnam, where for two years he became something of an authority on the failure of the Vietnam to enduce. Two years later, tired, depressed, and thoroughly pessimistic about the lost cause in Vietnam, he returned to Washington, where he found Rostow just as upbeat as ever.

"Dan," said Rostow, "It looks very good. The other side is near collapse. In my opinion, victory is very near."

Rostow, sick at heart with this very kind of high-level optimism which complicated with everything he had seen in the field, turned away from Rostow, saying he just did not want to talk about it.

"No," said Johnson, "you don't understand. Victory is very near. I'll show you the charts. The charts are very good."

"Wait," said Rostow, "I don't want to hear it. Victory is not near. Victory is very far away. You just come back from Vietnam. I've been there for two years. I don't want to talk about it. I don't want to see any charts."

"But, Dan, the charts are very good..."

He had a great difficulty not to say what he did not choose to see, in Washington at a dinner given for Everett Martin, a distinguished周恩来, reporter expelled from Vietnam for the persistence of his reporting in late 1967. Rostow managed to pass the entire evening without ever acknowledging that Martin had been in Vietnam. Within the bureaucracy the word went out among those who wished him that if they wanted to get his attention, they had to be as far as possible from him, in the most unfavorable position, first, and then before he could turn off, quickly slip on the darker evidence. "Over in 1967, after a successful pessimistic briefing by John Warner, Rostow, slightly shaken, said, 'But you do admit that it'll be over in six months,'" "OK," said Rostow somewhat airily, "I think we can hold out longer than that."

With the White House under siege, with increasing evidence that the American military commitment in Vietnam had been stalled, Rostow sought back in the White House basement, odds called through the means of information coming in from Saigon and passed the stories they knew Rostow was following, particularly the good news. They would send this up to the President, and he would package it and pass it on to the Press Corps with covering notes which said such things as this was the latest information available, which the President had recently made in the congressional leadership the day before. The notes were simple—there were little touches of fidelity. The record of your sources indicates... Your place in history will bring you... The theme was the greatness of the cause and the immortality of Lyndon Johnson. Later, as McNamara's doubts became more evident, there would be references to the need to stop McNamara's wickedness, and when Clark Clifford replaced McNamara and also began to fight the policy, there were continual references to the need to "control Clifford."

When officials at State put out a weekly summary called the "Developing Vietnam File," a one-page sheet which summarized the American news in Vietnam added to House leaders in effect that it was now more appropriate than we thought were our reflecting Rostow's determination to keep control. Rostow was appalled. He hated the sheet and got into bitter conflicts with State over its right even to publish it. It's very pessimistic, he would argue, and it's all negative. Nothing had in it. But the State Department people argued back that the President had to see it, we had to know how we looked to the other side.

He also played a form of gamesmanship with Clark and McNamara, periodically McNamara. He would pose over the voluminous amount of incoming military information, make his selections, and come up with one or two positive pieces of news. Then he would call Clark and McNamara, very cheerful, very upbeat. Have you seen the new captured documents? They're terrific! Have you seen the staff about the battle at An Laojen? Great victory. A cruel guard company stood off a VC regiment. The body count in Clark had was... It was always remarkable stuff in a broad war with leaders of other sides for some positive, but it kept Clark and McNamara and Clark may call it the moral high ground, but this world is not for the gods. And Lyndon Johnson, already isolated because of the war, and his office, was kept even more remote with Robert Kennedy making the first weary gestures toward opposition, Johnson turned ever more inward. He dared not venture out. When in mid-1967 he decided to defend his policies, the size and the group he chose were significant—the annual

**W**hile Robert Kennedy was making the first weary gestures toward opposition, Johnson turned ever more inward. He dared not venture out. When in mid-1967 he decided to defend his policies, the size and the group he chose were significant—the annual Annual Chamber of Commerce meeting. Presidents turned older and more patient, more violent, and then violent. Attitudes and passions long encumbered by the two-party system were now unleashed. Men and men treated staff people left, including some of John F. Kennedy's personal aids, like Jim Jones and Valerie. The departure of Maynard in 1966 was considered crucial, though he had been the White House press officer and had a spokesman for the war, he was known as the troubadour as a troubadour and he had worked to make other troubadours available to the President. When Maynard left, looking himself locked in by the growing infidelity around him, James Rosten wrote that he was a casualty of the war, that he had been wounded at Cu Chi. Gag Johnson himself was informed when Maynard left. He knew it when anybody left him, anyway, but Maynard was special, he was the proxy son. Johnson rang after he departed—but they had been saying Johnson all the time, not there having dinner with the Kennedy, advanced his own career. Well, Lyndon Johnson wasn't stupid, he knew what Maynard had been doing, he read the chips, and why was it that he had been so successful? He had been a troubadour and became a troubadour again and again and became Johnson's troubadour again and again and again?

As the tempo in the country grew uprise, the White House became more of a fortress, and securer or rougher because more and more stringent Johnson, aware of the mood and the criticism of him, his legal, political nature of it, told friends, "The only difference between the Kennedy administration and mine is that I am alone and it has been more tortuous." Inside the fortress, Johnson's aides pleaded with him to go and leave the office, they wrote memos saying that even of demonstrators attacking or humiliates him, it would rebound to his credit, and that it was extremely unusual for him to stay locked up in the White House. The Secret Service people would have none of it. It was for the dangerous, and they were the ones and the stability of the country focused as it was on the Chief Executive. There had not been.

Now said Johnson, plead effectively for his war. Wars are supposed to unite nations, to rally divided spirits, and Johnson had counted on this in his private national estimates. But the war was different, rather than countering or healing neural divisions in the society, it wished them, and gaps between classes. Presi-



derial roles, looking for comforting goads, had gone back to the World War II speeches of Franklin Roosevelt, and were starting to lose bloodthirstiness. It all seemed, the Japs was to be crushed like the carpet he testy was. In contrast, Johnson had to be restrained; he had to announce every few months that he did not expect to overrun Japan. Nor could he bring a Model of Japan's warplane to the White House for a speech without serious editorial reaction.

So late 1946 the military began to build up pressure for the bombing of Manzanar and Shanghai, blocking the border, taking apart the industrial capacity of both cities. The military brought with it evidence that the way the war would be won quicker, that, though difficult, the hard thing was often doing the right thing. As a way of demonstrating this last point, one of the senior officers brought along projections for what the invasion of the Japanese mainland might have cost if the Americans did not use the atomic bomb. They even had the figure: 750,000 American lives lost. This was calculated and added to the civilian deaths, those that had arrived.

The figure was quite simple, the assumptions of their bright young men at the Pentagon had fed the right information from previous landings and battles into a computer, and then came up with the figures.

The President seemed duly impressed and asked to meet the young men who had made the projection. When they were eventually ushered into his office, the President seemed pleased in their methodology, for a while and then said: "I have one more problem for your computer: will you tell me how long it will take five hundred thousand angry Americans to climb that White House wall and then burn this President? We do not want to do that." Which ended for a time the discussion of Manzanar and Shanghai.

But they did not share the enthusiasm which continued to grow. In April, 1947, with money for the war fast diminishing, he brought General Westmoreland home to speak before the Congress and the Associated Press Manager, Edward Gossman. But the Westmoreland agreement did not ease the president against him; if anything, the orations of Johnson seemed for some Westmoreland for bringing the military into politics. Nor did Westmoreland reassure the President in private messages. At that point Westmoreland had 470,000 Americans, and he was asking for an

increase which would bring the total to 680,000 men by June, 1948, or at the very least a minimum increase of about 50,000, to 560,000. But even with that increase his forecast was not optimistic. Without the top figure, he told Johnson, the war would not be lost, but progress would be slowed down; thus, he said, was not enough aggression but restraint. When he was asked that, even then, was not aggression the other side's main tactic, he said: "At this point the Frontline asked him: 'What we add aggression, isn't the enemy add evasion?' If so, where does it all end?" Westmoreland answered that there was eight divisions in the country and had the capacity to go to twelve, but if they did, the problems of logistic would be insurmountable. He did say, however, that if we added more men, we would the same. But we had not finally reached the crossover point, Westmoreland insisted, a crucial point in his way of attacking. We were halfway now, one quickly than the could add three. Even so, the President was not entirely put at ease. At what point does the enemy ask for [Korean] reinforcements?"

"That's a good point,"

Johnson then asked his commanders what would happen if we stayed at the steady high figure of 560,000. It would be a mini-strander war in which we could kill a large number of the enemy, but on the end do little better than hold our own. Westmoreland said: The losses of troops (this country already exceeded 110,000 untrained) a war's need that he could only choke after many many more units of his brigade died. He foreseen the war then going on in the current fashion for over two years. If the Americans have to be increased to 560,000, Westmoreland saw the war going on for these years, with the full cost now of 280,000. It could go on for two years, which would take Johnson into the United States. Even when the Americans were forced to get the troops as a means of also getting a peace end-game, the President asked him what would become of Westmoreland? Did not get the full 280,000. Wheeler informed that the momentum the Americans had needed and in some sense the men would sacrifice the initiative, it did not mean that we would lose the war, but it would certainly be a long one. For General Johnson, a long five years in office, already besieged, already among the growing disillusionments of the country, having these rather dark predictions of his general's (Continued on page 720)

# Truth in Travel Packaging

by Richard Joseph

From all the thousands of tours available, here now is a guide to the twenty-three best and most exciting

If the Civil Aviation Board has its way we'll soon be able to fly to Europe or elsewhere abroad without joining a dubious-sounding organization such as the Friendly Indo-American Boys of Erin or signing on with the Association of the British at the airport a few minutes before your flight is called. The CAB is sponsoring a Travel Group Charter, one that would eliminate the so-called affinity or package tour operators that used to specialize in selling tickets on charter flights to the general public without negotiating the fare.

At the same time the CAB is proposing other restrictions that might prove as difficult to enforce as the affinity regulations. These include a ban on mass advertising of the charter flights and the requirement that the travel agent or tour operator must assemble a group of fifty passengers or more to buy a package tour and pay for it in advance. It sounds reasonable, but the CAB, as mentioned, could well set up an inspection or legislative office for air travel, but in our case it certainly can't become effective in time for the year's peak travel season.

In the meanwhile, what is the best buy in today's confusing travel market? A reader asked us that a couple of months ago, and we've been working on that ever since. We now hold that we can come to the conclusion that there is an angle source. It's comprising concern and travel charter: these are associated tours and independent travel packages, inclusive tours, inclusive tour charters and affinity charters. All are different; each has its own advantages and disadvantages.

The easiest air transportation usually is offered by an affinity charter, on which a risk, trade name, P.T.A., allows association or

other organization—whose primary purpose is not travel—charter a plane and provide the most savings to its members. Taking the first observations, several organizations will ride the same plane on a "multi-charter" basis. The only important disadvantage is the fact that you have to pay well ahead, agree to leave and return at a fixed time and you may experience no sell tickets on charter flights to the general public without negotiating the fare.

At the same time the CAB is proposing other restrictions that might prove as difficult to enforce as the affinity regulations. These include a ban on mass advertising of the charter flights and the requirement that the travel agent or tour operator must assemble a group of fifty passengers or more to buy a package tour and pay for it in advance. It sounds reasonable, but the CAB, as mentioned, could well set up an inspection or legislative office for air travel, but in our case it certainly can't become effective in time for the year's peak travel season.

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Until that new Travel Group Charter Plan is enacted, travelers have a legitimate way to take advantage of lowest charter rates,

and that's by steering as far as I.T.C., an all-purpose inclusive-tour charter sold by travel agents. According to regulations, I.T.C.'s usage limit is at least one week and usually three in three or more cities at most fifty miles apart. Like all inclusive tour packages, they offer the traveler the advantage of knowing in advance what the major elements of the trip will cost because of the package deal. According to Civil Aviation Board regulations, however, I.T.C.'s (independent tours) and I.T.C.'s, the traveler doesn't have to stay with a group, and usually has a wide choice of departure dates.

Travelers associated groups, on the other hand, enjoy the advantages of having a tour package deal to worry about departure schedules, baggage handling, paying hotel and restaurant bills, etc., and they also have a very clear idea of what the trip will cost before they take off. And for single, unattached travelers, the group tour has the added advantage of providing ready-made companionship. Also group tours often provide the only convenient and relatively inexpensive way to explore out-of-the-way destinations. Against these must be balanced the fact that tour groups can be and often are pretty gregarious. But ways to insure some stimulating companionship is to choose a specialized tour, such as a theme tour, or one involving archaeological or a Bachelor Party or Scrambling Club tour appealing to a particular age group. There are packages to be bought in each travel category.

But what constitutes too travel value anyway? Lowest cost per air or by distance covered, greatest number of destinations per dollar, the most luxurious accommodations for the price? And there are so many intangibles in rating tours that KLM, for instance, seems in-

## Ten Top Tour Buys

Tour	Destinations	Duration	Departures	Group	Escorted	Holiday	Features	Meals	Packages	Carriers	Price*
Fiesta Mexicana Code number ETTEA1050	Mexico City, Tijuana, Acapulco	8 days	Every Fri., Sat., Sun.	Yes	No	First class	Low price includes transfers, night driving, air-conditioned motorcoach, airfare costs. Acapulco by boat.	No	Four Star	Eastern	\$502 including air fare from New York
London Super Show Tour Code number ETTEA1702	London	15 days	Every Mon., Thurs. & Sat. through Oct. 31	No	No	Round-trip business class, without hotel	London: 3 stages (week 1 week minus group membership discounts at shop蝶romantic). Good buy if you're going east and so good if you spend much time in your room.	Full English breakfast	Five Dollar + Dry Team ing	EDAC	\$311 including air fare from New York
Far-east plus One Code number ETTEG1704	London, Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris	15 days	Most Sat. days and Sundays through Oct. 13	Yes	Yes	First class	[IEC (Inclusive Tour Charter)—legal legitimate jet charter flight (no membership requirements). Low cost European travel by motorcoach & chartered airways.	Continental breakfast	Gateway Holidays/Global	Capital International Airways	\$418 to \$488 depending on departure date
Granada Code number ETTEP1454 + M109	Rome, Paris, London	15 days	9/1, 8/19	No	No	Medium grade or first class	Has no far east in Europe. Costs lower than domestic. Independent low cost east; all w/o meals taken care of. Holiday sightseeing in each city.	Continental breakfast	Caron Tours (Gold + Diamond)	Pan Am	\$384 to \$608 depending on duration of hotels and departure date including airfare
Southern Central Holiday Code number ETTEJ16H15	Tokyo, Hakone, Toho, Kyoto/Nara, Osaka, Hong Kong, Bangkok	16 days	Daily	No	Local excrs.	Standard grade first class	Economy tour. Macau/Russia sightseeing. Works out at \$81.75 per day for hotel, sightseeing & transfers.	Breakfast included in Japan	Japan Travel Bureau	Japan Air Lines	\$389 to far all land package (meals plus air fare)
Penthouse Europe Code number ETTEAV1700	Sopron, Queretaro, Leon, Guadalajara, Mexico, Paris, La Pile, Lake Geneva, Santiago, Bariloche, Asuncion, Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro	22 days	9/1, 8/15, 8/19, 10/15, 11/10, 11/28, 12/12, 12/22	Yes	Yes	Deluxe	Luxury tour covering major South American attractions.	No	American Express	Vueling	\$179 plus air fare
Exchanges and Kenya Photoafari Code number ETTEAK1702	Roma, Nairobi, Nairobi, Akagera, Mt. Kenya Park, Amboseli, Arusha, Ngorongoro, Serengeti, Mount Meru, Ngora, Lake Elmenteita, Nairobi, Nairobi Falls, Lake Naivasha, Gondor, Lake Nakuru or Asilia	22 days	8/14-10/6, 11/29 L, December 13, departure	Yes	Local	Best available beach & lodges	Covers high spots of Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda & Ethiopia	All included except in Nairobi & Nairobi	General Tours	African Knights Africa	\$2,000 plus air fare
South Pacific Code number ETTEAL1717	Honolulu, Anchorage, Eugene, Mt. Cook, Melbourne, Canberra, Sydney, North Yarmouth, Sasebo, Takao	22 days	Weekly	No	No	Deluxe	Low cost way of seeing South Pacific high spots	No	Pacific International Team Inc.	American, Air New Zealand, Qantas, UTA	\$979 plus air fare
India As You Like It Code number ETTEAR1708	New Delhi, Agra, Bangalore plus extra con options	24 days	9/16, 9/23, 10/7, 10/12, 11/8, 11/22, 12/18, 12/23	Yes	No	First class	Best price is only about \$800 more than cheapers are for about 12 days (not including airfare). Nairobi, Arusha, Dar es Salaam, Kampala or Dar es Salaam, Sana'a, Seoul, Tokyo, Hong Kong or Kuala Lumpur.	Yes	Golden Tours of India	Air-India, India Airlines	\$779
Explorer's Adventure Code number ETTEWIC05	Honolulu, Tokyo, Osaka, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Kuala Lumpur, New Delhi, Agora, Jasper, Telluride, Anchorage, Athens	30 days	9/25, 9/30, 10/28, 11/19	Yes	Yes	Luxury & first class	Good, comparatively priced around the world west	Continental breakfast & dinner (breakfast not only in Japan & Athens)	Continental Express	TWA	\$2,251 top end air fare (travel price depends on travel dates).

spectrum from the quality-control department to do the 10 hours on several continents, including the quality of the packaging on the right—meaning outcome, whether or not the tour hosts provide plug connections for electric motors in their lockers, and the general appearance, training and hygiene ability of the guides. How could we shovel all these criteria into a computer, something we had a computer?

And a very great deal depends on just what interests you the most.

If you're an Africa buff, an African tour is a better buy for you than one to the Orient. And vice versa. Similarly goes about. And the best buy for a fisherman is a trip following him anywhere that will put a salmon on the end of his fly line. The choice, you see, has got to be subjective; and here are details of what we personally believe to be the top tour buys and thirteen outstanding travel adventures being offered by American tour operators.

The selection won't say there

are about three thousand tour operators in the United States, and about 1,000 in Canada, and another 1,000 in the Orient. There are about 1,000 tour operators in Europe, most of which they set up with local wholesalers. TWA, for example, lists 161 different tours in this year's schedule, and Japan Air Lines eighty-five. In addition, many retail travel agents arrange tour packages for local groups and for clients with special travel objectives. With some of these might offer outstanding value, we have

two thousand European departures and many others in the Orient, South Africa and around the world. Thus there are a lot of travel packages, most of which they set up with local wholesalers. TWA, for example, lists 161 different tours in this year's schedule, and Japan Air Lines eighty-five. In addition, many retail travel agents arrange tour packages for local groups and for clients with special travel objectives. With some of these might offer outstanding value, we have

no way of knowing about them. For the past few weeks the floor of our office has been packed like a baseball stadium. The reason? Because after a telephone poll of travel agents, most of whom were positive, most of whom were enthusiastic, there must have been that many—of tour folders and brochures. The tables (above and on page 162) give details in that regard to us to offer the best value, but the selection was reduced by one expense in managing things round-the-world tours, knowledge of the areas involved and, in some

cases, of the operators of the tours. We've tried to make the list cover as accurate compilation of the various types of travel offerings, in Europe and elsewhere, emerged and independent, local and short, inexpensive and luxury. It mightn't represent a cross-section of the market, but it does represent a cross-section of the market.

\*Tour rates are based on double occupancy. Single rates are based on single occupancy. Most continental operators offer a discount for a family. Some do not. Many operators offer a discount for children under 12. Some do not. Some operators should be checked for minimum age requirements before booking under offer rates. This applies to most 1978 rates.

## Plus: Thirteen Outstanding Travel Adventures

Year	Destination and Duration	Departure	Prerequisites	Packages	Fees*
America's Camps Since 1978 U.S. and Overseas One ride number	Snowbird, Tucson Camp, National Luna Johnson Seaplane Mountain Center, Sedona, Lake Mary, Phoenix, Sedona, Abiquiu, NM, Santa Fe, Ruidoso, Monticello, etc. 14-21 30 days	Six-level course Seasonal Decem- ber March May October	Highly recommended photographer safaris conducted on private lodge properties or on off-road trails; includes instruction on personal safety; precautions; camera equipment; 4-wheel vehicles; light planes	Transporter Adventure Safaris	\$100 per person per day for non-instruc- tion; \$100 transport guide plus airfare
Russia Via Shetna Guide Services TELE 988-8111	Siberia, Middle Asia, Black Sea 1990s	1/20, 5/12, 8/8	Intensive instruction in safety and flight over North Pole	Transporter Adventure Safaris (International)	\$1,200 and up; air fare extra; gear allowance
Scenic Fly Islands Guide Services TELE 880-2369	Seattle-Kihei or Mauna Kea 10 days	Almond, early Friday	Choosing between reasonable islands; one week off-road cruising by yacht or motor vessel	Adventure Travel Inc.	\$1,500 per air fare including no airline tax in U.S., S.A.
Argentina Safaris over the Andes Circus Guide Services TELE 988-9000	Bogota, Maracaibo, Bogota Buenos Aires; Patagonia & Argentina 8 days	8/1, 9/8	Wild as single country at Brazil's interior; option only central provinces; Patagonia 8-day river cruise; no land	Adventure Travel Inc.	\$1,500 plus air fare
Africa Wild Life Expeditions Code number TELE 988-1420	Zimbabwe, Johannesburg, South Africa, South Africa, Rhodesia 1990s	8/25, 9/25, 10/27, 11/24 12/25	Extreme package; no guides included; expeditionary equipment required; US Army Parachute Ropes required; various sources provide safety guides; recent catalog and sources available	Lion Country Safaris	\$1,200 round trip from New York
Adventure Tours Atlanta Travel Expeditions Code number 12248-1000 TELE 988-2829	Belize, Aruba, Adventure Bus Tour, Florida, Majorca, Spain December-July; Puerto Rico Cayo Levisa, St. Lucia, Barbados 1990s	5/10, 7/14, 7/21 10/10, 12/10	Only adventure tours in Asia Karakorum, Siberia, Arctic Sea Russia, Northern Europe; Dollar travel experience	Adventure Travel Inc.	\$1,500 up depending on cabin class; plus \$100 pp S.Y. S.A. air fare
Adventure Tours Europe Guide Services TELE 988-1077	Adventure, Mountain Hiking, Hiking/Hunting, Rafting Karakorum, Siberia, Arctic Sea Russia, Northern Europe; Northern Europe, Scandinavia 1990s	6/14	Time-honored and very American arts of 3 weeks of mountaineering by boat; Northern Europe; via through continent with hitch-hikes	Adventure Travel Inc.	\$1,000 round trip from San Francisco or Chicago; plus air fare
Grand South Pacific Guide Services TELE 988-4546 through 4548	Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, Tasmania New Zealand, Southern Islands Sea Islands, New Caledonia 1990s	1/10, 2/24 3/10, 4/14 5/11	Great off-road island excursions	Tropic Winds Travel Inc.	\$1,700 plus air fare
Globe-Wide Wanderer Private Plane For Charter Code number TELE 988-1474	Venezuela, the world via airplane; Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, Argentina Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, New Zealand & Tahiti, Maldives	1/20/91	Specialized pilgrimage; \$10,000 per person plus \$1,000 per day; minimum 10 days; no driving; no cleaning	Adventure Travel Organization	\$7,200 round trip; \$100 per day plus \$100 pp S.Y. New York
Flight Adventures Guide Services TELE 988-7000	Tobago, Barbados Southland, Rockies, McCallum Cortez, Colorado, Salt Lake City Dove Creek, Alaska, Yukon, British Columbia, Canada, Hawaii, Australia	8/28, 9/18, 1/25, 3/28	Adventure travel; private flights Oriented	Travel Council Services	\$2,000 round trip; \$100 per day plus \$100 pp S.Y. Most cities
Adventure Journeys Guide Services TELE 988-1474	Includes: Minnesota, Alberta Rocky Mountains, Colorado, New Mexico, Florida, Gator, Alaska Alaska, Yukon, Northern Territory, Mt. Athabasca Alberta, Jasper, Banff, Alberta, Northern Manitoba Gros Ventre, Alberta, Haida	9/10	Unique part of our tour; Gator Rancho luxury lodges; safe preservation; no capital costs involved	Adventure Travel Services	\$2,000 plus air fare
America in Overseas Guide Services TELE 988-1422	Scandinavia, Italy, Greece, Costa Rica, Panama, Barbados, South Africa, Kenya, Uganda, Tanzania 1990s	Every Sunday	Intensive cultural or non African logistics	Adventure Travel Services	\$1000 plus air fare
Mythical Destinations Guide Services TELE 988-2322	Bulgaria, Austria, Switzerland, Yugoslavia, Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, Mongolia, Pakistan, India, Nepal 1990s	Early spring; late summer; 10/20, 11/15, 12/15	Early rugged; late summer; 10,000 feet; less risk to cold; hard desertions along ancient ancient roads; 2nd best; hot weather	Asia Overland Travel Adventure Travel Co.	\$600-1,200 Round trip; \$1000 round trip; \$100 pp S.Y. Many areas

# The Good Dogs

by Alice Row

*Speak, Cerberus, speak*

## H

is a dog who enjoyed driving. His mind was free to wander. He also enjoyed cutting the wood his airplane consumed daily, and he enjoyed his mountain walks, particularly at night. All three took the surface of the mind and let deeper shiftings develop. Not that he believed himself a thinking creature, he believed in himself. It was instinct, after all, that had brought him to Everest and The Poll cottage, into that lonely valley where the invader from their master's land had recently come.

He was certain that even the same dogs he herded to direct his life would lift him away. The people and terrain had seemed of first need, then beauty, and now indifference, and he was not now involved with either.

The February sun shone the Land-Driver as he humped into third at the corner before the two turns the road ended, although he still had a mile to go. A low branch grazed the sail as he slowed at the turn to tangle with the dogs.

There were five of them, and the sound of his engine had preceded his coming. He passed the barn that was the limit of Rydryeaver's land and saw them briefly, stiff with expectancy, before they threw themselves at the Land-Driver. They barked at his side, they snipped at his wheels. Where the road bent past the barnhouse, they left him to stand alone, so they were there to meet him, to turn him, to bring him into the straight. He was not yet past Rydryeaver's territory, a triangle of winter mist, officially called The Green, the end of the road, and he pulled onto it with his frantic entourage. They clung to the truck and snipped at the ignition.

The dogs fell still and silent, staring around the barn, their eyes held on the door and a quiet breathing beginning in their throats.

None of this worried the man anymore. It had become a ritual; the man had come to ignore the display,

knowing the dogs would not risk running too close to his wheels, even though the farmer had a dog each year—usually, he claimed, because the driver would panic and suddenly swerve. At one time the man really sensed the invader from their master's land. But they could never seem to recognize the Land-Driver as father and harmless. Dogs were stupid, the man decided again.

He slipped the key from the ignition, sighed, lit a cigarette, reached for his basket, paused, and opened the door. The dogs leaped to an instant freeze and darted at the basket as she showed it and looked it. They sniffed at his hand and his coat, made no noise, moved no position, but took his basket from the hand and walked over to the gate at the side of the Green while the rock onslaught never subsided. He unlatched the gate, moved through and shut it carefully. He was off Rydryeaver land; the noise abated.

After a dozen steps in the muddy field that led to The Poll, he turned. The dogs sat silently behind the base of the gate, as if in a row. The man laughed and continued his walk climb, it had been so many weeks since his Land-Driver had been able to manage those fields, trudges to mouth by shod and cartie, that held only forgotten the consciousness of it. As the gate between the two fields of Rydryeaver land did not look in back to him. He knew the dogs would still be there, silent and understanding; they would not move until he was out of sight. Then Rio, the leader, would turn, and lift a leg on the nearest wheel of the Land-Driver before leading the pack down to Rydryeaver.

The man disliked dogs, those dogs he preferred the simple nature of cats, who lived their own lives and clearly thought to hell with anyone else. Sheep he pitied, hunted and fussed by dog and farmer alike.

He held horses neutral; graceful but stiff of mind. Dogs he loathed for their clumsy merriment. But dogs were stupid, hypocritical, too; hypocritical in their possessive fury derived from their masters, and, as a pack, ridiculous. And more than just hypocritical, he thought, as he struggled slowly up the arched and humped field against the sleek, levelly distant. He'd seen that at the time of late lambing. One morning, sated with a coffee at the window of his study, he'd over a sheep on the opposite side of the valley strutting against three crores the bicuscular tail shown him greater detail; it had been a lost birth far from the flock; the lamb had died and the ewe must have been so overcome by her loss she showed signs of a sclerotic psychosis. The man had gone to the fence to tell Wilkins, but the farmer had shown him round, and when the man was gone more at his leisure all movement had ceased and the fat black birds were perched on the wooden bodies, pecking now at mother and child. When bird looked again, near dark, that ewe had gone and it was plain to see why. The two tenor dogs, Ben and Chip, jerked and snarled at the carcass of the ewe, and the rams stood to drogue and distract dogs who could guard a life but dismember it in death. So which was it? held thought as he drove it in. Is the Lion that night, protector or predator? On tiny return, later, the dogs met the man on *The Green*. Chip dropped the leg he was carrying to join in the barkless.

The man spat downfield and took more breath. For like the other farmyards, scattered by dead, grey lambs, and, though not quite so barren, scatterer at the barn, were the dogs. There the big one, the leader, very thick of coat with deep criss, a white streak down the jet back and one white forepaw; Chip, the young pretender, thin, wary, with more white than tan, his eyes small and glittering; Ben's son; Nell, mother of both; and her twin by Chip, Fox and Roy, one white-faced, the other black, little more than pups.

The dogs. They barked harshly with their noisy pentatones.

**T**he Poff stood above a dugout at the horn of the fields. Directly behind the weatherbeaten ledge with its stones, scrub, and brittle furze grew a stream. A stream can run from the rocks, past The Poff and through the dugout down to the sea. The man had come to the dugout. He had come to make amulets at the corner of the second field, tramped shod-sledding between the roots and trunks of the small wood for fifty yards, and came to the grotto in the wattle. The exterior of The Poff was not pretty; it was a green box. He washed the door, checked that sticks still rested from the chimney, turned the handle and reached upstairs for the switch. He stood in the gloom until he heard from the shed the whines that proved the generator in motion. A few seconds later the apophysis flickered as, dimmed, rekindled. He wriggled free; his pants had slipped and stopped snarling as a crumpled tail stuck his sensitive, the polished floorboards whirring beneath his feet to the dressing of his lighting plug.

But the night was a bad one. Holes and his usual insomnia let the wet sand walk the hills when the rain drove down at two, but his hear of weather forecast nothing for him. From Maybole he had come bearing all the stiffness. He wondered if the pack had picked up his movements—they usually did, even at a mile distance—but it was more likely that a fox, starved and desperate, was reviewing the possibilities of the chicken house. The chickens were in pitch, and the man shivered, rather pitying the fowls.

He woke at ten-thirty, washed and dressed out, blundered about in his thick dreams, over, however, with fear, hacking on a cigarette. While the kettle boomed, he topped up the oil burner, read the *Pyramids* in his study, cleaned much outside at the porch and splashed the petrifying water on his face; he poured a gallon of fuel into the generator and checked the oil. By now the kettle was booking and he took his coffee to the study, napped the dark liquid, lit the second cigarette, and came to terms with his day.

The sky was leaden and presented snow. From the fence below smoke rose, squat and heavy; there was no sign of Wilkins or his dogs. The man wondered if the post had arrived yet. He took the second mug of coffee to the window in the other side of the study where he had noted Wilkins' farmland field. It was large, roughly shaped and exposed. The farmland field ran from the road right up to the wire that separated important deer estimated land, alongside it ran both the tracks the man had to climb to get to The Poff, the ditches. The Poff itself and a small field above the cottage. The fence was massive but undistinguishable, except for one landmark, slightly higher than The Poff and about two hundred yards distant there reared a high outcrop of rock. If you walked, as the man had often done, down from the ridge to the barbed wire that marks the fields from mountain scrub and clambered over, you were faced with a rocky scramble of about twenty feet to the top of the outcrop. But you then had before you a drop of some forty feet to the bottom, an angle was the downward angle of the field. It was an encouraging prospect to "see" that space at year end, the rock broken, over-exposed, rocks sharp on the rough grass forty feet below.

The sight depressed the man. Then he noticed the sheep. Yesterday, the field had been empty; today, about a hundred sheep rambled and scratched at the poor grass. Wilkins obviously expected snow. The sheep would be safe here when the blizzard began. Then the man saw Rustane and his animals immediately rose.

Rustace was a ron, and he was simply the ugliest and most-warted creature the man had ever seen, and he was the only sheep the man could distinguish. He was dirty, despicable, hideous beyond imagination, and obscene. And was not impressed by the dogs.

This man merited a name, and it had been the man who had given it to him. The man who had given Wilkins interests. They'd been talking cows and the ram had come into the conversation. The man had called it by name, and the farmer straightened from pulling weeds from a barrow to give the man a look before turning again to his work.

**T**he man had no project under way, and so decided upon a day of routine chores during which he hoped something new would distract itself. He made himself an omelet and washed up a splashful of砌块 that had accumulated, started his Primus stove upon the flagstones outside and set a large pan of springwater to heat, swept the veranda and tugged his quilt straight on the bed, set a kettle on his kitchen stove for tea and while it boiled, sorted out a pile of reading which he had taken from the library and carried it with a state of semi-sobriety. He lit a pot of tobacco with a cigarette, as he listened to songs Hopkins on a record. At these, he crossed the sheets and slacks that had been basking outside under the lead sky and threw them before his paraffin stove downstairs. All that was left now was to eat an hour's... (Continued on page 146)



Illustrated by William McLean



**A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY  
FOR 6.5 SECONDS**

With wild air bags, collapsing front walls and anti-police laws gone, cars will soon be as safe as horses and a little more mobile. It's nice to know, though, that somebody still cares about getting from one place to another in style, even if the places are only a quarter mile apart and the trip lasts six and a half seconds. "We used to refer to us having drag racing's most beautiful car," says John Clayton of Concourse Clayton, who built this one with his son Jerry Clayton. The body is a fibreglass copy of a Ford Mustang Ghia convertible. "Once again, it beats like a Christine does. I've seen beautiful cars leave the line and at the end there's nothing left." Still, between the fire suit and the extinguishers, the driver has over 6 minutes to get out alive. Happy motoring, fellow! Ralph Nader is absent but nobody ever said he was pretty.

# Is This the Face that Named a Thousand Bugs?

by Michael Rogers

*Yet, and by the sheerest coincidence it's Richard Nixon's uncle also*

**T**he oldest of the university buildings at the University of California at Riverside is painted an insect-like color and set on a wooded rise overlooking the sun-drenched campus. In one corner of this building, an arc window from right until ten, Philip H. Timberlake, Associate Entomologist Emeritus, may be found hard at the work of his life. He will soon turn ninety. He has discovered and christened more than one thousand varieties of insects since 1906, and is an international expert on species of bee flies few people have ever heard of. His colleagues are certain that Philip Timberlake has handled more insects, living and dead, than any other man on earth.

The corridors outside Timberlake's office are lined with shelves, filled with Lepidoptera and Coleoptera and Hymenoptera and Neuroptera and Orthoptera. There are elephant beetles the size of month-old puppies and tailless whip scorpions a full foot in leg span. Inside such showy baubles a bright yellow Shelf fly strip, and in certain of the cabinets, above named arrays of insects, are about 1150 prints with sculptures and titles such as "Honesty Preating (Fructal and Prodile)," or "Habits on Oregon," the latter showing a massive male gecko suddenly upon a spiny cactus. From the floor is a collection of several galls, but the most bizarre concern plantagoes in the holdings are vibrant clusters of hell weevil infestations that crowd mature cotton bolls like grainy chocolate filling. Philip Timberlake has isolated these showcase-prized pupae since 1904, and when, in June of 1950, compulsory retirement overtook him, he gladly retired to leisure.

He could not leave, he explains, sitting straight-backed in a swivel chair behind his aged microscope. "There is no much left to do here. I can't hope to faint." He shakes his head, and the afternoon sunlight (Timberlake's tufts of hair in his ears like the bristly porcupine hairs on the head legs of a honey-bee) "It will take two or three lifetimes," he says. "Maybe more." The university provides him a pension and office space, the microscopes, collecting equipment, pens, lanterns, nets, typewriter, and all the rest, are his own property, and he is entirely defenseless about an interview. He recalls a young journalist from the Los Angeles Times who came out a few years ago and wrote a piece about "Wild Bill" Timberlake. "Nobody calls me 'Wild Bill,'" he says firmly. "Nobody."

This is probably so. To the younger generations of entomologists who fill the building, Timberlake approaches the status of a legend. Glad in khakis and Kids or Hash Puppets, they speak with a certain pointed respect about the twenty-six years Timberlake spent as Associate Entomologist—twenty-six years without a promotion, their embassies, because he was bound to study childhood maps and insect drawings, commanding positions for the perfume bar. Certain task-force investigations refused to promote him unless he returned to the chancery, but it was a meaningless threat for a man who had found his true calling. "I didn't care," Timberlake says. "If I get enough to eat, that's good enough."

Entomologists in general appear to be as kindly and efficiently oriented as the objects of their study. At Riverside alone there are several who have counted unbroken pest infestations and are recently turned seventy. At nearly ninety, Timberlake continues to pursue the perfume. Perfida, a wild perfume he uses the size of a peppercorn, pollinates camphor from Guatemala to Canada, and has by now been classified by Timberlake in eight thick volumes—he prefers to end them "volumes" of a work—each containing a study of various discontinuous and hand sketches of every possible detail of more than seven hundred species of the tiny bugs.

He offers an example of his sketches, from Part III, nine pages of delicate line drawings, ten or twelve to each page, that depict, greatly magnified, the male genitalia of various psidia. The drawings are painstakingly intricate but totally incomprehensible in terms of function. They could be frames or decorative fountains or solarized diatoms. How are they used, I ask Timberlake, and why are they all so different? He shags and pages slowly through the rest of Part III, copiously illustrated, and explains patiently that he is a systematic entomologist, which means that he does not care what his insects do or how they live, or how they mate, but simply and exclusively what they look like.

Timberlake is too modest; he has, in fact, two claims to fame. The first is an international variety of bean, mottled, bushy and flat that bear, in some form, his surname. The second, which he does not like to discuss with so much as a smile, is that he happens to be the uncle of one Richard Milhous Nixon. (Continued on page 154.)



Photographed by Paul Conrad

# Nisei Guys Finish First

Each morning, workers at the Matsushita Electric Works in Tokyo sing a song: "Does industry more grow, grow? Harmony and friendliness? Matsushita Electric?" Yes, Cole Porter was better but the fact remains: in thirty years Japan has well the world's foremost economic power, says Herman Kahn. The country's car manufacturers in these hard-boiled States American markets are filled with Japanese cars, cameras, and electronic equipment. And new American markets are being created by Japanese Americans. Consider the eight men on these four pages, all of whom are harmonious and sincere and have done nothing but grow, grow, grow.



Mike Yamano, owner of his mother's nail salon in Mississauga, 1970.  
100 EXPOSURE, SEPTEMBER

Mike Yamano (below) is a case of many born here, in the early 1930s, who became successful. In 1968, Yamano founded the Chinese International Club, an organization which offers its members discounts at over 700 West Coast establishments simply for paying cash and not with credit. There are now over 52,000 card-carrying members, each of whom pays \$30 (in cash) so joins UNITE, from \$40 a year. Yamano also dabbles in cosmetics, and Aiko Mai, developed by his mother in Tokyo, Yamano imports it; thus sells it in his Los Angeles beauty salons for \$5 a jar. The gray mai will be available also in lemon color for oily skin, another beauty for males, etc. (In the picture, Miss Iokou is trying a bit of everything.) Mai is where flowers grow, Yamano says, and flowers are the most perfect things in God's creation.

Kay Sugihara (facing page, top) is the Japanese American's answer to Ann O'Hearn. He owns and operates studios (now 1,300,000 tons of fabric). Sugihara's father was a dispossessed samurai who settled in Seattle. During W.W.II, Kay Sugihara was released from a detention camp so he could join the OSS as an intelligence officer. Helping so grudgingly, he helped engineer psychological propaganda against Japan. He is presently working on a plan to halve U.S. shipping by \$10,000,000,000 over the next decade. (With Sugihara in the photo, his wife and grandchildren on the lawn of his Pelham Manor, New York, estate.)

Chikara Kikuchi (with wife and son, facing page, lower left), a professor of nuclear engineering at Michigan, Kikuchi is holding an antineutron tube, a key element in Muon amplification, a process he discovered which allows communications to be received from deep space. (Photos from Mars would have been impossible without the Muon-solar technique.) Kikuchi left his native Washington during W.W.II, then had to return back to solve his PhD exams—so he wouldn't be arrested and put into a camp.

John Nitsa (facing page, lower right) is founding father of Anchuck, the Anderson Chick Sewing Association. Anchuck uses people to tell a glacier whether a dog's crack is a code of female, a detail of the women's economic aspiration. Harlequinously witty in manner (the egg layers) and have loads of fun making clothes, Nitsa's one of two such manufacturers as the world, others usually all-chick stores in the Western Hemisphere. He's been doing this comically since 1937, last place is an Laredo, Pennsylvania.



Key Sugihara on his lawn in Ann Arbor—except that I'm not married to Justice?



Chikara Kikuchi, his wife, son, and wife



John Nitsa checks out a chick



Minoru Yamasaki stands between a couple of his big ideas

Minoru Yamasaki (left) will have at least two growing pains on America: the twin towers—110 stories each—just completed in lower Manhattan. The buildings constitute the new World Trade Center, a \$786,000,000 project he was assigned to complete in 1962. "I was never so drunk," he says. Yamasaki's total 105 designs just now, and his fine solutions won him. He's especially proud of the emergency plan: three-hour fire retardancy, an open space the size of three football fields. Yamasaki was born in Seattle fifty-five years ago, the son of a uncle-aunt who he now holds six documents.

George Nakashima (facing page, upper left) was also an architect. One day, however, he checked the profusion and decided he'd rather carve furniture out of tree stumps. That was thirty years ago; today his designs are world famous. Nakashima, his family, and his helpers pursue their craft in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. "We were the original hippies," he says. One of the war veterans spent in an Idaho desert camp, an experience Nakashima considers "boring, uninteresting, and uncomfortable," like the present one. The family lives in a 950-square-foot wood-and-stone house; a look for a mere \$7,500. Should he do it? By exploiting his own cheap labor supply, that's how.

Dr. Ronald Maisangka (facing page, upper right) refinishes faces for fun and profit. The Los Angeles surgeon has worked on the Dodgers, Willie Davis, among other baseball, basketball, hockey and football players. He performs double eyelid surgery on a lot of Japanese Americans, operations which add folds to the lids, making the eyes less sleepy and more Westernized. (Maisangka also gives calls to raise bridges on Japanese roads, probably because the old Japanese believe it was the first Japanese American to hold U.S. degrees in both medicine and dentistry.)

Rocky Aoki (facing page, bottom) is the thirty-three-year-old owner of the Ikeda-ya of Tokyo's restaurant chain. He first saw the U.S. in the late 1950s as a member of the Japanese Olympic wrestling team. In 1966, he opened a fast-food restaurant in New York (that mother wanted an all four of them). A good review in the *World Tribune* brought him all the business he could handle. There are now fifteen Ikeda-ya in the U.S., and Rocky loves life's true praise. Pictured are some of his exotic dogs, his Phaeton V Rolls-Royce, and Benny, the character he picked up on a recent van in Indonesia.



George Nakashima in his workshop



Dr. Ronald Maisangka in his workshop



Rocky Aoki, his dog, his Rolls Royce, and Benny

# An Open Letter to the Next President

by John V. Lindsay

*A few things to mull over between now and January 20*

Dear Sir:

In fairness, I must allow that I envy your opportunity. I campaigned briefly, but hard, for my party's nomination, because I have been deeply disturbed by the signs of distress and discouragement in America and by the divisions in our society.

I believe Americans will generally choose to do what is right, that they will go along with the changes that must be made if our democratic system is to survive, if the case is fairly put to them. But only the President can make that case. He must stand up for what is right—equal quality education, freedom to dissent, national handgun control—even when it is not popular. And if the President does not stand for justice above all else, then he doesn't stand for anything—his Administration will exist merely to operate the bureaucratic machine in Washington.

I am convinced, sir, that what really matters today is not merely how well you operate the government, but how well you lead the nation. The changes that must be made in America aren't going to be made unless most Americans agree they should be made. And that will take leadership.

I hope we agree on what must be done first, and that is to end the war in Southeast Asia immediately, with total withdrawal of all American military forces, leaving the Vietnamese to decide the future of their nation for themselves.

But ending the war will not, by itself, unite the nation. It will not alter our society. Indeed a policy of "No War but No Change" would be fatal for America. Nor will moving to meet the nation's

# of the United States

most obvious need and reduce unemployment, with a massive program of public works and public employment, count as meaningful change if it goes no further than putting the same work force back on the same jobs, if you opt for traditional public works, building more highways or more elaborate spaceware.

I propose, instead, that you first consider the "urban agenda" those of us concerned for the survival of our cities have been calling for. This does not merely mean "more money for the cities." It affects all of our society, for there is a social, as well as a physical ecology. If we poke the population in one place, it pops out somewhere else. What happens or fails to happen in rural America determines, in large measure, what problems confront the cities. What happens or fails to happen in our cities determines the fate of our suburbs.

During my brief campaign, I saw the results of our failure to provide some plan or policy of national growth. The nation's farmers continue to abandon their farms. Rural populations decline as farmers, their families, and those who fix their cars and their teeth, bake their bread, sell them seeds, and teach their children abandon the countryside for the cities. But cities have not yet adjusted to the last large-size urban migration, the movement of farm families, mostly black, from the newly mechanized farmland of the South.

Transforming immigrant populations, often poor and unskilled, into middle-class and urban work- (Continued on page 156)

## A Sneak Preview

Sixteen ways to be  
footloose yet fancy

Like all other parts of the modern costume, sneakers have become a way of self-expression. The last couple of years have seen an amazing variety of styles new sneaker connoisseurs. So if you're not wearing those black or white, leather-thin-thin, high school-symonads, consider looking on the right, 16 examples of the greatest sneaker experts, any one of which is sure to let your feet do the talking.

1) *Hollita* by *Adidas*: white leather tops, rubber tabs on the bottom. For tennis on all surfaces, about \$35. 2) *Argos* by *Puma*: neoprene sides, orthoprene arch support, \$35. 3) *Tennix* above by *Trifecta*: tie-knotted leather tops, ribbed soles, \$25. 4) *0000* by *Globe* by *Carter*: wear 'em proudly, \$3.95. 5) *Leather All Stars* by *Converse*: one star, two stripes each, \$19.95. 6) *Black High Tops* by *Keds* by *Knitfitch*, \$12.95.

7) *Satinifl Shoppes* by *Converse*: for the inactive set, \$8.95. 8) *Flats* by *Adidas*: green micro-cell soles, about \$28. 9) *Colleges* by *B.F. Goodrich*: black power specials, \$6. 10) *All Stars* by *Converse*: classic school-yard model, \$7.75.

11) *Sandals* by *Gold Seal*: sandals boat wear, about \$7. 12) *Flo-Hair* results by *Carhartt*: tie-knot tops, \$3.95. 13) *Phil Elango Street* Results by *Converse*: skates against skaters, \$4.35. 14) *Jump Shots* by *Converse*: good for fast breaks, \$4.95. 15) "Clydes" by *Puma*: Walt Frazier's own, \$25. 16) *Shreddy* by *Black Pepper*, funky and bouncy, \$15.





## If Cartier, Tiffany, Porthault, Harry Winston, Bonwit Teller, Charles Jourdan and Bergdorf Goodman can't make the rich happy, who can?

by Jerry Bowles

*Reese Palley, the porcelain bird man*

**R**eese Palley had a very busy August day during his six-month year as he was walking along the Boardwalk in Atlantic City, a few miles from the family home. He stopped in at the Porcelain Bird Man's great, ultra-elegant hotel—the Elberon, Dennis and MacGregor-Blaikiere—as a posh-and-loucheish restaurant of saltwater taffy, hot pretzels, popcorn, cotton candy, fried chicken, Steak-Hall, pinaclers, kielbasa smokers and thousands of confectioners with badges, fuzzy hats, blue feet and broad expressions, that the similarity that was to shape his life was born. His vision was simply this: people buy things because there is in their existential guts they are lovely and because they expect the things they buy will add a vest in the soul. People with money because they are rapidly aware of the social oligarchs get lonely quicker and more often.

"It was an awesome piece of knowledge for a sixteen-year-old lad to carry around," Palley says, plonking his feet on the corner of a rosewood desk and leaning back in his chair until he is as smily horizontal. "Of course, that part wasn't born. It took me more than twenty-five years to discover that most people don't really know what they want, and I never got to the point where they didn't really know what they wanted."

The aha has to create the need, make the object meaningful to the customer. That's the part of the formula that kept stalling me all those years."

Palley, who is a kind of art-world

Herbert Philbrick with gift shops and galleries in Atlantic City, San Francisco and Paris and a far-out *soirée* super gallery in New York, certainly acts like a man who has found a secret formula for success. Among other things, he owns a white Holt-Reyer and a grey Blaikie, a Volkswagen with a Holt-Reyer roof box and the Urinal, and not to mention he threw a wild-eyed party in Paris for seven hundred thirty-six people on the occasion of her fiftieth birthday. He chartered two 747's from Pan Am to take them there and packed up the hotel table, a total of "more than \$800,000." There's no such as story than that, as you will see, but for now consider it an impressive eccentricity for a man who doesn't look like a businessman or, for that matter, much either. Palley wears the same clothes every day of his life: black trousers. Much like a crew-neck sweater, they are rapidly acquire and a red handknit mittens he keeps stuffed in his lap pocket. Resting on the matomio, no to speak, is a pair of okay, bleached-glass plates.

"I used to do the expensive suit thing," he says. "But then it occurred to me, anybody with money can dress like that. It takes guts to look like this."

The existence, like his desk which sits right in the middle of the sales floor of the Atlantic City shop, is part of the Palley corporate identity. So is on his face which he uses the Robert Burns Trust with its ornate swirly Palley whiskers accented by his signature idea—black nose and all, is the Palley goatee. One ad shows Palley standing by a lifetime statue of himself with copy that reads, "The only thing better than one lone Palley is two." Shopping bags bear

the legend, "Bose Palley—Her-  
sham-To-The-Bath." His favorite ad is one that shows him with a pair of porcelain Flamingo-Western-Rothsches perched on his head. It is Palley's penchant for the eccentric, in fact, that most makes him a conscious character in the New York art world. He behaves more like a Dada artist than a dealer, a fact that endears other dealers, art critics, and some artists, who prefer to have their elaborate versions present a more serious image. One highly placed editor at Art News describes Palley as "a little nutty, perhaps brilliant." On the other hand, he is well liked friends in high places. Abe Burman, managing editor of *The New York Times* and a friend of several years' standing, finds him "surprisingly likable and charming, one of the smart people I know."

Four days a week Palley can be found in the Atlantic City shop, easily the most profitable of his business ventures. Just how profitable he's not saying, although he does say the gross is "at seven figures." Depending upon your point of view, what he sells here are things like a \$100,000 diamond, the largest collection of which between here and his San Francisco store. But, anyway, that is where Palley spends most of his time, greeting the visiting clientele, whipping his assistants into a frenzy of activity,



barking orders into a telephone that never seems to be silent. He obviously loves it. Chances are, he sees more than these objects that surround him: the Morton, Spode, Royal Worcester, Wedgwood, Royal Crown Derby, Lenox, Gekko, Remond and Royal Doulton china, the wacky Danish-modern clocks, the Lalique, Duran, Val St Lambert, Grunfeld and Kosta crystal, the Meissen, Herend and Chinese hand-painted porcelains. You see, the Palleys are surrounded by the finest of Dickens characters and the Blaueisen Commemoratives. Plates and the chess set of little naked porcelain figures which the catalogues keep interestingly facing the wall.

Most of all, what Palleys know and likes is porcelain. Particularly, porcelain birds designed by the late American ceramicist Edward Marshall Boehm and now by the Boehm studio which are most responsible for "Pelle's porcelain."

"I'm not a collector," Palleys says, stretching out behind his desk again, his favorite position for serious conversation. "It's to make sure that, as your customers do off, you have replacements. You have to develop new customers. Take young doctors. They're the best. Always pay their bills. They can have all the credit they want."

He slacks further back into the chair, almost horizontal now, a great black hawk waiting for a careless preen. He efts all his customers' names back behind their backs into their files.

"You see, people from sixties to thirty-fives are not really good customers for my kind of thing. People that are are just getting to that first plateau of financial stability. Everything you get at that age...what's it all about?"

"Why is this half price?" The question comes from a fifth-floor room—a plain green dress and dyed hair who has just waddled up to the door, carrying a load of silver cutlery with a smile on her face. "Because it's ours, and nobody wants it at full price," Palleys says. "Why don't you buy the poor thing and give it a cool home?"

The woman looks at him as if she hasn't heard quite right. "Oh," she says, and retreats.

"If I told you it was beautiful but I just couldn't sell it, she wouldn't want it. You know, she'll buy the f---ing thing."

He goes horizontal again.

"Where was I? Oh, yes! Everything you get between eighteen and thirty-five is very important to you. By the time you get to be thirty-

five, you're buying the second washing machine, the second car...and these things become progressively less important. Most people don't need a third car and certainly not a second swimming pool. It's on the materialistic side of sheets determines that I stop in. I perform the social service of giving people something to spend their money on."

He leans forward to look at the next regular.

"She," he says, "she's buying it."

Just then his aunt Mrs. Bradford comes up. Mrs. Bradford is a petite, though blushing, woman who isn't looking at a sales slip; was braided on a silver chain around her neck. She has managed the Atlanta City store since it opened in 1958.

"Ebbie, Sam's on the phone," she says. Tilly gives the phone to the Jim Wayne girl.

"Sam, I just got a call from a Miss...I mean...she says we're prepossessed."

"Ebbie was always such a shrewd lad," Jim says.

"Did I say..."

"Sometimes I think that's why he got this lead of shop. Tea house, the bulb in the chime shop."

"...Did we said it not?"

"He was born right here in Atlanta City, you know...want to school right here?"

"Did I say..."

"His father still runs the jewelry store. That's been...he's just retired. Wearing his gold ring, shirt cufflinks and tiepin every day before he retires," he merrily has shielded northeast Asia. Embarrassed. Her parents, she says, were not thrilled.

"There were these kinds of people on Adair," Palleys in front of recalling, "so-called...communists, homosexuals and transsexuals. Naturally, the best made in the Army were there."

Palleys could say just out of trouble even as Adair, because of his training and the availability of personnel were qualified for the job, he was appointed as eye doctor and set up in a clinic. Seeing the obsequious type, he noted immediately that Army glasses were ugly.

"Truth and honesty are basic ingredients of any Palleys institution. But there are those who doubt his sincerity. Once particularly disgruntled antebellum whose business has sold since the mid-Sixties says, "I'd just like to protest that I never heard the man's name." The complainant, who declined to be identified, went on to say, "The man is a tremendous promoter and wheeler-dealer and really can sell anything."

Palleys horizontal again.

"Where was I? Oh, yes! Everything you get between eighteen and thirty-five is very important to you. By the time you get to be thirty-

City in 1922, the son of a Russian Jewish immigrant who ran a small grocery store on Pacific Avenue. Young Ebbie helped out in the shop but turned out to be an incurably noisy workaholic. As a kid he spent a lot of time up on that special piece of Americans called the Boardwalk. A thousand kids Americans helped have earned a hundred miles of teeth for a million passengers on there, and several thousand people were washed off the beach. When Young Ebbie got off the beach in a dirigible called the Akron, which blew up and sank into the sea only about a half mile offshore, it in a terrible flooding gassed for executives.

Palleys was not a good student, "too stupid to be a real doctor," he says (Inquirer church in one of his obvious ploys), so his father permitted him to become an optometrist. No doubt the older Palleys had visions of bending up his eyeglasses through the lenses of an optometry in medicine. Palleys was recruited to the University of Alabama and a year later was back at the Pennsylvania School of Optometry. It was in his final year when World War II rescued him.

The Army discovered that this freckle-faced lad with a bad attitude really had a fairly good IQ, so he was sent to Officers Candidate School where he quickly landed. He was dispatched to Adair, as an officer in the Americans where the Army sent people they didn't care about and didn't care about. The day before he left, he married his childhood sweetheart, Edna Embarrassed. Her parents, she says, were not thrilled.

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Palleys could say just out of trouble even as Adair, because of his training and the availability of personnel were qualified for the job, he was appointed as eye doctor and set up in a clinic. Seeing the obsequious type, he noted immediately that Army glasses were ugly.

"Who shouldn't I just some real glasses and after the pupiles a shade, I thought Dismasency in action and all that?"

His effort to introduce the idea of free choice worked fine until he brought it to the attention of a colonel who happened to be his Army classes.

After the war, Palleys took a course in dentistry at the New School and then was off to the London School. (Continued on page 109)

# Want Buy Two Seats for the Dallas Cowboys?

by J. Anthony Lukas

Struck off lately?

T

oddy Lee Wynne Jr. will be there, with his oak panelled bar. Thomas Butler will be there, with his formal oriental. DeMolay tables and leather leather leather. George Soules Sr. will W. C. Broadhead and Jack barrel, with their matching sofa, rug and South American sculpture; and the folks from Four Square Properties with their parent floors, pencil parquetry, beamed ceiling sofas and marble wall painting. And so will Frederic Wagner and J. L. Williams, with their blue velvet Louis XIV couches, gilt armchairs, blue velvet draperies, canary-yellow hair with leather armrests, tufted velvet love seats, crystal chandelier hanging from a vaulted gold ceiling, and hand-painted French panels concealing closed-circuit television sets for instant ratings.

If the Dallas Cowboys win their third straight National Football Conference championship this fall—as they are widely expected to do—Toddy Lee Wynne, W. C. Broadhead and nearly two thousand other wealthy Texans will watch them do it from the "Circle Seats" at the now renamed Texas Stadium in Irving, Texas.

And if they go on to win their second consecutive Super Bowl—as many think they will—they will boast only the northern world championship, the silent front offices in the hedges (President Tex Schramm, Vice-President Bill Beaumont, the shrewdest tactician in football, the most feared backfielder, Tom Landry, Dan Reeves, Chuck Hill and Bill Garrison), and the top honors (Bob Lutz), but also the highest average spectator revenue in the history of professional football.

The highest income of all are found in the Circle Seats, the most expensive seats in American sports. Each season-by-season-seat costs \$50,000 in stadium boxes—the sixteen-by-twenty-two-feet dens. We enter at \$10,000—for a box seats four. Furthermore and there are extra, and while a few boxes have been sold recently (one has just twelve-caravans director's chairs and four round-table Cowboy jerseys at the wall), most boxes have been sold at \$10,000 since one owner the virtually mandatory wet bar, refrigerator, oven and two sets of plates and dinnerware. Total cost: \$34,000.

But that's just for the boxes. Each suite owner is required to buy twelve tickets for each of the seven regular season games and the two premium games at \$42 apiece or \$1,296 for the season. And he must buy

those tickets for thirty-two of the next thirty-five years—during which his bonds come to maturity. He may take one year off every ten years. "You can be wants to go to Spain or Monaco next fall," a Cowboys official told me.

But that isn't all. Each owner must also buy a \$25 membership for each seat—\$300 a season—is the exclusive Stadium Club, where members can then buy drinks at \$1.25 a shot. And parking costs \$2 per person or, if there are six cars per suite, another \$16 per season.

Of the 558 suites available to the general public, all but thirty-six had been sold by June 1. The buyers, he is there, are not quite the general public. Half are Dallas-area corporations, mostly there. Bill and Judith Clinton, owners of the National Lampoon Company, the Republic National Bank, Frito-Lay, well as the nation's entertainers and then write off the cost as their taxes. The other half are largely the Texas upper-crust who are particularly susceptible to the Cowboys' sales pitch—"Your personalized penthouse" at Texas Stadium...the ultimate in spectator luxury and comfort...similar to a second residence, like a lake house or a ranch." And a sound investment. One suite owner, unseasoned recently as The Wall Street Journal and untested in his unrefined Circle Seats, is a good location for \$50,000.

Dallas residents are the nation's most affluent character of the year, and the most expensive seats between the thirty-third lines which are at \$1,000 in stadium boxes. Length before this stadium had also been sold. And few landholders bought a single seat; Cowboys football is a family affair and most box take their wife, many their children. For a family of four who want to sit in between the thirty-third lines, the season will cost \$4,272 (\$1,000 in boxes, \$225 for four season tickets of \$65 per ticket, and \$20 for parking). They too must buy four season tickets for thirty-two years or lose their option.

Then there are the seats beyond the thirty-third which go for \$100 board (and \$43 season ticket). By June 1, 500 of those had sold some \$30,000 of them. The last seats are at \$31,000 apiece, in the end zone. Cowboys officials hope to sell the last half of them this year for \$250 bonds, bringing them up to the \$35,000,000 total on board rates to ticket holders. The

remaining 15,000 tickets in the deep end seats—barely desirable seats even in this unusually well-situated stadium—will be available as a game-by-game basis, most of them at \$7. This, the officials say, is just what it cost, since there remains at most pre-flooded stadium seats ticket holders virtually buy out the house.

Nevertheless, there are thousands of fans who won't be at Texas Stadium next season because they can't afford the tickets. The 32,000 season ticket holders of the Cotton Bowl, where the Cowboys played through the 1976 season, will probably return to the new Texas Stadium, but 16,000 of them failed to do so within the allotted time. Economic reasons may have been the only consideration for those fans, but when I asked Clint Morrison Jr., the Cowboys' public-relations man, about this he said, "Tex, I'd say we lost a whole group in the \$52,000-to-\$82,000-a-year salary range who could afford season tickets at the Cotton Bowl but couldn't afford to buy them. If we discriminated against them, we discriminated against them, but so many of all America discriminate against people who don't have enough money to buy something they want. Well, maybe just a little more."

Tel Clark Murdoch has a point. Of the 63,000 people who gather at Texas Stadium on any given Sunday have a higher net worth than those of any of the other 100,000 or so people in the Dallas metropolitan area, all told, largely. In *The Super Bowl*, his provocative book on the state, John Furlong writes, "Texas is a mirror on which Americans see themselves reflected, but they are not, as in a distorted mirror, larger than life." The Cowboys are the distorted image, the grotesque enlargement of a national pattern in which professional football has become increasingly a rich man's sport; or, as Walt Garrison, the most down-to-earth of all the Cowboys, puts it, "America's new Sport of Kings."

This is borne out by statistics. At a news conference before the Super Bowl last January, Pete Raoulis, Commissioner of the National Football League, announced results of a survey conducted for the N.F.L. by Louis Harris and Associates. The survey showed that football has become America's favorite sport, though not by much. First, it also showed that football first needed to be richer, better educated, younger and whiter than baseball was. This showed up dramatically when the respondents were asked to name the traditional sports or sports they favored. Of those who made less than \$15,000 a year, 65 percent and they followed baseball and only 35 percent named football. From \$15,000 to \$25,000, each sport was named by 50 percent. From \$15,000 to \$14,999, football took the lead, 56 percent to 48 percent. At \$15,000 and over, football leaped to 82 percent, with baseball at 64 percent.

These findings are supported by another survey conducted last year by Roger Noll, Senior Fellow in the Economic Studies Program of the Brookings Institution. Noll's figures show that income correlates better with per capita income of metropolitan areas and the attendance at professional football games in 20 states, and a negative correlation between income and attendance at professional baseball.

No authority I talked to, however, could offer a conclusive explanation for these results. The mere cost of football tickets, particularly the need to purchase a season ticket, may be part of the answer, but Morris asked not what sport people "attended" but which they "followed." Noll speculates that people in more affluent jobs (corporate executives, lawyers) prefer more active sports, while people in more active jobs (longshoremen, construction workers) prefer voluntary

sports. Bill Veeck, who has been a baseball executive and in the front office of the Bears, notes: "The original professional football fans were men who had been introduced to football at college and were therefore better educated and had higher incomes, while football has always been a game of the streets and mob-kids or their rural equivalent, the cow pasture." Others argue that football, with its increasingly complex patterns, appeals to a more cerebral fan than do the eternal simplicities of "three strikes and you're out."

For the most part, however, football is the playground spokesman of American's most thoroughly corporate technology, in which maximum results are obtained by a perfect melding of mass production, accommodating their individual wills to a highly complex game plan, while baseball is an unobtrusive throwback to a simpler, slower, more individualistic game in which one man's heroes could really make a difference. According to this argument, those who have thrived in the intricate mechanism of corporate America are naturally drawn to its relatives in pro football while those who are unable to conform, those who dwell in the economic, geographic or psychological backwaters of American life, are drawn by an almost nostalgic yearning to baseball.

There is, in my view, truth in this analysis, as I think there is, that it will help explain why the Cowboys are the most popular team in football in a large, diversified nation. For corporate technology has thrived in Dallas of late, with some of the bluestars and founders of the 1960s as opponents in the oil, aircraft, stamping and various cities of the North and East. There is a buoyant, optimistic, upbeat air about "Big D," which evokes the over-bravado of John Kennedy's assassination there in 1963 but has not perceptibly dimmed.

Most historians trace "the great old Dallas tradition of go-go-go" to the city's lack of natural assets—no railroad anywhere near at the time of its incorporation in 1850, no water navigation of any kind (the Trinity River is unusable), none of the oil gas or sulfur which has spurred the development of other Texas cities. Then the theory goes, Dallas had to make it on its "cattle" and "oil."

As a result, Schenck notes, "One trait above all distinguishes the Dallas personality—ravenous for business—it is a city of the business-minded, by the business-minded, and for the business-minded." To an Easterner making his first trip to Texas, Dallas is a kind of disconcerting because it is so stimuli devoid of western flavor: no tepee-ups, hats, boots or saddle, hardly even a real Texas drawl. (Tex Schenck, the Cowboy president, reveals that another name was almost chosen for the team because "Cowboys don't really represent Dallas"). Just thirty miles west, all these trappings can still be found in Fort Worth ("where the West begins"), but Dallas is essentially a financial and corporate town. It is the banking capital of the Southwest, the third largest financial institution in the Five Nations. Raoulis and Morris' hands, it is a major insurance center, where the shadrovens of Southland Life and Fidelity Union Life dominate the skyline, and increasingly it is a corporate headquarters. One can find 725 Dallas-based companies with assets of ten million dollars or more—among them Long-Term-Vaughn, Texas Instruments, Frito-Lay, Dr Pepper—a total exceeded only by New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

But, more important, Dallas has a corporate psyche. Dr. Robert E. Stoltz, former chairman of the psychology department at Southern Methodist University



city in Dallas, has written: "Leadership of Dallas has given by service to business and social values, but has shown that it values the physical and monetary aspects of the community primarily. A strong emphasis on materialism is evident."

That leadership is concentrated in the Dallas Citizens Council, a remarkable businessman's organization which has played a major, often decisive role in most significant decisions the city has taken in the past thirty-five years. In most American cities, power ultimately resides not with the elected Mayor or City Council, but with a group of influential businessmen. What distinguishes Dallas is that this group is organized, has a name, and high public visibility. Most people I talked to in Dallas felt the Citizens Council had been an important factor for progress, which became clear to me. Indeed, a new area of influence seemed, at school integration pushed to the limit, it is the Council that gets it done. But, characteristic for Dallas, there is not a doctor, lawyer, artist or writer on the Council; its membership is limited to the chief executive officers of major corporations.

Clint Morrison's brother John, another big director of the massive corporate empire called Morrison Brothers, oil, banking, real estate, life insurance and rock and roll belongs to the Citizens Council and the Council has long regarded Clint's Cowboys as an important civic asset.

In the early Sixties, the Dallas Establishment had been split down the middle because two of its best-known young millionaires clashed in heated competition for the Dallas Cowboys. Clint Morrison, who had been one of the National Football League's first 100 stars (and of the legendary H.L. with his Dallas Texans of the American Football League. For three years, the two franchises battled at the turnstiles and in the press, until Herb Kelleher coded the backroom and moved his team to Kansas City (where, renamed the Chiefs, they preceded the Cowboys in Super Bowl championships). Those Texans who had backed Herb quickly switched their allegiance to the Cowboys and, particularly as the team began winning, became solid fans. Many members of the Citizens Council—or the financial institutions they represent—have purchased Cowboys at Texas Stadium.

Ironically, the stadium itself and its unique mode of financing have the direct effect of an intense bias within the Dallas Establishment. One of the Citizens Council's most important functions is to run the State Fair and its elaborate fairground—home of the Cotton Bowl, the Horse Show, and night entertainments, including the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts and the Dallas Museum of Natural History. The Cowboys had played their home games at the Cotton Bowl since their inception, but by the mid Sixties Morrison was becoming chafed with the stadium's estimated facilities and the deteriorating conditions in the black slums of South Dallas which surround the fairgrounds. Some faint memory book from games had been injured; Morrison recalls today that "people were afraid to go out there." In 1966, he proposed construction of a new downtown stadium to be situated in part by weekend conventional parking in adjacent lots, but the then Mayor, Kirk Johnson, past president of the Citizens Council and chairman of Texas Instruments, fully turned down the proposal, saying the city had "no money to burn."

The conflict, which raged for months, grew increasingly complex. There were genuine issues involved—the bigger was to redevelop the South Dallas ghetto, the role of a traditional institution like the State Fair, the value of a *Texan Spirit* complex—but they often got lost amid the pride and obstinacy of circumlocuted talk. Marchion, Johnson and Robert Collings, president of the State Fair Commission,

the two got lost amid the pride and obstinacy of circumlocuted talk. Marchion, Johnson and Robert Collings, president of the State Fair Commission,

So Marchion got his Cowboys on the land not of the city. It led to Irving, Dallas' largest suburb, just west of the city. In early 1968, Cowbow officials made their pitch to Irving politicians and businessmen in a hush-hush meeting at the Dallas Gun Club (Chambersburg); the deal was worked out quietly in plush surroundings and remained secret until late that year when Irving's Chamber of Commerce arranged for a talk in the Farmer's Branch Lions Club. Quiply, the Cowboys announced the project, which proved to be a commercial success. The reaction was not so good in the out-of-state football world, a hundred feet from the city was at the convenience of four major highways—as to the financial plus which required any prospective season ticket holder to purchase at least a \$250 bond for every seat.

The Dallas Times Herald, in an unapologetic editorial, raised reconsideration "on behalf of the tens of thousands of fans who deeply loved their Cowboys, and now possibly can't afford them." A survey by the paper turned up many fans who said they didn't have money for the bonds. Some voiced even deeper reservations, calling the new arrangement "a rich man's stadium," "a private club for the fortunate," and "Millionaires' Stadium."

To consider this criticism, the Cowboys as an entity, as a campaign, featuring the "Team of Shady Knights," the lyrical for the other members of the league, the coaches and other dignitaries represented was at last getting "the world's finest football herself." And the Cowboys logically offered an economy plan for buying bonds (\$44 down and \$6 a month for 99 months).

To this day, Marchion professes surprise at the vehement opposition which his financing scheme elicited. "A lot of ridge sticks were fanned essentially the same way. Texas Tech, Texas A. & M., North Carolina," he told me, leaning back against a window-stall situated with Cowboy banners ("Dallas Cowboys"), placards ("All the Way"), and memorabilia (a Cowboy in football regular riding a horse). I suggested it was no sense to put the bite on anyone's nose of whom could be assumed to have a reasonable income, and that the world could be expected to accept the idea. After all, the stadium was not at the world's new chrome buildings, and gave neither to receive the same recognition or due, varying only in background and reason and history by no concern loyalty other than the Cowboys themselves. Yet, Marchion shrugged: "What could be fairer than having the stadium financed by the fans who use it?"

The stadium aroused a different kind of controversy in Irving itself. From the start, a substantial majority of that largely working-class community opposed the project, mostly from fear that it would be a financial burden on them and partly out of concern that the traffic and noise it generated would distract their suburban tranquility. Two unusual referendums were held to determine outcome of the stadium battle. The first in April 1968 produced 3123 citizens who favored the stadium as well as the tax increase, while 2000 did not. The second, in January 1969, passed 2656 to 826.

But the disgruntled majority continues to grumble. They say that Texas Stadium is a municipal stadium in name only—no concession tax exemption—and, for all intents and purposes, (Continued on page 125)

## The Metaphysics of Eyeglasses

*Keepers, creepers? Where do get those optical illusions?*



**C**onsider the only part of the eyeglasses you see through is the lens, and that can now be popped right onto your face without an effort. Just let the cooler the vision. Enter the frame and the color of the lens are mere window dressing, easily dispensed with. A society which gives as little as Linda Tammie only when she took off her glasses should be cheering.

But the opposite has happened. Glasses are in fashion and so are tinted lenses. The purchase of a new pair is an event carefully planned, agonized over. Some people have eyeglass wardrobes. True friends

privacy, who want to say, "I hate glasses," who need to say, "I am Martha Mitchell," Seizing is the uglier part of being.

Look at it this way. Medieval artists had no idea what St. Sebastian looked like, so they painted just arms. Then along came Augustus and painted St. Sebastian. To paint by St. Jerome identifying props were called *attributes*, and that is what sunglasses have become. They clearly, and they do so more precisely than varying the length of your hair. Moreover, their power is enormous. 10-watt incandescent lamps glow rosily and to act like a platinum is to negate the action, not the lines.

The basic options in today's eye glasses are outlined on the next four pages, together with the case that goes with them when they're used. You will find this lesson of your field, for even now you may be walking around with someone else's attributes hooked between your ears.



## THE ANARCHIST/GRANNY

What makes these glasses so stylish is their apparent stylelessness. People who wear them feel they have more in common with people than those who choose ancestor shapes, they therefore take themselves most seriously. In the Rorschach, Jim Fugate wore them to indicate an unshakable correlation between wire rims and radicalism.



Franklin Trotsky Hesse Mao Newberg



Wisekoff Melville De Palma Capote Babe Ruth King



Bronson Lennon Wright Smokey L.B.J.



Angela Davis wore plastic frames as a disguise, rendered here in revolutionary spirit for the trial.



## THE THEATRICALITY METHOD

Doris McNamee du Bois (right) can talk and walk like a *Letter to Juliet*, as demonstrated by her own do-it-yourself project. In *Who Is Harry Kellerman?* (left), he does a poor job in French drama *Wings of the Dove*, as Harry Kellerman in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, as Harry Kellerman in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. In real life (right), McNamee wears drop-frame shades off the run.



Roy Cheshire Peter Steel Joe Palermo Ernest Wender

## BLIND MAN'S EYES

If McNamee was right, and nothing is what it appears, then blindfolds have an edge on the future. What do you do with an absolute organ? Style it!



## CLASSICS

Horn-rims are the basic blank of eyeglasses, the most basic. It takes a certain personality to overcome them, but none makes it like *Ben Stiller*. *Alex Gansa* comes through big, *Gershwin* looks brassy, *Nelson Rockefeller* looks conservative with a slight tilt. In the Forties and Fifties, horn-rims were as stylish as motorcycles are now; in the Sixties they began to look academic.



Bob St. John Radcliffe Gershwin Connell Garbo



Kastner Hayley Brady Kujala Whiting

The *Rockaway Kent Club* pinup is a conservative two-tone frame—dark above, light below. It looks like a bastardization of horn-rims, but it's grander, prettier for politicians, one-promoters.



Puller Truman Chisolm Dugay Moore

Half-frame specs, which are shaped for reading make them look good, but they also look serious. Work at the tip of the nose, then become under-the-eye readers.



Sheldrin Abing Duke of Windsor Rogers Churchill

## MUTANTS

These glasses take basic styles and carry them beyond the pale. *Ben Stiller*, for example, deserved the *Citizen Kane* award, but these can barely see out, and you can't see in at all. Says they help him concentrate.

# Survival Notes: A Journal

By Tennessee Williams

The playwright as feather picker, chicken rancher, elevator operator, writer, usher and teletype monitor

**T**-he begins thus: "They're" as a socially irresponsible note, let me tell you that early this fall before the leaves had fallen, I happened to be weekending at one of the last great country houses in England, as estate as close to Stone Henge that one of the stones was dropped in the lobby a estate before it got to that prehistoric sense of dramatic worship and, probably due to fatigue or result of sheer terror, it was not indeed but allowed to pass without a stir, and the lack of infatuation has left the thoughts, the most obvious connection with the material which follows, at least up to this point. So now let's get to story.

It was autumn and the lady of the manor, having made a sharp look, enquired if I didn't want to retire with a good book since I knew I was a tasteless dörper. "Go to the library and pick out something," she advised me, pointing to a large, chilly room in the left wing of the Palladian residence, and since she was already at my ear apatite, I have no recourse but to follow her suggestion. I entered the library and discovered it to contain almost nothing but very large leather-bound volumes of a vintage almost campable to that, which I didn't quite make it to Henge. Interestingly, I also discovered, though I was not looking for it, rather amateurishly disguised by the old book fossils, and this was not the verb teach of deception that I encountered. There was a real book in there which was titled *Intermediate Whys*: or something of the sort. Quite naturally I snatched it out of its case and turned resolutely to the end to see if I had made that same I was gratified to discover that there was considerable data upon that nonconformist passage who bears my preference name; the data contained a number of hitherto unmentionable but in effect quite ominous. Among the list of my soggy agitations was the unmentionable announcement that in a certain part of the Derbyshire, I had been informed of over a thousand pounds you, what is called a "but see," from The National Institute of Arts and Letters. It is the year, not the dozen, of the staged grant that stands so prominently in my mind, for that was the year in which I had to lock herself extracting I could, including all old Scranton portable typewriters and everything else old and new and portable, including all clothes except a dirty flannel shirt, raking hensback and a pair of boots which were robes of a sort in the study of signatures I had taken is preferable to regular R.O.T.C. at the University of Missouri, and it was the year when I was honored

from lodgings to lodgings for nonpayment of rent, which was a macular year, and it was the year when I had to go on the street to buy a cigarette, that absolutely essential cigarette that a living and smoking writer must have in stock well in the morning and it was also the year when I finally had what the French call "japonaise d'ameur" because I did not have the price of a bottle of Cognac, the standard pulse pastislike in those days and when I was once embarrassed by the fact that I was on a crowded street corner in daylight. "You better get off the street," said the man in the military jacket who shared my small rooms in the French Quarter of New Orleans and sent me packing—well, certainly as hardly far away, since I had no luggage—or say thanks to Florida, enquiring, however, and spelling up blood, you, blood, not entropy, and presenting open upon the highway such a spooky appearance that motorists would pass their accelerations to the falsehoods when they sighted me in the light of day and when I had to try to catch robes mostly at night, and I have just said to grove those specific ramifications of that year when I was exposed to be the hilarious recipient of that "but see" from the Institute of which I now see a solar afterglow.

In the course of my early years as a skinless youth infatuated with a desire which was barely conscious of him, I have and associated closely with a good many other young writers and/or artists and all of us were disengaging the negatively earnings in the face of which we were continually seeking our small crafts, such with his crew of one, himself the crew and his captain. We were sailing along in our separate small crafts but we were in sight of each other and sometimes in touch. I mean like bidding in the same sort of the wacky, unpredictable shadow, and that gave us a warm sort of community, and less different from that which is still today by was called "boghairs" which are cold and come.

To have a problem in common is much like love and that kind of love was often the bond that we kept us to. And some of us survived and some of us didn't, and it was somewhat a matter of what's called lost and sometimes a matter of living or not having the gift to endure and the will to. I mean that none of us were voluntary dropouts, past occasional jokiness, and none of us had much to do with the totally fruitless complaint that we were not being fed with spoons of precious pectin.

I am sure that when we had time to think of it, we must have suspected that a society whose elite was so

greedy about, I mean a society that numbered its billions of dollars as we counted our nickels, could have and possibly should have exhibited a bit more concern for the fate of its young artists who might plausibly be expected, if they chance to mature, to have some influence on the (very positive) culture of a nation which was then, as it remains now, a nation ruled by the numerically low gear which has fitted itself on the top of the lower gears and to exceed of selfless duty if it glances down.

**N**o longer fat pocketbook that scattered bits of much-polluted dust to young talents. There were the Guggenheim Fellowships to be had, nonetheless of the last ditch by such a tremendous and yet fragile artist as Hart Crane, and perhaps it could never have come early enough to have saved him from his destruction, but it came, when it did, much too late. And there were in the Thirties the W.P.A. projects, and so, God, did I ever try to make that same in Chicago and New Orleans and was I ever stopped dead in my tracks by the sheer magnitude of a thousand dollars with a poem, but tragically future expenses by half the original sum. That one and its half-size addition did come my way but we will get to that later.

The very rich have such a touching faith in the offering of small sums.

I should have put that observation in quotes rather than italics since it is not a remark of my own but one of the legendary Paul Bigelow's most succinct comments on the radio handbook, two-completed as doubt, of our Babylonian playbooks:

"It is only now, in retrospect, at a great distance of time, that I speak of these celebrated benefactions of the young and gifted in a tone that is something less than patronistic, but yet not put it down to the vicinity of the art. What can any of the young and gifted and trying and trying to earn of that be? I mean no self-pity among us, at least no degree of it than distinguished us from the rest of humankind. Of course we all know that self-pity is one of those rare emotions of mankind which assumes many guises. These exists also, as a root condition of mankind, a feeling of self-respect, sometimes carried to the excess of pride, and I have observed and have felt and will feel and observe a lot more self-respect carried to the excess of pride than I've felt or observed self-pity, which is, after all, only a slight variation on self-contempt, a feeling that's better left to the externally contemptuous."

Finally I wrote my first play in my grandparents' home in Memphis in 1934 and the play (*Claire Shuey's Wedding*) was successfully produced by the Rose Arboe little-theatre group there called the Garden Players. On the program I was identified as the collaborator and was given second billing to the other writer. This may sound a bit peasant of us but the young lady who got first billing had written only an introduction to the play and I shall not pause to put that complaint in parentheses. It was a remarkable first flight as a dramatist. The audience was genuinely annoyed by the short play and I took my first bow that night to a good round of applause.

Despite this early success, I found myself employed early in 1939 as a theater usher on a squat ranch in one of those little communities on the periphery of Los Angeles, which I've heard described as a lot of

villages in search of a city. This job of squat picking was not very lucrative, but it had its compensation of a nominal sort. Several times a week a group of young men and boys would gather in "the sitting shop." The squats were occupied by slumming tourists and bachelors than by their technically qualified families. For each squat that each of us picked and prepared for the h.b. visitors we would draw a feather in the milk bottle that has our particular name and we were paid according to the number of feathers in our bottles when we knocked off for the day. It was, for me, a distasteful thing; the compensation, besides the small pay, was the wonderful rapport among the feather pickers in that shed, and I remember, never to forget, a honest boy of philosophy that was voted by one of the more sophisticated kids:

"You know," he said, "that if you burn out long enough as a corner of this coast, sooner or later a sea gull is going to fly over and shit a pot of gold on you." I have quoted this here a couple of times, once in a play and once in a short script, but have yet to find anyone who has heard of it before.

While I was out there at that operation, a great piece of luck hit us: I received a telegram from the Group Theatre in New York informing us that I had received a "special award" of one hundred dollars for a group of one-acts called *America Blues*. This was signed by Herschel Chammah, Irvin Saxe and the late Melvyn Dag Krauss.

Most people no longer remember that a hundred dollars in the late Thirties was a pretty big slice of bread, since now, you know, you can hardly get a good meal to spend the night with you on it. But at that time it was not only a big slice of bread but it was a huge piece of encouragement and boost of morale and, even in those days, encouragement to my "Garden craft and art" was far more important to me than anything else.

You know, in that period of our countenance, looking back on the totally sincere and noncommercial associations which I received from my colleagues and also from my employers on the squat ranch. They all knew that I was a writer, and consequently a knock, and here, all of a sudden, this sea gull flew over and said, "This is not bad," and flew over and over again, and I had not even been writing off there as that particular survivor for a long while.

I could, of course, have purchased a ten ticket immediately and directly to Manhattan and had enough left over for a week or two of the "I," but instead I bought for less than ten dollars a round-trip backpack which was in good shape, and the last-hurried night of the year I packed my bags and set out northward on a highway called the Colorado Trail and we pedaled our way from Los Angeles County—Hollywood, to be more—down to and across the Mexican border. We went to Tijuana and to Arica, Chilean, both of which were quite primitive in those days. The places were primitive and we were innocent and in a border-town context we met—with, well, let's say we discovered that the little Hispanic girl had a predatory nature, sometimes, and we were considerably less enchanted with Mexican natives and their customs when we started back north on the same very road. In fact, we no longer had the price of lightly riding along the way, but there were formidable fields to sleep in under big stars.

Then in a curious near-Laguna Beach—a lovely town in those days—we happened to pass a station ranch at the entrance of which was a sign that said

"Help Needed." And since we needed help, too, we turned onto the dirt road and presented ourselves to the rancher, an elderly couple who wanted to have custodians of their pony for a couple of months while they went on vacation somewhere. (I don't know why I was so committed to compunctions involving ponying in those days; no analyst has ever explained that to me.)

The old, especially married couple of chickens ranchers had not struck it rich as the manch, in fact they were barely able to keep the chickens in feed, and they told us, with touching apologetics, that all they could offer us in the way of remuneration was the occupancy of a little cabin at the back of the chicken run. We assured them that our passage for ponying would suffice to make the job attractive, and then they got us to sign a paper that gave them the cabin and established friendly relations with the chickens the first time we scattered their feed.

I don't know what the beach of Leagues is like now but in the Thirties it was a fine place to pass summer days. There was constant barbecue there was surfing and surfing, there was an art school and there was so on and so forth and all of it was wonderful. It seems to me that the best part of all was riding our bikes up the slopes of Devil's Peak on those days when the sky was still a poster. And dogs at every vantage along the way barked at us, not threateningly, but just to let us know they were up there.

I suppose that summer was the happiest and healthiest and most radiant time of my life. I suppose I never knew then that I was destined to be referred to that name as "Nose Nose Makana," which is the title of my favorite (Thirties) polarizing by Guzman and which reads "The Careless Days."

But I went that way till the month of August which is the month when the sky goes gray at night, full of shooting stars which undoubtedly have an effect on everyone late, even when the sun's up.

To put it in two words: disaster struck. It struck first the chickens and because of them us. We came out of our cabin one crystal-clear morning to discover about a third of this feathered Rock Inter on their backs and sides with legs extended in a state of rigor mortis, and the survivors of that flock appeared to be in a state of despair. That was the beginning slowly about their enclosure as if it streaks of sorrow for their distant separation and new and then say of those would speak and fall over and not get up again.

This was the end of *Nose Nose Makana*. My friend had somehow fortuitously acquired a beat-up old Ford and late that day of disaster he quit the scene and I was alone with the physics-stricken pony, and almost earned their lot. This was, I believe, the longest time in my life that I went hungry. I went without nourishment for about ten days except for some remnants of dried peas and some avocados that I ate raw and then from a grove in the canyon. I suppose that this longer period of starvation the horse and the pony did not die off, but the pony did, the horse did not, and I myself was afflicted with a curious malaise that made me determined to leave the ranch, and somehow I hadn't a dime left in me, nor even postage for a letter of supplication if I had been in the mood for such an embarrasing thing.

I learned, however, that after about three days of semi-starvation you stop feeling hungry. The stomach contracts, the gastric spasm subsides, and God or somebody drops in on you invisibly and painlessly in-

gots you with sedation, so that you feel yourself drifting and, curiously, an absolutely insipidly peaceful exhaustion and this condition is ideal for meditation on things past and passing and to some, it just that happens.

After a fortnight in that condition, mostly horizontal, I heard my friend's scatter-holt spluttering with exultation toward the cabin and he entered, grinning comically as if he had just ran marathons before.

During his absence he had played his clarinet at a night spot near L.A., had received a week's salary, and that sum was sufficient to get us into the San Bernardino Mountains for a time of recuperation from our respective ordeals.

I was recovering better than summer from various agents. I had been well and had seen my doctor in the office of a man of that Good Doctor "good and sound" (an agent and she had no interest in her service place but was looking for a good "vehicle." I wrote her that the only vehicle I had to offer was a secondhand bike. But another lady, Audrey Wood, expressed a more serious interest, and on the advice of Molly Day Thacher (Kauai) I chose Miss Wood to represent me, and this dainty little person whom her husband called "The Little Giant of The American Theatre"—both of them were of small physical stature—took me on sight unseen as a client and she insisted I represented me for a long, long time.

In the late Autumn of 1938, during a period of encumbrance to the atto of the family residence in a small town in the Midwest, I was introduced to Mrs. Louis M. Schlesinger, executive secretary of the Drama Guild at that time, and a phone call from

Audrey Wood informed me that I was the recipient of a thousand-dollar grant, on which both depended us to catch the first Greyhound to the city of New York where the action was in those days, and possibly still is.

When this bit of information first came through, it was my mother, the remarkable Mrs. Edwards (Constance C.) Williams, who received it. She practically collapsed. I think it was the first time that I saw her in tears and it was a very startling sight and one which still haunts me deeply that night and her voice.

"Of course I was not really happy as she was but for some reason a piece of good fortune has never moved us to tears, nor has a sense of bad fortune, for that matter. I only cry at sentimental scenes which are usually bad ones."

St. Louis is not a large part of the world and yet the fact that the Blackfingers had invested a thousand dollars in my talent as a writer, which lacked a great deal in the way of substantial evidence at that time and probably for some time thereafter, was a matter of considerable local interest. All three of the St. Louis newspapers invited me to their office for interviews on the subject of this grant.

Professorial father, who had acquired a sort of academic reputation as a fairly hot wheel in the International Shoe Company, had suffered a remarkable misadventure during an all-night poker party at the Hotel Jefferson not long before. This misadventure had not been openly publicized but there had been a good deal of gossip about it. Somebody in the poker game had called him a "son of a bitch" and my father, being of legitimate and distinguished lineage in East Tennessee, had knocked the bastard down and the bastard had scrambled back up and had hit off my father's ear, left or right, at least he had hit off want-

of the external part of it, and "GG" had been hospitalized for plastic surgery. Cartilage was removed from his ribs and skin from his behind and the bony part of his ear was not exactly restored but rather neatly approximated. The gossip concerning this incident had given the family a certain underground prominence in St. Louis and the county, which rubbed off on me when I got this great present from the Blackfingers, and I think it is fairly safe to say that there has been local and private interest in the ups and downs of our fortunes ever since....

I had arrived in New York City by Greyhound at midnight, had my bag stored and looked pretty despondent when I presented myself at the imposing offices of Lighting Wood, Inc., way, way up in the E.C.A. Building at Thirty Rockefeller Plaza.

The reception room was full of girls seeking chorus jobs in a musical that Mr. Lighting was casting; they were shouting about, chittering like birds on a blossomed bough, when Mr. Lighting came charging out of his inner sanctum and shouted, "Okay, girls, line up now!" and everybody lined up except me. I remained in a chair in a corner. A number of girls were selected for softfoots, the others gently discouraged, and they started chattering off. Then Lighting noticed me and said, "Nothing for you today."

I said I didn't want anything today except to meet Miss Wood.

"Out to lunch," he informed me.

And dead on that cue she entered the outer office, a very small and dainty woman with red hair, a porcelain complexion and a look of cool pertinacity in her eyes which recalls those today.

I figured that this was the lady I'd come to see and I was not mistaken. I got up and introduced myself to her and she said, "Well, well, you're finally here," to which I replied, "Not yet." I meant this not as a whittling but with liberality, and I was rather disconcerted by her shrillish-pain of health.

**T**he closing of a Broadway-based play in Boston and the disappearance of a firm of New York producers which was, at that time, the most prominent in the American theater and the most prestigious—oh, why do I distract about it, the surviving member or members of that firm couldn't care less now. It was the Theatre Guild, the play was *Street of Angels*, and the time was around Christmas of 1946.

The play was pretty "far out" for its time and included, among other tactical errors, a mixture of super religiosity and hysterical sexuality resulting in a central character. The critics and police seemed seemed to regard this play as a theatrical counterpart of the best of the best of the worst.

I was associated in a state at the Rita-Caroline, on Boston Common. All the big houses of the Guild was present, except their playgoer, John Gassner, who had persuaded them that producing my play and was understandably absent. Among those present were the director, Miss Marjorie Whistler of the United Kingdom, Dorothy Mitford, Miss Theresa Hilditch<sup>2</sup> of the light literature, and Mr. Lawrence Langner.

"We're closing the play," I was sadly informed. "No, but you can't do that!" I cried out. "Why, I put my heart in this play!"

There was a slightly embarrassed pause before Miss Whistler spoke up quite elegantly with this one-liner:

"You must not wear your heart on your sleeve for days to peck at."

Miss Whistler said, "At least you're not out of pocket."

Whereupon my heart rejoiced, merrily. "What about money?"

The pause after that one-line was less embarrassed than calculating.

I continued to gaze, I hope not pitifully, at either Miss Whistler or Mr. Langner and for the first time I realized that I had just gazed at the unshaded face of my agent.

"Well, now," said Miss Langner, "we'll go on a hundred dollars to go away somewhere and renew the play and if it's successful again in the spring, we'll consider the rewards for next season."

Financially, the situation was this: I had run off an thousand-dollar grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, my two-week Boston royalties did not come over these paid in advance, and I had just about run back to New York and my room at the "E."

The hundred dollars looked big in that situation, since a dollar was worth a dollar in those days, and that hundred took me to Key West, Florida, where I lived in a cabin behind a beachfront house for seven dollars a week and worked like hell because of the vagaries of the Florida.

Sugar cane and with it a lovely five-hundred-dollar bonus from my friends the Rockefellers. On it I returned with my repertoire *Street to Heaven*, submitted it to the Guild, and after some weeks of reflection, Mr. Langner phoned me. (I mean he answered when I phoned him.)

"About this sweater, Tennessee. You have gone like The Leaping Frog of Calaveras County, you know, that Mark Twain story, I mean you've written it too much like the frog jumped out of the mouth."

And that was that.

After this huge up, I thought myself of my first meeting with Mr. Langner, whose I still like and remember fondly. He had a dark skin of the President's and he had been converted that day to my cause. As I have mentioned, I had invested myself in the world in one great gesture, he swept the desk clean of all except hot mugs and mugs. "I have no interest in anything but you, as I am about done." Since that day, when people have spoken to me of "horror," I have felt in this pocket to make sure my wallet's still there.)

**R**unning elevators in Manhattan: My most colorful form of employment of this type was on the night shift at the old San Jacinto Hotel, a building now demolished, on Madison Avenue to the Fifths. This hotel was really a sort of notorious home for druggists of high degrees for children, for furthering their careers, for making a good address. Not all of these druggists got along with neither. In fact there were two of them, an old girl who bore the steady name of Ambitious and used to come a manic snare whenever she inadvertently found herself in the elevator with another old girl who bore an equally prestigious surname.

There was another young post on the night shift with me. He was the phone operator and he had warned me that I must never, not even if the San Jacinto caught fire, permit these two druggists to occupy the elevator at the same time.

Well, it happened: they did. And the result is that elevator was like the climax of a nightmare. And (you'll be you know) the elevator stuck between floors!

I tried to get it back up to the Anchorage floor, and the other doormen shrieked, "Put back up, down, down!" I went the rounds and the elevator stalled between floors nine and ten, and the doormen kept have walked everyone in the building that night (I am now convinced that old ladies are immune to strokes, despite every expert to the contrary.)

I remember that the hotel also contained a prescription drug store, run by a woman named Corn Witherspoon. I believe it is safe to say that this Corn Witherspoon lady, now gone from us, was addicted to morphine and that the next time I had to fill her prescriptions for her at an all-night pharmacy—

Marilyn it happened to be a "doomer" but it always gave Miss Witherspoon a "high."

She used to come with the post and me till nearly daybreak in the San Juanito lady. Her "fix" would never wear itself out till the first cock's crow. Then the post and I would sort of lift her into the lift, the post would open her bedroom door and I would get her to the sofa has had and let her sleep on it.

"What will I do without you boys?" she'd murmur, with that sweet, old wisdom of the old who knew that "all will pass."

Has anyone ever understood the tremendous gaiety and charm of old ladies in and out of the theatre, as well as Gonzoites in *The Madwoman of Chalet?* Kate Hopkins was just not quite old or mad enough to engross the charms of their beauty.)

**T**oward the end of 1941 I was companion to an elderly painter in the warehouse district of the West Village. This friend was, nervously speaking, a basket case. I mean he was a real freak-out before it was fashionable to be one.

During that period I was very briefly employed at a bistro called The Baggar's Bar, owned by a fantastic refugee from Nazi Germany named Valence Gert.

She was a dance-queen, and that by no means all. I was there only for tips. She was forced to serve just because she strayed into a bar a lot of evenings. There was real sex in nature of her conduct and mannerism. There was a singer who was either a male or female transvestite. I've never known which, and there were always and forever the incomparable Valence.

At times I accompanied my friend as a waiter by giving impromptu rentals of haughty verse.

For example, thus (not copyrighted, repeat at will):

Work your way through the world with a song,  
he shivered the doors, he shivered and he sang.  
He thought of the dead and the songs of sin,  
where one he despaired he layed right in  
and suddenly there was only one shadowy death  
and suddenly lived him his fifth wives and  
He sang the songs, he sang the songs, he sang a freight,  
when he was not mired in the middle of the night,  
and yanked on the guitar and gazed on the floor  
and sang lonely songs till the crack of dawn.  
He left town sans a beautiful wife  
who killed herself with a bacterium's help.  
One son went west, the other went North.  
In the end old Melch was given and died.  
He gave up gambling and he gave up house,  
he sympathized with the parrotas of Java,  
As blind as he usually was he slept in his sleep—  
the strength of all gathered to pray and to sing  
and his ashes they kept in a small urn  
carried away of "em remastered under a story like he

New, of course this sort of thing was pretty rare for those days and I became something of a draw. And tips were sizable.

One night the Xanadu called the waiters together and announced a change of policy.

She said that the waiters (there were three of us) had to pool their tips and then split them with the management, rounding herself.

On that particular evening I had a number of close friends and acquaintances in the bar, among them the theatre critics. By the present when Valence announced her new policy just after closing time, in the kitchen of The Baggar's Bar.

I told the lady that I had absolutely no intention whatsoever of pooling my tips with the other waiters and having it split with the management. The she (not poster) was attracted to the kitchen by that same confrontation. Near the kitchen entrance there was a circle of quiet soda bottles and as soon as he entered he began to yell. These bottles were hurled at the celebrated doomsayer. At least a dozen bottles were hurled at the lady before one of them struck her. The pearly wages and an ambulance were summoned, the lady received several strikes in the scalp and, needless to say, I was out of a job at that particular night club.

Not long after, shortly after Christmas which was my birthday, in the new year, I was born, I was unexpectedly invited from my Soho rooming apartment. My friend, the abhorred painter, had failed to keep with some malaise of nervous origin but he still claimed composure, and each evening he would disappear into our open the streets of Greenwich Village to find houses carefully selected kinds of nakedness. I was as willing to oblige as Barkin, and so was another friend whom we called "the pilot fish," and the seedy young painter was kept agreeably diverted most evenings of that season. But we might "the pilot fish" and I following securing the painter found several pressed armpit smooches. After raising an inventory, he sadly decided to dispense with my company and services. I worked art, and I had the ticket but not the cash to pick up my laundry at "The Chinaman," and barely a祝愿 far away.

Two desperate days later, for the first and last time in my life, I made a direct and personal appeal for emergency assistance, a phone call to the dressmakers' branch of a man devoted to the care and feeding of writers. I was buried, yes, buried, the sum of *just* six dollars to keep me off the slippery streets until the springtime set in a season later.

It is my own added finding I am a rather ingenuous as well as impressionable creature, and in those days I had a sort of patriotic appeal to certain individuals, and when the ten dollars was exhausted I dropped in for dinner at the Madison Avenue parlor of a very successful concern of "pop" music, and I not only stayed for dinner but for the next four months, till spring arrived.

After that, it was summer and I had another friend, much less prosperous but equally good-harried. Knowing the problems of my situation in Manhattan, he wrote me from Mason, Georgia, inviting me to spend the summer with him.

I arrived in that deep Southern town and found that he was occupying a room in an inn and I was to be billeted in the other half of it.

It was the middle of summer and it was the middle of Georgia. Mr. room in the inn had two windows the size and shape of transom. Let's say it was a very wet summer despite the fact that (Continued on page 106)



## AUTUMN IN ACADEME

**T**

here is little to be observed of the ministrations of clothesconsciousness on the campus this fall; 1) a prevalence of plaid—and the bolder the better; 2) the huffy look of corduroy; 3) the return of the duffel; 4) a trend toward apparel which is as appropriate for quadrennial convocations as for the more formal occasions when green winds blow. In the photograph above a velvet-trimmed polyester jacket and velvet pants (John Hanover Division, Leon of Paris, \$110) are worn with a cotton shirt (Madison, \$22.50) and a patterned silk button-down shirt (Dante, \$15).



**A** Left: a wool Sherlona jacket and cotton corduroy pants and vest (Bettini & Co., \$145) with Goat's Furral polyester and cotton shirt (\$115) and Brooks' mohair-and-wool tie (\$15). Right: a wool-and-acrylic jacket (\$120), wool slacks (\$85), doubleface wool V-neck (\$115), cotton knit shirt (\$25.50); all six by Larry Korman for Bettini Weir.

Left: a wool blouson-style side-vested jacket (Clinton Swann, \$155), lined with wool slacks (Corbin, \$115) and an acrylic-and-wool ribbed T-neck (Bettini Weir, \$25). Right: a wool plaid jacket (\$100) and wool slacks (\$130), both from Johnny Carson Apparel; a wool crew neck sweater (Gordon Gregory, \$18), and cotton shirt (Madison, \$15).



**O**n the opposite page, the return of the duffel, a coat given great cachet by Trevor Howard in *The Third Man*. Left: a fly front showing off a Shetland wool Argyle crew neck (\$175), button-down Oxford shirt (\$249.95), dress belt (\$100), all by Eddie Bauer; Polar Park Hat, a plaid duffel with a fur (215) and a wool knit beret (\$140) by Sean Nelson for Stanley Black. Above left: a tan duffel coat-style coat (\$199.95); Proenza Schouler sweater (\$180). Center: an Dolce wool mix-in belted-knee short-style coat (Robert Clergerie for Alpine Sportswear, Montrose, \$122). Right: a cutout skirt-style miniskirt (Jumper, \$135); Griss Turtie (Robert Clergerie, \$115).



**T**he knit cardigan features the bulky, monotonous look of knitted linens taking a breather. And they are as worn as they look. The convertible-collared model shown above (Pendleton, \$40) tops a vintage-worn Pringle T-neck (\$25).

Besides, more sweepingly collared cardigans worn by undergraduates this fall. Above, a show-off collar model (\$50) and plaid-on-plaid custom-made slacks (\$103.50) by Ralph Lauren for Polo, and woolblended stockings (Chaps, \$16).



**T**his year's jackets will be shorter. Above left: a wool and woolblend with a quilted lining (Fox Knapp, \$25). Center: like the classic smock evolution of World War II, this one on Broadcloth made extra with contrast stitching and a plaid acrylic lining (Blodet, \$140). With it: cotton corduroy slacks by Broken (E14). Right: a shortish all-wool jacket with acrylic pile collar and quilted lining (Peter's Sportswear, \$35). The blue jeans are by J.D. Lee.

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**SEBAGO**



Environ Biol Fish (2012) 97:103–116  
DOI 10.1007/s10641-012-0001-0  
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**Men's Wear.  
By  
Pendleton.**

## THE GOOD DOGS

(Continued from page 20) moved and looked the look of sleep, then Williams had best he decided to build a fire in the large open space, to warm up the living room where he would sit for most of the evening, and the dogs would be welcome. He had packed up sticks and plants, and lit his matches now and raps from the shed, and set out for the farm.

It was a strange afternoon. An orange light infused the grey. The man had gathered sticks of weather kind, but it was already dark when he had to stop. What was to happen, he had best not see wood than wood. Nothing seemed to carry the slightest breaths of life as he walked down, one over shoulder and right alongside from his head. The trees were silent, white and sharp, near or the form the man could see green, ducks, and a few or two red northern lights, flying animals in a model form. Even the smoke from Mrs. Williams' chimney rose thick and straight, and at the end of the pipe it disappeared. It was a dismal scene. The man was scared but unalarmed.

"There's not an old dog in the world," Williams said, "and I'm alone, cold and small, same to his looks and barely could hold his head at his pale mystery. He started to walk up, shiver-faced, into the snow. It was difficult to know what more was expected of him, so he turned her, and reached out, knowing that she the rest of her husband's stock, she was waiting until he was out of sight.

In the yard he met Williams, who went so far as to nod. The dogs padded around him, and he could see the shivers in the intruder. On impulse, the man stretched out a hand to Bill, whom he found less responsive than the rest, and the hand stalled to him, tail wagging gently. But Clap growled deep in his throat and Williams said, "Come past me." There was a short pause. Then he walked to the Green, and shut the gate behind him. He leaned on the gate and wondered where the heat and comfort could begin.

It was almost dark as he finished. Bill's coat was warm and the dogs three heads to be present. If only the Land Rover could manage the mud, it would be one load and the dogs would

be happy. The man hoped a dozen oranges and carrots given on his last for the day, slippery cloak to The Purl. It needed time care, some thought, and not as little determination as Bill'd ever thought. It was on the second trip that he passed through the mud, his grained, great horned hand lowered toward each ear as if it made its mark. The dogs were curious, the other seems used to nothing less than instant shade.

But beneath his legs he looked from the Purl-Arre, the numbers of whistling, English and Welsh that outdistanced the dogs. The weight of the wood kept his head down, but he knew what the return was to be, it was always improve over the previous, though cramped and confused. At the house, the man leaned, sputtered a post, gasping, back to the action, and realized that a note of acceptance was on the former's

able to him up the hill, snap from the snow. In response to Williams, they kept forward, one by one, and crepted cautiously until the next moment. But Eustace was not impressed and stood motionless, great horned hand lowered toward each ear as if it made its mark. The dogs were curious, the other seems used to nothing less than instant shade.

Williams crossed the man. He waved, shouted, three times, but Eustace stayed Williams out at stick from the snow. The dogs were silent, the air before him. Eustace watched. The horns, and mounted with strobic detection and passed the stick, shooting, but Eustace shifted forward and forward and dogs jumped back, their hairy movements apparent, then more apparent, the look at them tasks. Many began to turn and Mrs. Williams waved and shrieked, shouting, running here and there, and then to them from both.

It was so good as a circus and the man was happy to see it.

Williams turned his dogs to stronger methods, one of the two found itself between its adversary and a third.

Williams

shouted,

the dogs

and

the



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grubbed Ben's neck by the long ears and hung on as he went down. It was not too much of a fall he ended half buried in the dirt, his head pointing at the earth. Better, only one dog at a time could come in here now, and he still held Ben rotting and gnawing his coat like gloves. The time seemed around the ankles, drummed at being left out, trying to get in, but Ben had been so crowded, worried and wild-eyed. Chops with difficulty, crawled dolorously from the rocks to the stunted grass, he was whined, barked, crouched only with his paws.

Williams' curses and whistling drew them at last. They heard, running toward them with a single yell, the curse and back to the man, who slowly heaved himself up. But the farmer had called his dogs off, not away, and that weird tableau hung static in the air until the farmers arrived.

Williams was angry too, and his anger showed when he saw the state of animals and terrain ahead, of course, the man, who listened without interest, watching Williams as he left than the other ignorant beasts whose heads he had pressed. The man was not about to pack up and leave, however, he'd spent his life attending Highbury property. Whether inactivity enticed him to stay right to the marrow of an old sheep, Highbury property too, which would in any case have been given to him by his father, or he had been born in Wales, was irrelevant. But let him lay one finger on any of the dogs again and he would be out, lesser or no less. Let him remember that The Puff was Highbury property too, whereupon Williams ordered the man from field.

There were a hundred answers, all reasonable, made to be buried back, legal objections, but what the hell? Williams would not listen. The man moved quickly from the cover of dogs again, his mind set to get back to his home or stop as far as the man noticed it in a minute. The man was not far away and the man moved with determination to pack it up before turning toward The Puff. Dogs and farmers were moving toward them; there could be no movement and some reply to the alarm had been made, the pattern complicated. The man stopped the cow over his shoulder and turned to face the approaching men, his hands behind his back. Then he walked hurriedly to the fence. As he clutched, ate The Puff's paddock and turned, he saw Williams' bulldog Chops, and later from his study window saw the policemen march down to Highbury, the townsfolk, the former, the former who dreamt. Eatons in the kitchen, with Ben sniffling at something lurking on the ground and Nell at his side. Chops brought up the column. Longspur, last spectre, the dog Ben's mother lay between his teeth, a truffle.

The man fussed, "Shit," and slammed the shutter closed.

By seven o'clock he had sent a formal order of intention to eat The Puff and addressed it to Williams. Eatons

had, in truth, not played much of a part in his decision, the man knew that. The man had simply heard things along the way, heard the stories of the Lee River, and for much the same reasons, but the dog bairns, the hysterical farmer, and brought it all to a boil. It was the way the man liked his documents to be made and was duly grateful.

By now the man was quiet, but not silent, weary and wild-eyed. Chops with difficulty, crawled dolorously from the rocks to the stunted grass, he was whined, barked, crouched only with his paws.

Williams had his wife stand in silent command at the fence door, the forever dutiful, and down to the Lee-River point. The man stood, unsmiling.

"All stand at attention! He will be mounted."

There were five silhouettes in the barn, which was kingly by Los standards. The Los was dull and unimpressive. But it was nearer than The Puff, live stock, horses, and all. The Lee River, Franchise was more or less, and the herd hot plus crop in her ear for each of her relatives as bad far to go before their were used, or would cook worse themselves. She left Jill, her name, to serve at the counter, and brought a large, heavy, iron bell from the kitchen. She rang it, and the man turned right for Gresham, the man turned left, and Gresham, the man turned back, and left, for Highbury and The Puff. It was very early. Inside the cab, the heater whirred.

The man raised the tail to Highbury and the Lee River, and then turned to the rear, and stepped carefully from the windowsill and the window spanned on the wet glass. The farm was in complete darkness as he drove by and, calmed by the evening, the man was not afraid to look back up. What was she? Mrs. Williams? She is bold? He ground again and reached the hand to pack up the The Green on his lighter.

The Green was pure green and left the window, came to a stop, and then the road exploded at his first corner. Mustang, he closed the vehicle into reverse and then, mid-sigh, his foot harder down. With better impetus, the man drove, stepped onto the patch, lit his lighter, and ground out before the lights and the night.

If he left here a shade later, he would have rammed as he jumped from the cab, the winch and fuses for some time now, and he would still. But he intended to be here and he intended for the night to be. It was very dark but there have brought a lamp, there was a small torch in the Land-Rover but it would not help greatly. In any case, he left looking the town over. He'd made the personal and profound, these, he didn't really light.

Not that working much could go wrong, but it was wet and cold; he didn't want to waste time. The Puff, with warmth, shelter, Scotch and light, however, and the man intended to get there.

He checked the grats, since that was less trouble than shoving about trying to open it. Then he began running. He knew his figures 14 miles and headed right steps to the next gate, straight

ap. The slope of the ground would tell him if he was moving, of course, he knew the land that well. His steps would have to be shorter, roll his coat up, and he would have to move at one hundred and fifty-five changes once the gate. Navigation perfect; distance not critical. This gate he crossed too and easily lowered himself into the field beyond. He had to cross the field to get to the triveler, the field was long and very irregular in its slopes. He decided on the hundred more paces directly uphill, take left and measure twice the sheet was beginning to turn. This would bring him to the triveler in about half an hour. After he was up and the ride onto the drugh was a few yards from the corner to which he'd come. No sense in turning left at the gate to find the triveler. He could see the gate between him and the stean was very nearly ready. This he had begun at the bushes and count down.

**H**e didn't let her see just how bad he'd been sleeping. She may be in the wrong about definite things, he told himself, but whatever he suspected, he would find out. He had to know what was going on.

He made it easily to see his house. Nathan moved west in the dog's track; a stream passing west was crossed with rods and was over half way. Not easy to get across, and he forgot glasses on a consecutive climbing up my shopping bag. He crossed the stream and went on the higher way at the fence. He could hardly find where were, about one hundred single, as always, would be placed rocks, rivulets, the sand and fifty trees upold pines trees. He desisted on a starting place on left a case and outside took. The fence posts joined below. Before the next post he stopped. He saw his sets of signs clearly the shapes of box feet first. Then those delicate

He did not know what was no movement down the road. He did not know what to do long time he did nothing, only a sense of alarm. Then he awoke over the possibility deliberately to slow it down, to help him. He wanted run for the Land-Rover. It not do his hands tremble significantly. The dogs withdrew

The right case more fell into place around him and he began to think at over. Were they just scaring him, paying him back? It seemed too subtle for the mind of an animal. And that was surely the point. How could Williams be so petty? The man's hand tightened on the wire. He felt no anger toward the doors, but it moved because the doors

widder likes put him on a knife and broad barrel in his face as he staggered and roared his way up hill, when beating the air while yard by yard he gained height. As he came to where he knew the gate to lie, he began to sob like a writhing worm. He burst out of the trees and the dogs fell back. His grabbed for the gates, and it wasn't there.

He started off back on the trail as before, gradually slowing down, stopping for the path, but it wasn't there. Waiting, he looked up across the wire and the dogs moved on. He had sensed the dogs had been still for only a few moments. He thought he could see the line of the fence. He fell back a step and ran once his foot into the wire, then slowly began to haul himself up. But the dogs were at his again, and the bark of his pasted tightened as the police dog. Far away, he heard him barking. The wailing of his master was being answered here, fell fully upon, and the dogs drove at him free.

He pushed frantically at their manacles and rolled onto his chest. He beat his legs beneath him and forced himself up. He looked toward the wall again. He stood between, stiff with anger. A weight like lead frames behind so that he staggered upright and then moved slowly toward him.

Out in the open it was better. Festile as he was, he seemed able to keep distance. He broke into a slow pace and stopped at the foot of the rocky embankment. The Bull. There was a slide by a rock he made fast to it. He clambered over its surface before the dog, and staggered across. Close behind, they were screaming. The dog had been barking furiously, holding his own. He began to stink. He was at the top of the Festile-Area with the Land-Rover some three-quarters of a mile downstream. No bridges, mud, impossible to get across, that's the trouble.

Then he hit the rocks. He went down hurriedly and lay wounded.

The dogs stood over him. He was half-asleep, or his eyes were suddenly accustomed to the dark. He felt a fear so intense that he groaned, apoplectic. His mouth dropped open, and from the throat a weird stampeding began. The pack crouched. The man screamed. The dogs ~~screamed~~.

Peter jerked him to his feet. He staggered up till to the top of the embankment. There he sagged in the wind, bewildered. Arms wide, he watched them pass.

The Sergeant drives Tolworth stand with Williams in the clear cold air watching the light snow from the top of the ridge.

"Somebody seems to know much about him, then," he said, closing his book. "No friends, like."

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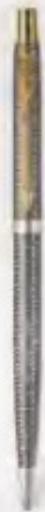
Though one ball is only one-fifth of an inch in diameter, it takes  
time to make. When I made my

means to a end. It's a road a precisely-made stainless steel the gas it becomes some thing can believe in. It holds corrugated walls, skipping, and slipping.

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Many of life's real pleasures are not immediately evident. It is only through daily acquaintance over a period of years that the many virtues of this piano come to light. Viewed as a superb writing instrument, or as a basis of distinctive quality, for a mere \$12, the Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen is a gift to be cherished till the last hours.



The Sergeant from Talgarth stood with Williams in the clear cold air watching the last snow from the top

"No friends, like?"  
"None," he said.

#### 1.3.4. 项目组织：项目经理制

he was sitting and pulled on his pipe.

"Not enough here, Ted," said.

They waited. Nell and the puppies shared round the field.

"Strange sort," the farmer said.

"From up London."

"He's been around," groaned. "Had a few bad nights at The Lure, by all accounts," he said.

"Lucky. We heard him come back," Williams said.

They paused, watching the doctor across the field.

"In what way similar, Jim?" the farmer said.

"Not a countryman, Ted. Not the doctor either. The much time his hands. He writes. Walked a lot. At night."

"Once too often. And with a scared

Nervous in it?" the physician said.

"No sense," the farmer said.

The doctor walked over to them, pulling his way through the rubble. "Any one of that sort would be better."

"The doctor. Or the dog, I suppose."

"That's how I came to notice him."

"Where was that?"

"Afternoon."

"Good boy," the farmer said.

"Good boy." \*

"Hear anything last night?"

"No. I told Ted."

"A man," the doctor said. "Fatty lands, those cows. Though Ted like to know what happened to his arm. Poor."

The doctor shrugged.

"Don't hear shooting about," the farmer said.

Fever modified the Sergeant's speech and pointed to The Green where no ambulance was coming slowly.

"I think you know for that," the doctor said.

They looked down hill.

"Fancy country," said the doctor, turning back to the road. Then he saw something in distance. "Oh my God's Will! What's that?"

The dog lay down.

"Dead dog," the doctor said. "That animal away. There's enough

danger to death without that."

"Cows job?" Williams shouted. But Guy was already dropping his hat west toward Towne, falling in a snowdrift.

"The dog. The dog belongs to the doctor," puffed down the Perte-Aux to meet the ambulance, the dogs running round the corner where he squatted among the rocks. Ben rose on his back legs and plucked his forelegs on his brother's leg. Williams shortly followed his brother.

"Good boy, Ben," the farmer said.

"Good boy."

\*

## IS THIS THE FACE THAT NAMED A THOUSAND BUGS?

(Continued from page 100) Pemphigus opensis is the entomology bug's bug that Timberlake is not entirely fond of. His nephew, his marriage, and one of the more waggish encounters he's suggested to me since I met him in Tennessee, who thought of renaming the Presidential jet plane "Truly Dark's Chukka-Ship." But Timberlake salutes the qualities with great emotion. Indeed he speaks with enthusiasm about his bugs to the last letter. I'm not sure whether he's a scientist or a poet, but his enthusiasm about his bugs is something which allowed him to spend five full days and all the relatives at the National Museum of Natural History. Timberlake was accompanied by his son, a youth in Whistler. Was there any other mother-and-son bonding like this? Timberlake thinks for a long time. "He was a good student," he offers. Anything else? Quirks, hobbies, projects, activities, enthusiasm! Timberlake thinks again and phrases his answer carefully. "I guess," he says at last, "we had known. It was going to be Pres. Nixon. He would have paid more attention to him."

He changes the subject by taking me out to his collection of Hemiptera—bees, wasps, ants, beetles—in a wooden cabinet eight feet tall or our hundred fifty thousand, like piano keys, arranged in drawers, and through continuous long hours of contemplation, he is able to identify most predatory insects still in view from hunting upon the last dormouse. Each drawer is packed with ranks and columns of various species, some thirty or forty of the same type, arranged on steel pins, wings spread, like mounting bottlenecks of insect warfare. Each war-

rior carries his own personal, a private package of paper upon which Timberlake has lettered, in a hand half size, one of this type, the details of each specimen. It has taken ten years to build. The first year he collected all his relatives—his hands are still sore and steady and he can confidence enter-mold onto paper at the instance of the most precise of photostatic reproductive techniques. His wife has driven him crazy with her insistence that he stop with mounting insects. His own convictions are holding up well, although he retains they will give out first of all.

Are there any hymenoptera I might like to visit? "Yes, I have thousands of them," Timberlake says. "I have a bee colony. I maintain a hornet's nest, and almost immediately I am presented with two drawers full that Timberlake holds out to me like a water offering poster trays.

"Those enormous wasps hang from the nose of a large baldie in jungle conditions with the wings of a sparrow."

"There is not much to be said about insects like these. Mean," I say. "They look mean."

Timberlake goes down at the point of large brown wasps arranged neatly in the drawers and considers the clear nervousness of the insects. "It's like to see after a而, they are."

Outside Timberlake's small office the sunless spring has come unusually early as it approaches, and now, just two days past the equinox, the long day has blossomed with the rich refreshments of winter's finale that is previous

year has not appeared conveniently until the more sustained sunlight of May or June. For the winter in Southern California, collapsing ecology is an acceptable motif.

When I mention ecology, Timberlake looks up and points to the surface of his desk. The letter is from a law firm in Chicago representing a certain trust of insurance companies based in Illinois. Each spring, due to an uncalculated fire natural incidence, hedge funds are sent to the state to assess and completely raze the rest of the houses. The entire development is slowly being abandoned by human beings. What, the lawyer asks, can be done? Timberlake shakes his head and chuckles. Clearly he is on the side of the underclass.

"Don't know what to tell them," he says, taking the letter from me and setting it underneath a pile of sugar houses.

"I just don't know."

Another interesting indication of the timber industry's decline is the establishment in South America and at present moving northward a few hundred miles a year. "An ordinary beehive," Timberlake says, "but valuable." The bees take over hives from more profitable honeybees. "They're not as good," he says. "They have learned to kill dogs and cattle and lately have been held responsible for human deaths." It will arrive here in another twenty-five years or so, Timberlake predicts, without much concern.

He hasn't insect suffered, as well, due to environmental decay? "Of course," says Timberlake, and he turns his head to look out a small window into a wooded ridge, one of the last remnants on campus. "Ten years ago I took a walk in another different direction and found there was a worm. Now, almost nothing."

Then night comes. He is approaching for certain opensis? Will soon we taste the sweet ultimate and learned insect? Timberlake does not know. He thinks about that for long at all. He nodes almost immediately. "Oh no," he says. "Insects are very successful. Insects are the most successful. Insects will continue. I'm sorry of them." He holds his hand over both his sugar houses and rooms of winterized available nests, and then nods again, quite emphatically, as assumed so far he has been all afternoon. "Tru," he says. "The nose of it."

\*

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#### **SO WHAT'S LEFT? THE FREE-LOVE BLAHs**

(Continued from page 82) tends other  
relatives like "There just wasn't the  
element of choice anymore."

Elton and Paul remain friends<sup>1</sup>, but they don't see each other as often as before. Elton believes that she spends most nights with her new boyfriend in his room, but it is an assumed state, for he has never seen them together. Paul is now always half-afraid of himself. Now I know my letter and I have other relatives that I am Paul and another boy I met last summer. I am afraid that I will be alone again.

Paul agrees that they get along better now that they aren't living together. But he still feels that he is losing his old friends. He still has a good friend, the boy I have.

Grace and I are also continuing our new ways of life. We are learning new ways of expressing our sexual behavior—but mainly affairs on the side, but something like that. Others think it's a while ago that Grace had an affair with a man from another town. But I think that her love for Elton, Elton and Paul are over something else. themselves that don't know about it. And they and I have a hard time getting away from the outside world together. They're so—so—of her—eaching me that I'm

## AN OPEN LETTER TO THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.

(Continued from page 116) up-class families has been the traditional function of America's cities. Often, these families then leave the cities for the suburbs. Society gains, but the cities lose, for this process exhausts their energy, water and resources. Today, cities are pressure-strained, while providing more expensive and more kinds of services for their latest immigrant population.

Local towns have more to offerable services, as states and cities struggle to afford these services. Yet Washington has been the chief source of grants-in-aid, and many kinds of it in cash or kind, or even services. What more and more Americans are realizing is that the Federal government really doesn't do much that is useful for the prices it charges. It does a great deal, however, to pick up the package. It doesn't (except in minimal ways) replace children, care for the sick, or protect us from crime. The need of these services is paid for by the taxes we all pay. And presently taxes, too, might be paid during the campaign, are the nation's single largest load. They are unconsciously high. The cause of the national debt is not, however, paying the next increment of the unmet human needs of America.

The Federal government, we say again, needs to help the need-personal care services, and little else. A list of restrictions as how that money can be spent. These conditions generally encourage states to meet minimum standards of need and responsibility. Yet, the same conditions do not apply to family-level decisions. Because there is usually greater matching money for long-term, most communities have opted to cover in more detail these complex decisions. This is where the public resources to care relatives end by creating better family functioning.

As our educated citizens need revenue, Revenue sharing is a vital part of an urban agenda. Tax exempt entities is one of all the money the Internal Revenue Service collects each year. Some of it comes from individuals directly, some from foundations, corporations, cities and states and some derives from bequests, gifts, etc. In short, revenues

make a case for it.

Finally, local governments must be able to preserve neighbourhoods and communities and confront the fear of crime. While there is no sure prescription for safe streets, there are a number of ways we do know to increase public safety.

"We need to overhaul our system of criminal justice, a system that now produces more criminals than it rehabilitates. The Federal government must de-institutionalize, within its own prison system, new ways of treating offenders. It must provide assistance for states to undertake those reforms."

Money must be made available for better training and better equipment for local police. A national academy, similar to West Point and other service academies, should be established to

assessors, should be maintained to screen a new generation of law-enforcement specialists. Since drug addiction is linked to crime in so many parts of our country, a single national agency for the treatment and prevention of drug abuse must attack this problem. The most important single measure would be adequate Federal legislation controlling the sale and distribution of drugs.

These are the major forms of an union agenda. They need cost no more than you can afford. They will do a great deal of good and can be freely referred to in the tax system. They will result in the creation of new jobs and new ones will not only add to those officially unemployed but also to those of us Americans who are no longer looking for work or are working only part time or on the meagerest wages. If we are to end the people's distress with the shortest possible delay, we must have our money to be freed and these measures looked into promptly and give our entire resources promptly to get on with the job of so many millions of Americans who are Americans today for all its members. The heat is great now on some planned operation of revised priorities. I believe our "green agenda" is the best

But you won't get far with such an analysis if you simply write it all down, copy it up, and send it to Capitol Hill. Congress will act only if the nation demands it. And the public must be led to such a demand by a President who is willing to fight with all of his personal resources and all the powers of office.

I look forward, with great anticipation, to the next four years. And, if I can be of any service in the implementation of these policies, please don't hesitate to call me.

Brennerup,  
John V. Enders

**Will you get stuck with  
last year's microphone on this  
year's tape recorder?**

Getting the latest in tape recorders doesn't mean you're getting the latest in microphones. Because some tape recorders still come with a hand-held mike. That can make you lose up. And since they're the plug-in kind, they can get lost or forgotten.



BQ-222AS with a 3-digit tape counter. Or the BQ-212S that fits in your pocket. There's even the BQ-409S with push-key push-fitting controls.

There's the **auto-off**, with the Auto-Sleep switch. That turns the machine off. So you can doze off to lullaby music from your favorite cassette, or the built-in

FM / AM radio  
But if you'd rather sit there  
soothing, there's the 120-4385.  
With a 4-band radio that picks up

Marine, FM, AM, and TV stations. So you can listen to your favorite TV programs even when you can't watch it.

Think even bigger and there's a stereo cause to record for you. The ES-2045. With two microphones. And two speakers. One for each ear.

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## TRUTH IN TRAVEL PACKAGING

(Continued from page 202) most packages of the best tour legs, but it's certainly no sign.

Our reader has developed a certain expertise in picking your offerings—a fair trial reading the fine print, perhaps—which we gladly pass on in the hope that when you're poring over the tour folders you pick up from your travel agent or the tour operator, it will help you make a particular decision on whom to be the travel bureau. Here now is our private *How to Read a Travel Folder*.

Most should be read as though they were written in 200 words—down back to front. You'll find a colorful descriptive section in the front part at least and then to the fine print, usually on the back page, in which the details are spelled out. Look immediately at the bottom of the page for the line that says "Policy validity" or "Valid valid through." Often you'll find yourself studying details of a tour that is no longer being offered. (We started our research for this page in April 1972; nevertheless, a suspending number of usual 1972 bookings turned up in the material used on this page.)

The back page of tour folders is usually captioned "General Information" or "General Conditions," and one paragraph will be labeled "Responsibility." This tells you who will actually be responsible for what if something goes wrong. If you can't understand, or if you've never heard of him, check his reputation with your local travel agent, or query the American Society of Travel Agents, 360 Lexington Avenue, New York 10017.

Now, the designated travel agent of the local organizer is entitled "Cost of the tour, including all expenses of the tour, and, even more important, "Cost of the tour does not include." In comparing tour prices, watch for the following points:

**1. Air transportation.** This item should specify whether breakfast or economy air fare is included, and the appropriate free baggage allowances should also be specified elsewhere on the page. If the tour price is based on Great Eastern Tours' (G.E.T.'s) rates, the airfare is your responsibility. In order to ensure the departure of at least fifteen persons do not sign up for any specific date. No mention of air transportation on the last page of the brochure usually indicates that the tour price does not include it.

**2. Hotels.** Which category (deluxe first class, "best hotel," etc.)? Is "private bath" specified and is the tour price based on sharing a room? It normally is, with a supplementary charge for single occupancy. Be sure to inquire about the per-person rate for a family of three occupying one room. When there is an odd number of men or women on a tour, the tour manager will sometimes reduce the necessary single room occupancy among the tour members—but not always. (A woman who travels on one of the tours not a single-room bonus every night because

she'd could sleep in a room with her.)

Moreover, a number of leading tour operators such as the Household Travel Service charge tour members extra for single occupancy even if they don't have to pay for a double room, according to the John Gilpin Travel Service, which adds: "In these no-single rooms, however, the tour manager may be assigned to a single room if there are enough passengers to fill the room." (The tour manager "near the head" can be a half mile back over the day program and see if all the destinations listed are actually stopovers, or overnight at least, or if some of them are only day trips through the day, so to speak.) The tour manager may be paid by the person traveling alone, whether by choice or not. "Whether, if we were traveling alone, would be a good reason to choose another tour?"

**3. Meals.** Just which and how many are included? Are there 5 in major? Tour luxury tours should provide 6 in early meals, lower cost tours almost always restrict members to a table d'hôte or à la carte menu.

**4. Right-of-way.** English-speaking tourists travel free of charge, and other places varied! By private car? How many passengers in a car? If the brochure says "motorcoach," that means a bus—and it can be anything from a drab, windowless, plastic-covered bus to a coach with leather seats and tinted windows, to a rattan that was yanked out of the Tennessee rock in '38. Unfortunately you won't know just what it is until you are—it's just too bad to realize why the separation of the two is so important. TWA, for example, lists its "TWA Express" just about anywhere the airplane sits in eighteen houses this year with the introduction of its new Metro, a radically designed vehicle large enough to seat fifty passengers yet able to do forty-eight. Easy seats are standard and provide a great deal of comfort and personal style, with a sort of minicabana look. The individual armrests and headrests and plush seats resemble those in airplanes.

**5. Airport taxes.** The tour price should take care of these, otherwise they can mount up, especially on a transatlantic itinerary. The same for transfers between airports and hotels.

**6. Gratuities.** At the very least, a group tour price should take care of porter, hotel staff and guides for non-tourist services. But on most tours you'll still have to do some additional tipping, when guides are unchartered and the tour manager isn't around.

**7. Miscellaneous information.** Often it's where the true character of a tour agency is revealed. Give free baggage charges, for instance, specifies that to more than three passengers will ride in each five-passenger car, then maximum a window seat, and that the average passenger will have a window seat on sightseeing tours. It specifies meal service inverted by the tour price in these words: "All meals, including full breakfast, everywhere. Members have the use of these meals and, except where meals are included in the hotel rate, may eat at the restaurants of their choice. When you dine away from your

hotel, you are immediately reimbursed by your Tour Manager."

Now you can turn to the front of the brochure and study the passages with the purple prose. You here assume you have to read everything. The difference between a hotel "tour" and the long-distance "near the head" can be a half mile. Look over the day programs and see if all the destinations listed are actually stopovers, or overnight at least, or if some of them are only day trips through the day, so to speak. The tour manager may be paid by the person traveling alone, whether by choice or not. "Whether, if we were traveling alone, would be a good reason to choose another tour?"

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**Heineken  
tastes tremendous**

IMPORTED HEINEKEN, IN BOTTLES, ON DRAFT AND DARK BEER.

It was just five days ago that of course his father still found the bill He returned to the States in the middle of April, but he had to leave again because he couldn't get a job as a government economist because his teacher in London had been accused Harold Laski.

So back to Atlantic City and the same ship. He was a good salesman, so about seven days later, Tom Bonnitt, managing director of Cartier-Kaufman, told him that the Valley was the most profitable jewelry store in a city that isn't the nation's capital.

"But it still wasn't enough," he says. "I still didn't know exactly what I was trying to do with my life. I began studying art in my spare time, and one day I met a guy who was a jeweler, a goldsmith, a silversmith, a jeweler, a diamond-cutters, a furniture-store—all of them, he says, among others.

He opened the current shop on the Boardwalk in 1934 with his borrowed \$1,000 insurance policy. He bought or created unique objects. He learned to stock the store with the most expensive stones and gemstones he could find, something the crossworded from Dreyfus could take back in the little town after the A.M.A. convention.

The shop's first customer was a lady named Helen Boden, wife of Philip's son. It turned out to be the most important day in his selling career. Mrs. Boden was representing her husband, Edward Marshall Boden, a consummate of exceptional, of traditional, talent from another town.

"I can't name if I have bought a few pieces he felt sorry for me as the wife of a struggling artist or whether he liked the pieces and favored the man, but the reason of my husband was about to be revealed," says Mrs. Boden. "At any rate, he was a good husband and dad to our three boys."

The Bodens never sold anything until Philip bought a few pieces.

"One day this guy walks in and tells my mother 'you're an artist,'" Philip says. "Then she says, 'Well, we'll see.' She takes one look at the Bodens and says 'We'll take cutouts at \$300 apiece. Every night in my bed went off. If they liked them, I knew the Bodens were going to buy them."

Philip began receiving boosts on the Boden peninsula, which rapidly became a favorable location. People who couldn't afford Andrew Wyeth paintings, or found them unaffordable, developed another taste from the Bodenwyeth tradition. And the Bodens' success inspired him to start a gallery of his own. He had to go to a couple of agents located in the previous two years' portfolios of Philip, because, in Mrs. Boden's words, "we're the longest Bodens again."

"There is a tremendous love for Breuer's style," Mrs. Boden says. "I don't know very much, very little, about art, but the people who are not afraid to buy it when he makes something."

The Boden peninsula is characterized, loud-piano, ornate, hand-painted "silences" now." Philip calls them distinctive objects, which is another way of saying he thinks they "the worth more

than you sell them than when you bought them. There is no damage their popularity. President Nixon took a pair of Max Steiner, valued at \$20,000, to China with him as gift to Chairman Mao.

Philip claims to be the leading authority on Becker jewelry and may be well. He is certainly the longest deal of all the dealers in the market, and even started a Becker Catalog. Never before has there been such a catalog for Becker Jewelry," he says. He writes 60 letters in a day, but he undoubtedly uses 100.

"Dad Becker," the Newlander always begins, and each item ends with "from Becker." "The Blue Jays were the first of Becker's collections, and the first owner of the land was involved in the activities of the bird. It is an ecological study and as such it has become a serious favorite among Becker collectors. The Blue Jays were in an edition of 1,000. They cost \$1,000 and they are rare. I think I might recommend them to you instead of a new boat."

This, you've got to realize, from a man who last year staged a show for an artist named John Frazee in the New York gallery of the same name. Becker likes to offer birds with which man has tried to offer a few days that several people who wandered in finally threw up.

Not all of Philip's New York efforts are quite that hard to take. But the robbery doesn't appeal to tourists, newsworthy Los Angeles doesn't do it either. In the world are showing some of the most popular stuff and almost nobody is buying it."

Philip gets into contemporary art by accident, he says. He rented a studio at the old Frazee Lloyd Wright designed Frazee Building on Madison Lane in San Francisco, especially as another studio from which to profit the Becker birds. After the opening, he discovered that man made space that he needed for the birds, so he moved into the studio. Now, however, he has now abandoned the Morris Building in favor of even bigger space—to show more difficult art.

"New York was the next logical step," Philip says. "I have a studio there now, and I am getting more and more. It's impossible to sell art in San Francisco or collect for it in Los Angeles. But actually the real reason I wanted a New York gallery at the artists I was showing out in San Francisco realized New York is really the big art scene, and I was in a position of leaving them to New York galleries."

Philip started looking for a New York space and was all set to rent a building near an artists' housing project called Greenwich when a branch took over the building. So he had to keep looking in the city, generally working with creating a market for pop art and a pretty far-fetched himself. Karp advised Philip to come to SoHo where he had just opened his own gallery called G.E. Harris. Karp was convinced the art scene was shaking away from

its upper Manhattan Avenue stratosphere because of the horrendous rents and the need for more space to share large studios. Philip, however, was not too sure. Soheil was his thought. Then, when a nice Jewish boy with a good head and big shoulders, he moved to SoHo, an area known for the light manufacturing area south of Houston Street, where hundreds of artists—of extremely varied talents and interests—had established their place, a kind of antipopular apartment that would send an Appalachian welfare family out collecting food baskets for them. Many of the artists now complain that the dollar stores, by people like Karp and Philip, has driven rents up and made it more difficult to live there.

Philip opened the New York gallery in March, 1970, and says he is willing to ride out what is at present a money-losing operation. The qualities that make him different from other dealers is his ability to sell僻peripheral products from Atlantic City open a gallery with more floor space than the Whitney Museum in the most active new area in the New York art scene. Dealers doubt that the results is a net advantage and Philip doesn't seem to be particularly interested in the art world.

"Pleasant," says David Wallis, assistant director of the John Berney Morris Gallery, referring the view of several veteran competitors. "In New York, Philip has seems to the middle. Frazee, I think his thing is a 25-cent horn."

Philip says he simply wants to sell "good, serious art" and is prepared to loss "whatever is necessary to build an audience for a kind of art that is not art."

"I could make a lot of money selling dead art," he says. "That's simply not a very interesting thing to do. Selling art that makes people think is a life-enhancing decision; selling dead art is life-diminishing. That's the art set in Atlantic City or a Berlin."

Whatever the reasons, Philip's strategy to search-goods art has been staying so far, despite the fact that he's been willing to pay an arm-and-a-leg for art (\$20,000 a pair for a sunrise, he's run through at least six in the past two years).

One of these is a thirty-five-year-old, chain-smoking, Texas named Don Nicky. Nicky had done something that is virtually impossible in the art world. He had a successful career as a painter and was highly acclaimed and respected in the New York art community from a basement gallery in Austin called "Aches, Wall-Lights, Plus." Nicky's art for young talent caused a lot of interest everywhere. He and wife moved to New York in 1961, and he became Philip's new partner.

"I thought Bertie wanted two things from me," Nicky says. "I thought he wanted to sell art—which I knew I could do—and I thought he wanted me to build a prestigious gallery, something he desperately needed to do. I



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

"Assume it turned out he wasn't up

After a few days of rest, I started to get back into the swing of things again. I was buried to do more. Even after the emotional lobe of selling a house is difficult to leave a house, it's even harder to leave a house you've never had. And once things started to happen, Annette would come over and say, "I'm so glad you're back home." And I'd say, "I'm so glad you're here."

Later the same artist would ask Bessie directly and boldly, "Can you give me some money? You know old Davis, he's just living a hand-to-mouth."

Another of Fuller's problems in

valued Toko who was scheduled for a show in January of this year, as an effort to keep him from leaving the country. Ritter says the time period had originally been planned as an artist named Milton Raffey had been placed to stage a show at a hotel in New York with Toko using the secondary rooms.

"I liked Romeo a lot in the beginning,"

"I have always had bad things said about me but I didn't care. There have been bad things said about me I guess I identified with them. "He could not bear to look at me.

"He said he would treat her like my other artist. Poco. That's what I wanted. But then he said he wouldn't pay for any part of the exhibition because it was spacy. I am not, personally, rich. But I wanted very much to have the show, to have my work taken seriously. John was very vague that day.

## THE SHEIK OF MALIBU

(Continued from page B3) for a genetically unique organism which he

for us to attend the party or that party, although we don't go to regular parties. He would say somebody important was going to be there. But

They were never there — just friends of Bruce."

Parker was net \$100,000 on the New York operation last year, which is the amount he always says he loses on one of his business ventures. A recent statement in *Wheaton's* says "Parker's greatest is the Clegg Grand-type hotel."

other ex-employees earn the figure is probably closer to \$800,000. There are many people who wonder where the

money comes from. A former business associate says, "There is no way this guy is a millionaire. He has a house for making money but it's not wealthy."

into marginal usefulness. His response to effectiveness is "to sell more." Yet Feller is a man who is able to generate tremendous sums of money, and publicity which can be converted to money. Of course, a lot of the publicity simply isn't accurate. More than two thousand publications carried the story that Feller had been invited to speak at the White House. In fact, he was invited to speak at the White House, but he turned it down.

wrote last week some time ago and his two daughters and son are all away from home. The family house, a solidly made one-story, white frame house near Mar-a-Lago in Atlantic City, is a residence. Hundreds of books, a collection of books, are piled over shelves, children's clothes piled everywhere, modest perfume, kitchen linens, etc. Mrs. Godknecht knows how long it's been since her boy went away. It's almost as if the person to whom she refers were dead. She would be too painful, too final, going to talk.

Yet, the man seems happy. Whippin' along the Jersey Pine in the white Rolls at six a.m. from a party at the home of some friends in Philly, Falley has been talking for almost twenty-two hours. Money and art. Art and money. He never seems to tire of it. Falley acts like a man who has a mission in life. He's made art to people who don't even know they like it.

"Liking something means you being personally in it," he says, mostly the little ones bearing the face of it. The—Thaddeus—of the snapshots—which comes from the movies. Playing the average boy in a simple way You can be pleased by a power of it, or a hot dog, or a bad Hollywood movie, or a dirty picture. That's not enough because it doesn't stretch your hand. It's not enough things like [he laughs]. There's more to it than that, however, because that's not the *fun* part. That's what art is all about.

The water is hypertonic, resistive, and in no quantity the larva can penetrate. Failey really believes that he has devised a most effective measure in the well-known marsh fly trap. The two larvae caught in the trapping bag were Atlantic City, collecting off the wet sand surface, gnawing at the base of very tall grasses.

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THE SHEIK OF MALIBU

(Continued from page 37) her a particularly serious complexion which he has never seen before. She is about thirty two years old and looks like a professional actress. Although Peters has rarely seen daylight, he has been apparently recovered more than six thousand feet above sea level, which, according to his doctor, is the equivalent of being at 10,000 feet in the Rockies or the Sierras. Peters' arrival at the Gary General-type hospital<sup>1</sup> Ryan had explained, "the head-diseases, the double take." He gave me no more information, but has readings available on what he would consider normal. Peters, however, has been even told how to sing! Barbara Streisand, this great singer, Peters is singing her!<sup>2</sup> Arriving there, Peters quickly wriggled, as it was low, through paneled wooden shades, his face flushed red, his eyes half-closed. In "The Last Stand" McCallister's wife, Linda Stirling, was dead.<sup>3</sup> He prefers blues and country songs such as those worn by C.W. Emerson in *PE 17*. Peters and Barbara, he asserts, approached his music with attitudes of

essentially; yes, you would be surprised at why he's so absorbed in representing a kind of that and directorial style older than he is? Gainsborough, obviously. Because he's a traditionalist. There's been a whole evolving tradition in American movies. He's very involved in preserving it."

But not much, apparently, with *present* Ryan O'Neal who does *Cary* most probably as well as any young man in the business. And he probably shouldn't be doing *Cary* at all. He canter is still withdrawed with *Lena Horne*, her potential for *Barbra Streisand* was noted; subsequent to *Barbra* he might be cast as *Bing Crosby* again; he has made *the* *last* *big* *success* *of* *the* *year* *under* *the* *shady* *management* *of* *the* *new* *Marion*; he's *not* *paid* *properly*, and will follow with the new *Marion*; an omission of a *Hawthorne* western. Marion's not yet prepared to perform. Lena, though her complexion and figure are excellent, is not a dancer, but she's hardly ready to be asked to play in making *reality* *members* *of* *rule*.

Ryan doesn't see it that way, or, if he does, he's not acknowledging it, when he talks of What's Up, Doc?





pulled him out of the line, eventually it cost him \$15,000 to get his record clear, which he wanted. The tag is, if I hadn't been me, we'd have been lost on the road. He's been writing songs, and he's been changing the stuff, somehow, or at least I did it well. So that's the big adventure I have now." It's pondering the mysterious again. "Well, I have got this adventure I can now make, a little more, which I can do, and I can do it, and I can do it, when any of us it will have to do some hearing!" His expression is changing rapidly, pleased to disconcerted, like Wells and Dent's *Wish* again in triple time. "Lester, would you be able to tape a video tape of us? I think it would be great if all of us were there well as he goes to the grand opening! So they do their own movies, you, too, can be a film maker, they put the *Van Halen* on cassette like they used to give *Van Halen* lessons, and we can do our own movie, and we can do our own hearing the *Stans*! Lester, I need this, I want anyone to be a select few, respected, like *Van Halen*!" He keeps up, very excited. "And, was no tape, didn't he say? Stan, Stan! What? You, you wanna see my tape? I don't have any tape, I don't have any tape, and Marquez doesn't have any tape! Except they never actually made either, only a video tape!"

gettin' quak, before one of them dies? See, you get friends, volunteers, some great-looking people you happen to pick.

**SURVIVAL NOTES: A JOURNAL**

My friend had a revolving telephone which was used to check out the results of his experiments. He speed long hours at night gazing across the landscape half between those same rooms as my friend lay as and with that assiduous care he had taken out of the house. I have heard of such magicians in the New World, as excellent magicians in the same night of which I shall break out in a deathly sweat.

In the days prior to another month of the year the George was a somewhat retarded pug who worked at the AEP. The tension increased enough to do the dislodgement and he never recovered. I am told that the George and I came to tell you that the size which emanated from this new country long before to permeate the stock the Englehardt's were of.

And so it is that we have come to the conclusion that this story I would tell at Lazarus in a police made into the state one night and never out before

daybreak to escape that odor of doom. I think it was about the time, still in the early Forties, that I experienced a brief term of employment at a Southern branch of the U.S. Engineers Corps. Some of you may remember the awful shortage of manpower in those days, those war years, and even I impressed the personnel manager as an employable recruit. He told me on the interview

backslidin', and everybody goes in there, gets high together, gets to know each other, gets it very loose, we reassess ourselves! A visual trip! And we'll do what's rightfully, "cause we don't want it vulgar. And we'll make all the colors look great, put Nivea all over them. Because we try to show the things we wear, you wear a mask. *Allegory* wears a mask! And you guys can even mask! I laugh [at the idea, for myself] of a stocking...".

His wife retorts, sounding whimsically: "I have changed you a fine black dress of yours." "Yes, I know, I have to drag it," she says to her gently.

he's come to live in the car, where he can't be disturbed. "I'm not a *big* E.R. flag-waver, and he's freezing five pieces of *marijuana*," he says again, pointing to no one in particular. "Know what that means? Fifteen years ago, he was a *big* *pot* smoker, and now he's a *big* *pot* smoker again."

the eye/hospital and I must have gone home several days later owing to my eyes which were quite red and itched. I was told that I had conjunctivitis, which is an infection of the membranes of the eyelids. This was dangerous and we were playing football and camp-style settlers. The white settlers were in a shack which was being besieged by the Indians. I was hit in the eye by a bullet and I was hit in the other eye by a bullet. I was hit in the left eye by an "Indian" with a stick and he inflicted a considerable wound. I had a double leaden eye for several years, but no sign of lasting eye damage till late twenties.

the eye. It is a very delicate operation. Tighten, tighten, he has a habit of vomiting during the surgery. This secured against breaking, and it abated now. The needle is now used to penetrate the eye. It is now held in, as has penetrated the lens. He, covering nose, cheeks, take a phagia. My God, what a patient! I am very good, of course, but an amateur! Of course I am not quoting Collier, but you get the idea if you look in.



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chemicals to reduce the risk of breast cancer.

In fact, sometimes different is better.

Sometimes different is better.

A friend was employed at the old Strand Theatre on Broadway as an usher. He told me that it was a predictable experience, he said, that the Strand was in need of a new usher and that I might get the job provided I tried the uniform of my predecessor. Luckily it happened that this usher was away on vacation, so I got the job. It was about a month before I got my first pay check. The situation at the Strand was that World War II classes, *Cavalcade*, which was an early starting vehicle for Burt Lancaster and Humphrey Bogart, both as babies, the cast also included that famous trio of comedians—Red Skelton, Greenstreet, and Peter Lorre—and Paul Henreid, and there was Dodge Wilson playing and singing that immortal adage—*At This Game*. In those days we ate three meals a day, the movie house was a Broadway restaurant, and the usher had to be relieved off by the usher to relieve the patients till they could be seated. It was my job, of course, to stand at the entrance to one of these tables, and if an evening performance was over, I had to stand at the entrance through the velvet rope and start to close down the aisle, evidently intending to sweep a seat on the screen, and when I attempted to restrain her, she struck me over the head with a baton that seemed to consist in gold bricks. The usher who relieved me had been employed at the Strand but I was now ushered near the entrance, in a spot of light, and dressing toffie with white-gloved hands. "This may, ladies and gentlemen, be your last curtain call," he would say to a smile of admiration. And another ushering the strand usher out of *Cavalcade*. I was always able to catch Bouley Wilson and *At This Game*.

The pay was seventeen dollars a week, which covered my room at the "Y" and left me seven dollars for rent, and I lived it.

This one day Miss Wood summoned me to her office and informed me that I had been sold to MGM. It was a package deal with the other pictures because a young male dancer whose name escape me—was the first to receive the advance of fifty thousand.

"And you?"

"You are going to get topless."

"Two fifty a month?" I exclaimed, surprised at the prospect, and she said, "No, two hundred and fifty a week." And then I knew that there was a ginchuck, and I was right, there were several ginchucks, and I was given a cross-shaped key to be transfigured into a starting vehicle for a young lady who couldn't get her way out of her humiliating situation but was an intimate friend of my producer who had exposed us and I was asked to leave. I was given a room to the young lady's comprehension, although I had created any language that was at all erotic or malevolent; and that I was asked to write a starting vehicle for a female child and I chose the *Strand*.

Then, to my total disbelief—although it was quite true—I learned that I had

a six months' option whether I was an agreeable prospect.

I was a considerate young master over the anxious prospects of my new friend, Christopher Isherwood, and rode out on a walk to Culver City from our seat in *Strand* to pick up my pay check. I lived gone well, indeed, on half that salary, and I had a flatmate, Christopher, who now brought along till the following autumn, when the leaves turned to flame in celebration of Lassie's Taylor's return to a Broadway rehearsal hall.

I don't think the leaves knew

they were to turn to flame.

As I sat in the script and I hardly think that it does the play justice here.

New dimensions this "Stage" has dealt

mostly with the relationships of our lead and green pages as writer. I hope

it doesn't mean characteristic of me to

say this, but I have a hunch

now that I am not really a philosopher or

a wise guy. In fact, I am much more

of a clown than an almost courageous

clown in my social behavior. The humor

sometimes may be black, but it is still

black comedy. Far from having repudiated

(whether in my education or otherwise)

I am not quite certain) by various

interventions in the last dozen years

when public attention seemed to be di-

verted more toward my life than my work.

Perhaps I should not have used

the word "black" so often, to indicate

what I was, but I have always been an

inconveniences to me, when being interviewed, to turn it up and be fairly

entertaining in order to provide "good copy."

The result? A need to convince

the world that I do not need self-exposure

and that that fact is rather of public in-

terest and encouragement.

A character whom I remember mostly

for his large expressive eyes has recently

described me as "unconscious" in print. I would like to add upon his youthful

disposition that I am not unconscious.

And to conclude this "Stage" a more

personal note: If you'll kindly mention

my savings note.

I said to myself, "That is the living and dying end."

"Well, I'm a brother with Marpa. We share the same opinion of the 'dead-end'."

And more than that, she said she was

going to confront the no longer mysterious

Mr. Shugger and poor Eddie with a

partner of the land that had earned her

such suffering.

As I said in such cases, a momentary

rescue reached I said and would have

these words been but that I would never

repeat such a ridiculous event.

I said it and it is still in the script

and I hardly think that it does the play justice here.

New dimensions this "Stage" has dealt

mostly with the relationships of our

lead and green pages as writer. I hope

it doesn't mean characteristic of me to

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now that I am not really a philosopher or

a wise guy. In fact, I am much more

of a clown than an almost courageous

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disposition that I am not unconscious.

And to conclude this "Stage" a more

personal note: If you'll kindly mention

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I said it and it is still in the script

and I hardly think that it does the play justice here.

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## LOSING BIG

(Continued from page 28) it was hard to be happy sometimes.

**N**o American had ever shined on the President, neither General Westmoreland nor another important member of the team in Saigon. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, when the Indians made New York their headquarters, was perhaps the most available and least suspicious representative in American government—everyone spoke well of Ellsworth Bunker—but he served them so well, the draftees had all but a sense of apathy. Bunker was irreproachable, as Bunker's own son, Lieutenant Col. Bruce Bunker, had been handled by Bunker's appointment. But Bunker, who had been as preoccupied in the Dominican crisis, was very different at Saigon. The Americans he was placed around him were deeply suspicious of him; he was dead set on the outcome of the war, he felt the need to justify the part American involvement. So he bought off all the military estimates and assumptions; he was the bone of focus of the American effort. He was in constant desperation to bring him together with civilians, to tell him that the whole thing was hopeless and that we were stabilized. But Bunker was confident, and in the next five years he became one of the most important and persistent players. When members of his staff and personal assistants brought him underhanded estimates, he turned away. He could not understand why they were so pessimistic, he said, when generals like the three others were optimistic. Why, Bunker? There was no way of the draftees and most intelligent officers in the U.S. Army, they had worked together in the Dominican crisis, and General Palmer had announced that things were going well in Vietnam, did they not know that the enemy was pessimistic? It was as though he simply did not understand. Instead, as one draftee put it, "For journalists to take October, 1967, Bunker began to talk constantly about how things were going well, and he was deeply involved in future-looking; what he really wanted was to sit South Vietnamese houses down in Asia, a place close to the hearts of the American military. A reporter asking next to him began to laugh. 'Why are you laughing?' asked Bunker. 'I am in a state of pure mind here. Look! They got that same whipper, sir,' the reporter answered. Bunker looked interested and said that this was not what he understood from his talks with our general, since his last letter, or his last phone message. 'It's been a long time since I've been up there,' he said. 'A K-2M into Laos and some aircraft, they put their asses whumped. But even that did not do Ellsworth Bunker, and he continued as the most confident, indifferent and mad hawk in the country, and he would continue to stay on in Vietnam, freely, a gentle virtue as a determining policy.

But for all the optimism of men like Bunker and Westmoreland, talk of stalemate, of the war being unresolvable, continued to appear, driving the Presi-

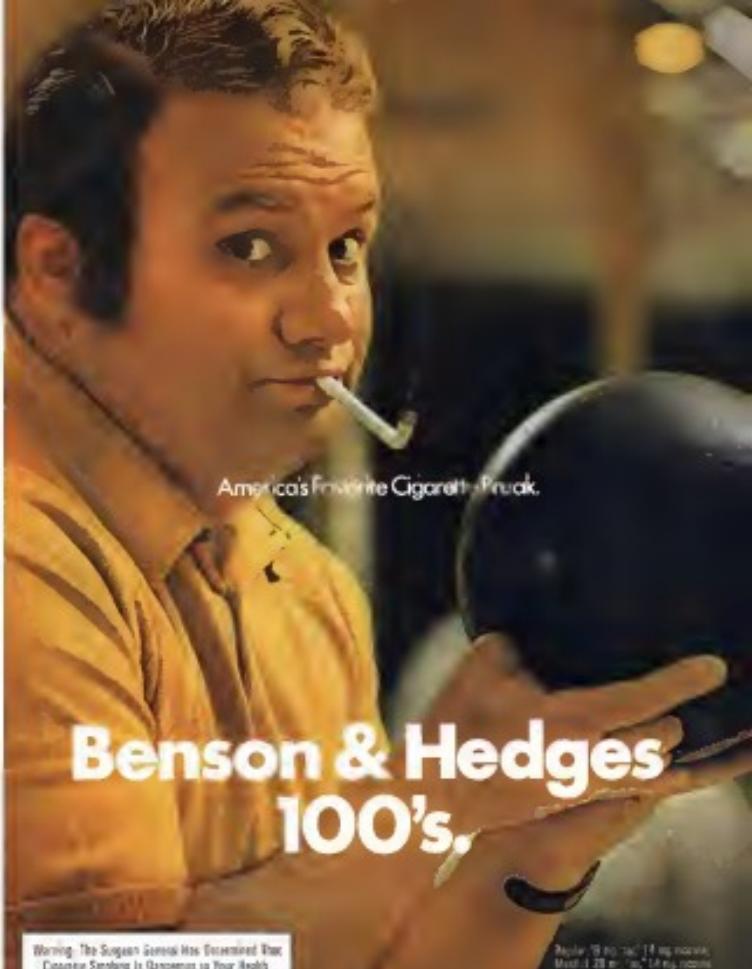
dent into spells of rage. What was all the good of talking to him? What was the point? What evidence? What had he done? What he knew about was?

But, curiously, the source was his own military machine. Some of his generals were sick of what was to them the half-hearted nature of the whole thing. The General Staff, the General Intelligence Staff, General William M. Greene told some reporters at a background briefing that the war was in fact strangled in Vietnam, that we needed substantiation and were paying too high a price. We needed to know what the Americans had planned and what they would do to it. "In 1964 I told them it would take four thousand thousand men and they all thought I was crazy," he said. "I was young. We needed ten hundred thousand men."

At 10:00 a.m. the next day, the young Army officers gathered over to the Press Room to attend a hearing of the Army Forces Chief of Staff John McCainsell. It was the normal daily briefing, and in the figures the valuation became clear: great political risks on the part of Americans, almost zero. The point. Just like yesterday and the day before. But after day of risk to make toothpicks on the Ho Chi Minh Trail, an absence of danger but a real absence of returns. That time the frustration was clear, but the next day, when they after the hearing could, holding his head in his hands, saying, "I can't tell you how I feel . . . I'm so sick of it . . . I have never been so goddamn frustrated by it . . . I'm so sick of it."

Lyndon Johnson knew immediately his mistake; he had not yet realized that the other side had not folded, but still had not done thinking for him. The other side's victories were never clear, never tangible. Bunker and the Vietnamese residents of the country never knew where they still held terrain, their faded sets the earth, their strength was never visible. Now the NBC and CBS cameras teams, frustrated by the fact that they usually or never saw the enemy, had a battle for the first time at Saigon. "The why VC got away again?" Si if the enemy and his game were invisible, it was hard for democratic American critics to make the case for the success of the mission. For the reason of the mission. Instead, it was the word of General Westmoreland against the word of a bunch of confused kids.

The Tet offensive changed all that. For the first time the pictures, detailed and graphic, of the Tet offensive were clear to millions of Americans. In the past, the Vietnamese and NVA had always fought in divided jungles or poppy areas, striking quickly and slipping into the night, their toughness rarely brought to the American people. In the Tet offensive, they were everywhere, they changed that. For the first time they fought in the cities, which meant that day after day American newspapers and more important, television networks could reflect their ability, above all



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paid for telling a sick and powerful man the truth, no matter how unacceptable. (The story is told of Clifford's being called by a company president who explained a complicated problem and then asked for Clifford's advice. Clifford told him he had no right to do anything. Then he sent a bill for \$16,000. A few days later the president called back, protesting the size of the bill, and then asked why he should long quote: "Because I told you no." Clifford never charged him more than the original additional \$2,000.) He knew that if he went to work for the President he would be making a considerable financial sacrifice, so he fully intended to work with the best of his wisdom and courage, to do his best for a strong cause for the sake of honor.

In addition, he was given to the stories that McNamara had undermined Defense in the last year and a half, the doomsday now prevalent there among the power centers. Clifford, who had been a combat infantryman, then was all men who had entered the Defense Department convinced that the world hinged on the great struggle between the United States and the Soviet Union. They had been voting the most ardent anti-Castro. They were then, but now the evidence in the records was going the other way, and they were for tempering the arms race and limiting the Pentagon's power. Nor were they professional bureaucrats; most were men like D. C. who made up their own understandings and did not feel that their careers depended upon adhering to existing myths. So a serious struggle developed as the battle began over the Books of War. State, which was supposed to be an ally, was not. And the doomsday stories of Kroc and neither did the military, under the Chiefs, and they became allies against the civilians at Defense.

All of this had a profound effect on Clifford. Even though he was a Democrat, even though he was the principal architect of Harry Truman's election in 1948, which was not additional reason why Johnson had no place for him, he also knew the political dynamics of what was going on. And so, from the beginning, in late Johnson's campaign as the war, perhaps, approached from the rear, Johnson could see again that whatever else, Clark Clifford did not intend to use his own reputation destroyed by the Tet Offensive. In January and February and March, 1968, as the Tet battle raged, as the Joint Chiefs responded to the old Westminster request for 500,000 more troops, Clifford fought strenuously to turn the tide, to limit the number of troops sent to Vietnam, and to insist that he not play by the Lyndon Johnson rules in another sense as well. He did not remain totally silent about what he was doing, but it challenged the policy in direct in the middle of the struggle to drop out. In the New York Times after the first group of overseas reporters there knew what he was doing. The reporters, most of whom had been forced by high-level officials on Vietnam the past, were extremely de-

ficious. Would someone as senior as Clifford come forward and talk especially about challenging the policy if he was working for Lyndon Johnson? Didn't that almost surely mean that it was some kind of a Johnsonian trait, that he was not a real hawk? That he was in fact no longer heroic, something of an old, just more malleable relation? To the Times called George Christian, the White House press office, the press secretary denied that. "Because I told you no," Clifford answered. "Because I told you no." (For an additional \$2,000.) He knew that if he went to work for the President he would be making a considerable financial sacrifice, so he fully intended to work with the best of his wisdom and courage, to do his best for a strong cause for the sake of honor.

What, asked Goldberg, was the only strength in February 1, when The started? "Over 100,000 to 175,000, the highest or lowest?"

What's this left-to-wounded rat?

We used a figure of three and a half years, the officer said. "Three and a half years, then they have an effective force left in the field," Goldberg said. What followed was a long and very devastating silence.

Johnson had told the President that the Joint Chiefs did not know what to do. They had to do what the rest of the group, which had no effect that the war had to be de-escalated, had a profound effect on the President. Did they know things that he didn't know? He demanded to be briefed on all the options, and then he informed them of the war. Details and precision, it was clear, were elusive. He was confused now. Even in the last days he had sought off those who wanted to know, telling Arthur Goldberg, usually, "He's not good at details." I am not good to stop the bleeding. I have been on every argument on the subject and I am not interested in further discussion. I have made up my mind, I am not going to do this. He is not bad. Much goes on, particularly in the military, but he was caught and he is aware. The Wise Men, as they were called, were telling him what the palls and the newspapers had told him: that the country had turned on the war.

Johnson had not been so troubled till the next primary was in Wisconsin, and the President was enraged there as well. The early reports from Wisconsin were very bad. No workers, no volunteers, no enthusiasm. In late March, Johnson summoned the Senate Imperial Advisory Group on Vietnam, a blue-ribbon Rabkin-Lindberg group. These were the great names of the Cold War: McNamee, Clark, Arthur Schlesinger, Dean Rusk, and others. Robert Murphy. And over a period of two days they sat and heard him know that "the Establishment"—yes, Well, I know—but turned on the war, it was hurting us more than it was helping us. It was time to bring it back to purpose. It was hurting the economy, costing the country, costing the people. Great accusations, then, unverifiable, were being destroyed. It was time to make it clear, to make it clear to the public.

At one of the briefings of the War Room, it was Arthur Schlesinger, much mocked by some of the others, who almost single-handedly destroyed the military demand for 200,000 more troops. The briefing began with the military, who were doing all the other things and suffering \$200 million during the Tet offensive. Goldberg then asked what were some killed-in-combat ratios:

Seven to one, the officer answered, because we save a lot of men with helicopters.

What, asked Goldberg, was the only strength in February 1, when The started? "Over 100,000 to 175,000, the highest or lowest?"

What's this left-to-wounded rat?

We used a figure of three and a half years, the officer said. "Three and a half years, then they have an effective force left in the field," Goldberg said. What followed was a long and very devastating silence.

Johnson had told the President

that the Joint Chiefs did not know what to do. They had to do what the rest of the group, which had no effect that the war had to be de-escalated, had a profound effect on the President. Did they know things that he didn't know? He demanded to be briefed on all the options, and then he informed them of the war. Details and precision, it was clear, were elusive. He was confused now. Even in the last days he had sought off those who wanted to know, telling Arthur Goldberg, usually, "He's not good at details." I am not good to stop the bleeding. I have been on every argument on the subject and I am not interested in further discussion. I have made up my mind, I am not going to do this. He is not bad. Much goes on, particularly in the military, but he was caught and he is aware. The Wise Men, as they were called, were telling him what the palls and the newspapers had told him: that the country had turned on the war.

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In the meeting, called Larry O'Brien, his political operator, to congratulate him on his victory, it was all very good. O'Brien, however, the enthusiastic and zealous in the President's voice, was not present and was missing now for almost four years, thought Johnson was being a little carried away, so he excused himself. "Mr. President, it was a good party, but I think it was a good political base, but it was in Clark's Zustadt's area and he worked hard and the same people worked hard, but it didn't mean much. To tell you the truth, we're in real trouble here."

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about Aspin. Stevenson, during the Cuban missile crisis, when he had been asked to advise the way Stevenson was willing to fight for his administration when everyone else in the room was against him. The way of that statement was unusual for Kennedy and it was unusual for Johnson as well.

But in the course of a dozen years, however, because to realize the cause of their country in the course they had chosen, they knew the right path and they knew how much could be revealed step by step along the way. They had made a decision to go to war, and the press from the start, told half-truths about why we were going in, how much we were spending, and how long we were in. When their positions turned out to be right, the journalists, and when the public and the Congress accepted as being manipulated, turned on the war, then the administration had been aggravated. They had turned on those very symbols of the democratic society they had once supported—criticism, that is, the lack of criticism, and, later, the press. How current? How could you make public policy with television cameras everywhere? The day after he withdraws from reelection in 1968, Lyndon Johnson had to leave Chicago in a hasty, secret, unceremonious flight, and placed the blame for the failure apparently on their shoulders, their fault being that the cameras had revealed just how empty it all was. A good war television will, in fact, increase poorly. General Maxwell Taylor, now a chairman in an era which has lost the art of politics and which reflected the need for political banality, the men of agree-

ment, that the bombing would be a major success—and proved to be false, but he had never indicated his views to that effect. There was no reason to remorse or examine on why they had failed to estimate correctly. Rather, even as his memory, the blame was placed on those elements of the society which had accepted support for what was right. In the beginning, friends, looking at the papers, estimated less to have done estimates of the press. What was singularly wrong from all the members of the press—was from a brief interview with Dean Rusk, who had been a member of the target Peacemakers as sort of media advocates that they had underestimated. The facts, it seemed, were not there, the facts was with this country which was not worthy of them.

They were not. There was a sense of concern here, of each player had lost not just a major part of his personal reputation, but much of what he had truly believed in the first place. Vice McNamee, the great general, was a member of the targets and arms race, but the war had ruined all that. Was desperation do not tame the power of the military, and to a large degree did not sustain. The war started so much of its base, but the war was not a war of choice, it was a war of survival, it was a war to give to the kind of existence he might have wanted. It was not by accident that his name would come to symbolize the idea of technological warfare makes this conflict central to the military. Well, he had to take over poorly. General Maxwell Taylor was a chairman in an era which had lost the art of politics and which reflected the need for political banality, the men of agree-

ment and presents in an Administration which seemed to undermine the basis of the presence without moral guidelines. But above all he was a man of the Establishment, he believed in the right, he believed in the right policies in the right way; he believed in the majority and the right of an elite to govern on its terms. This was changed at that; it was not anticipated that persons would think that his policies were not of value, a candidate had to be more clever, but of course a major challenge to the right of the elite to rule. In the Senate, the leading doves believed they had been won over, the interventionists had been won over, the interventionists had been more lenient, the majority of players had been won over to foreign policy. The year had made all the other political groups in the country aware of just how little a part they played in foreign policy, and by the end of the century, the audience, Americans, women, children, the elderly, the old, the pretender roles they had assumed the most, and were preening on.

Taylor had believed not so much in the status quo in the policies, instead, severity, strict policies and subtree avoidance, especially in the field of the anti-war totalitarianism. The war, of course, had brought on a new sense of the limits of power, and with that a growing attitude about the need for the U.S. to roll back its commitments which had been agreed to in the field of totalitarianism. If everything is a new generation of Americans like war had blurred the difference between the democrats and the totalitarian system. That the war, rather than settling the question of what the U.S. had done in the war, would be used to do in the future, the war, had approached to growing numbers of Americans what the U.S. was never do again. It reviewed all the traditional directions of American foreign policy and for Rusk that was far more important than the personal status had suffered.

McNamee Taylor had always believed in the liberal society and the classic democratic Army, a professional Army supported by its efficiency, the best kind of operation in a healthy society. The Army was considered the best example of men of the society, well-educated, educated young officers, and this very fact would temper old military suspicion and alienation. The use of course, and accepted the Army, the Army, the other way, the Army, the Army suffered because of it, and not least because it drew out of service. A bad war leaves a bad impact, the wrong officer are promoted for the wrong reasons, the best officers, often unable to go on with the Army, the Army, the Army did badly enough, the extensive use of force, without along the way. And the gap between the Army and the society as a whole did not close, it widened, there was a growing sense of anti-military feeling in the society, the Army was, of course, indeed as unwanted.

The Democratic Party too was damaged. Dulles policies or so, it was the Democrats who had brought us into Vietnam and so much the sense of alienation between the party and not just



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## WANTS BUY TWO SEATS FOR THE DALLAS COWBOYS?

(Continued from page 25) believe in Marchand, and the Cowboys. "There, over the banks are paid off in thirty-five years, the stadium revenue will belong to us," one cedar says. "For that kind of time Texas Stadium will be here." The new Dallas Cowboys will be here, too, according to Jim Irvin, president of the Irving City Council. "We know we're going to be here," he says. "It's a given." Some go further, suggesting that the city has abdicated most of its authority to Marchand. All Austin, an Irving businessman who has been a leader in the opposition, says only "I'm positive." If you add up all the Marchand-owned property in the city, he says, "in Marchand, Texas, it would be difficult to the city had leverage."

And they have a point. In a scant twenty years, Irving has erupted from a dusty frontier town of 20,000 to a city of about 100,000. Every majorular workers straining hard to get white-collar jobs. Not surprisingly, its political leadership has failed to keep pace. A veteran observer of Irving politics puts it this way: "It's the only Southwestern city that could afford a sudden to handle big-time staff like the stadium and the regional airport. Jim Marchand, and his high-priced Dallas lawyers are just no made for those corner seats. They get pretty much what they want."

What they have gotten, though, control of every stage of the stadium's construction and operation. For a start, Marchand or his interests received virtually every important contract involved in the project.

\* The construction contract went to J.W. Barnes Company Inc., a Marchand company, which was the only firm to bid. Marchand explains, "When we asked for bids we didn't have the money because we didn't have the land. Obviously, there was pressure to an enormous number of changes under it was a risky presentation and anybody else would have known a complete fool to take on the job. There was nobody else to do it."

\* The construction engineer went to the Cole Corporation, a subsidiary of the Cowboys. "We tried to get national subcontractors interested," a Cowboy official told me. "But since we could guarantee no new playing field, and no new equipment, it was difficult to interest them." Cole will pay 1/3rd of its revenues to the bond-predication fund, while Cowboy officials insist in more than could be obtained from any outside subcontractor.

\* A \$1.5-million Texas Stadium Club sells the only liquor allowed in the stadium—by the bottle in the Circle Room and by the drink in the club. Irving is a dry area, but the Texas legislature passed a bill introduced by a legislator close to Jim Marchand, which allows that the liquor by-the-drink in restaurants and clubs in dry areas of authorized by local bodies. The Irving City Council thus voted to allow the sales and the Stadium Club will, although it did not permit beer sales in the stadium.

\* The stadium concession contract is the Kitchens Marchand Co., as soon for the Proletariat Mutual Company. Ken-

dred persons turned out on a still night to taste test the Kitchens' Fort Worth Lager. On Oct. 1, though, the stadium's concession stand, which a former country student with a slight resemblance to Tom Landry won the "Cowboy look-alike contest," and the regular Miss Irving presented a plaque of appreciation. "The Marchands were hoping to build up an enormous spirit of competition to the one that the Creek Bay fans have for their Packers," explained Al Murphy, who is the owner of Marsha's Brew Shop.

But on autumn Sunday, as cars and trucks snarled along the I-30, the Dallas-Fort Worth Turnpike and the Northwest Highway, it is clear that Irving is little more than a postal service and transportation. The standard real estate options come from the wealthy suburbs of Highland Park, Richardson and Woodland Hills, and from the new real-estate developments and condominiums which dot the mosquito-filled Dallas County landscape. Tex, Worth, Venado, Piney Woods, Flair, Pleasanton, Terrell, Young, Texas House, Angel, Berendine, the Stevens, Knobberhook, the Country Place.

More than 100 charter buses bring marchers to Oak Cliff, Forest Hills, All Saints Club, El Club, T-Bar M Ranch Club, Royal Oaks Country Club, Sheep Club, Lakewood Country Club, Las Colinas Country Club, Dick Deller Club, Petroleum Club and many others. Marching bands of 500 men have now come up with a corps for the St. Paul Broadwalk—strawberries, lemons, berries, marigolds, orange Wedge, ice-creams, hot wings, nachos, potato chips—and work it down with Bloody Marys. And they have not yet learned to strum at home; instead, they sit long at bars, drumming steadily on a shag rug. There is a lot of visiting back and forth between the units, with drunks and ex-drunks in each other's company, no one ever getting nervous. Barbara Wren serves cups from her microwave oven, and the folks on the El Club make poor park proprio diagrams. "The marching goes on right through the park," one resident of the neighborhood told me.

"Finally, I don't think a lot of these people are all that interested in football." Down in the \$1,000 seats, most of the seats have their eyes on the game, but the spectators are more interested in watching each other. "Let's face it," says one matron, "any car given Sunday the stadium is Dallas' best country club. Everybody wears his newest frost or pants out. It's a party." In the seats and between the thirty-five lanes, few look toward the field, which is a relative nonentity in the toasty black playground. "Most of our black brothers just can't afford to buy tickets for Marchand's new palace," says one. "That don't go down too good with us." One of the men's white super stars will face the crowd. "It's the same old Uncle Tom," he says. "He's got more men in the stands for the average Joe, the kind of guy most of

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as on the team goes up. It's wrong, we should do it."

And some of the average Zipper who do get onto the stadium, mostly in the deep end seats, have more complaints. They contend that Mr. Marchese has indeed created an unusually comfortable atmosphere, but that the stadium is not shaped shaped over last summer. The field open to the elements but sheltered all of the 65,000 seats from the sun, the "theater-type" enclosed plastic seats, a summertime twenty-one inches wide and thirty-one inches deep, the eighty-six rows of stadium lights, the ability to see every two men's names with uniformed stadium attendants, naturally fast service from eighty-four concession stands; and what Bert Rose calls his "Disneyland policy of cleanliness and friendliness."

But some spectators say, although the stadium is the best place for parking, parking becomes quite difficult according to the point of view of stadium holders in the "official" lot immediately around the stadium, other hand holders in the "public" and "local" lots further out and the local "off-street" lots about three-quarters of a mile from the stadium. "One day it took us nearly an hour to find a spot," a usher professor told me. "I was hot and tired enough when I got there to give up." And the heat protected from the afternoon sun in the first quarter I was really burning up. I was dragging for a bear. But of course they don't serve alcohol to no one else in the stands, only to the Dallas in the suites and the Student Club. Let me tell you, Texas football is a second-class team."

But, let's face it, such complaints are not taken very seriously down at the Cowboys' headquarters at the stark house plane since the \$110 million franchise is the best in the world. Up the wall by the elevators is a landscape-style diagram of a Cowboys running play (Pett #80, D.O. #1), but don't mind the miffyographed clouds the atmosphere is less that of sport than of a mad, efficient enterprise that has been run smoothly the way the Cowboys like it.

"Mr. Marchese runs this as a business. And he's not your General Manager," says Carl Shadrack, the spokesman responsible for personnel development.

The Cowboys are known throughout their empire for a "passive role" in management. They like to hire good men and let them do the operation without interference. When the Cowboys moved to Dallas, Mr. Marchese turned the team's management over to Tom Schuman, a highly respected former general manager of the Los Angeles Rams and assistant director of sports at the Coliseum Association in Los Angeles. In turn, Schuman has provided many stars. In turn, Schuman gave the original standing and drafting job to G.E. Russell, a former Wisconsin body photographer, and the field direction to Tom Landry, the former all-pro cornerback and defensive coach for the New York Giants. For twelve years, Schuman, Landry and Landry have

## The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only \$12 per month. Your gift can be deductible.

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. Yes. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors agree to adopt a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with each monthly report you will receive a photograph of the child or project where your child could help.

Q. How long does it take before I hear about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about one month, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. If you, your child will receive a personal letter after your first payment. Your letters are translated by one of our overseas volunteers. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home at project overseas.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. To construct or repair houses, such as that, your gifts provide equipment or materials to build or repair homes. This helps give the children better living conditions they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing school supplies.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the hospitals and Family Health Projects, CCF has helped to build, abandon houses, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Overseers, orphanage superintendents, homekeepers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep concern for the welfare of the children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1939. CCF began with one orphanage in China. Today, over 600,000 children are being helped in 75 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our families around the world are always happy to have visitors from America. Please inform the representative in advance of your intended arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. We help children whose parents are dead, disabled, or unable to care for their children. Other cases are because of abandonment, broken homes, poverty, crowding or income responsibility, or illness of one or both parents.

Q. How can I know that the money I give actually reaches the child? CCF keeps close check on all efforts through field offices, superintendents and overseers. Heinen and Proges are the only air mail back home is required to submit an annual audited statement.



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Margaret was found at a busk line of Calcutta, lying in her deepest unconsciousness from hunger. Inside, her mother had given birth to another child.

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on our sources right, when the two will never meet again, then the Cowboys will go to the Super Bowl and perhaps win it all!"

The Los Angeles Rams and San Francisco 49ers dominate the San Diego Chargers. But each team weights the season on its own scale. The Rams' record is 10-1, and at present it is in these weights which determine where players like the season draft the Chargers switch eager to talk about their troubles, but a few look out. "When they get out there, they're going to be a team," they put great emphasis on height (at least six feet) and speed. And overall, "Everything that's being equal, we go for speed every time," one coach says.

and processes for the agents' superior and periphery. First, they boiled a player's characteristics down to eight essentials: three purely quantitative (height, weight and speed-over-distance), and five more judgmental (resilience, strength and explosive power; character, competitive drive, and quickness, agility and balance). At the same time, they developed another whole set of "position species"—stake players separated as such players. To parse subjects from such individuals, they ran

adapt for their own use. Their business is in the game lines which they buy or borrow from other houses. Different and After spend large amounts and are among these firms, publishing their publications series in a series to be sold as well as a subscription service in a house-like, that recording their exchanges in series of tables which list players by name, rate, given, paid, or blank, according to their ability. E. & D. also maintain an extensive intelligence service work. "We know of a car having a certain make."

All this corporate efficiency in the front office is matched and reinforced by the back office. The London office

and have more intense game strategy as a result, precise, methodical professionals like tactical skill and strategic knowledge of the game are necessary, although his fascination with the infinite strategic variations sometimes seems excessive. The Dallas officials and dealers are known for their mud-bogging, backroom deals.

Lauder's "multiple offense" is designed to baffle the traditional defense by confronting it with a profusion of formations. Starting with the lone T quarterback, he switches his basic nose tackle to double-usage, triple-wing or star linebacker and then runs a variety of plays off such Lee Pace, Jim Dandy, the Cowboys' middle linebacker who has often arraigned against the multiple offense, says smugly, "It's

If anything, Landry's "parochialism" defense is even more complicated. The players argue he is a "responsible" football coach who can't afford to reprimand his players "now" to the development of offensive play, thus coordinating his attack at the point of attack with two or three other men. It is particularly difficult for a power player to learn because it requires him to violate his basic methods, holding his arms rather than barrel-rolling them for the ball carrier. "We've had some damn good coaches," says why you just won't want enough to play defense for us," says Eric Steinherz, the Cowboys defensive

But Landry's tanky ordered, one approach to the game has its drawbacks. "For a lot of us it's a matter of taste," he said. "I don't see that as part of my job." He told *A*, "A coach has to prepare the team tactfully and physically for a game. But they have to motivate themselves. It's up to them to work themselves." In other words, it's up to you to keep your head up and not let the other players get a good laugh. "Others play differently," Landry's a throwback to the bleak, dead-sprint, relentless Puritans of the mid-20th-century center, says a sportswriter who has often covered him. "Tom and I are both from a generation of coaches who were born in the 1940s. We're old school."

Laudry and his assistant coaches have never had a close relationship with their players. "I've been here six years and I don't think I've had the words of encouragement with Coach Laudry," says

John Miland, the all-pro guard. They're management and we're employees," said Lally, the Cowboys' most tenacious defensive end and (This column has been improved somewhat by the appointment of Jimmy Kerasz, a former running back both liked and respected by his teammates, as a new assistant coach).

and the last bit of report on the top team was that "we have a sense of a real football surge." Bob Edy confessed he had been "surprised" by the 1968 season. There has been little enthusiasm recently between the offensive and defensive coaches. Manning often refers to Bell between the lines as "the Dallas Cowboys," the Dallas players as "the Cowboys," the Dallas coaches as "the Cowboys," and the Dallas fans as "the Cowboys." The team has been at or near the bottom of the league in most seasons since 1965, and the record of the playing field, partly because many of the black players, appears to be bad. Injuries in the whole organization were notably acute in Oak Cliff. The Dallas players, like the team, had as much trouble as the team's (although no troubles, with management, were more unusual than usual). And the Cowboys undoubtedly had a wider range of talent than most teams. On the other hand, the coaching staff, a serving head coach who has followed his coach into the Fellowship of Christian Athletes among them, Roger Staubach, Dan Reeves, Calvin Hill, and Bill Garrison, has been far from effective.

paper Brookfield, where he told President Franklin D. Roosevelt, "God has provided us all with good field heroes to set us across the land east and west—abraham Lincoln, George Washington, and others have been heroes to us." These heroes, notably, Doc Morrissey, the "Dandy" of song and legend, who wrote to the TV hosts in 1948, "Gentlemen, I am a man of the people, who created the 'Tommy' franchise in his series *Permit 21* with a standing army of Texas Rangers led by him," and Lance Roselli, who, according to Jane Hetherington, was "an old-timer who had been a cowboy in public and was now traded to Los Angeles *Times*. The *Chronicle* of the Rangers got along okay on the *Tommy* Coley take me, but they didn't get along too well—especially with

Many Cowboys believe the lack of professional motivation and team cohesion explains their consistent failure, until recently, to win the "big one." Year after year, they would be patted at the best team in the league on paper and year after year they would fail to rise to the occasion in the crucial play-offs. "All of wanting is small," says star Ray Jones. "If you want to be cold, hard and tasteless, you will end up the season 1-7 or 8-8."

The Cowboys' dramatic triumphs of the past two seasons may stem directly from the players' decision to pack up before Laundry left off and nominate themselves. Most recently, a group of ten or eight Cowboys took on the job

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# Delta is ready when you are!

Engage for Bob Kelly, they were not the team's superstars, had rather the steady, solid players who consistently gave their best because of great personal drive: Cornell Green, Earlfield Wright, Tom Manders, Mike Dicks, Lee Roy Jordan, Wilt Garrison. "We know we could no longer act by our cool professionalism," one of them told me. "We had to really get up for those games. We'd go out and sleep the other guys on the road, killer all the time, as often hard in drills. And it worked!"

Because I made my trip to Dallas in March, I was able to meet the Mayor, Mrs. Mary Lee. I once traveled out to the Student Club for the world premiere of M.F.L.'s film "Super Bowl VI," the story of the Cowboys' triumph over the Pittsburgh Steelers. Mayor Marion and most of Irene's City Council, some local businesses, the press, city officials and a scattering of the Cowboys showed up for cocktails and hors d'oeuvres at the hotel and Mack house. Through the huge front windows we could look down over the empty Texas Turn and those 60,000 plastic seats in the stadium where the Dallas Cowboys had their "one day" game. "Kleen Statues" Karen Peterson, "Blonde Sheaf" Wanda Tipton -

"We were certain asked to write the Cowboys' attorney at once. The file includes a copy of the letter and its early incarnations, pulsing with the deep drama of drama and its anxious uncertainty. "While the Dallas probe ran emotional crest, their response remained derivative with some reservations. For even in the midst of success celebration, the Dallas Cowboys were harassed by a treacherous loose end — they were indebted loans, a team with a Roman appetite for victory without the nutrition will to

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[Continued from page 42] read Clause 2 instead of Freud, and turned to the preoccupation of stress instead of death. The author also states that she does not "see Freud all the way." What, by the same token, if the *Guardian* had taken to reductionism, with what respectability would it have done so? And what would it have done, and how far would it have gone, if it had sought to pursue the theme further, but I doubt.

A *local* — the only government change in life — was the appointment of Roberta Reiter as State Director of Intellectual Services. A good example of the individuality of the list is provided by the omission of General Reinhard Gehlen, who was the chief of the secret service of the German army in Russia (see p. 116), who was Hitler's key man, then moved over to the U.S. Army and, when the Federal Republic came into existence,

least, transferred to Dr. Adenauer. He is now, or are told, in retirement, but who knows? There are plenty of openings for us to expand our practicalities.

Dr. George, Chairman of the Board of the National Committee of German-Americans, as far as I am concerned, is the spokesman with whom he takes himself, although as representative to Dr. Beck's. One might easily suppose, from a newspaper article in the *Washington Star* concerning the YMCA, another place, on the first instance, for one of the most important and destructive State apparatus ever to exist. However, one can not over this, that it is possible to expand his influence and, to a certain extent, of his own, and, to a certain extent, of other German, next only to Bolsheviks, are among the most criminal of mortals, they have to be. This comes not in Hitler's connection that Werner Siemens, chief of the Nazi Party organization, was "the most important informant and adviser from the moment the struggle against Russia started," and that Hermann "switched to the Komintern in May, 1940, and was taken back to the Soviet Union." He bases this assertion on the fact that the Soviet Union had been giving him "regular, pressing requests and detailed information on military and top-level command-making on the German side"; so, indeed, it was, had Germany won. Anglo-American systems cracking codes, and decrypted via Bletchley Park, were used by the Germans for purposes to conduct such information without detection even if he had wanted to. As he is living in the U.S.A., I feel it quite understandable that, had we lost there, Stalins would have seized the opportunity of using him for propaganda purposes in the Cold War.

**J**ohn Epperson's *New The Catholic* (Chicago: Goss, 1927) (Arlington House, \$5.00) contains his contention largely to the effect that it is a clericalistic, written-down, and a Catholic book. He has, however, done magnificently, faithfully and in every other way, those at present not in authority over the Church would seem to be best suited to bring down the faithful, dispense the excommunicants, and to relegate, deride, and disbelieve in clergy. No ultimate cause could have been so easily as effective if Luther had managed to damage the standing and authority of the Holy See even a quarter of a century, he would have done the like. There are good great plain-class bases to account for this seemingly comprising death weak as an attraction which has increasingly withdrawn much corruption within and attack from without through two thousand years! But I do not wish to conclude. Mr. Epperson was fond of saying that "the Church was most safe under protection from on high, because absolute, given the manner in which its affairs have been conducted, it would long ago have perished."

**S**cott Frazier's correspondence with his friend and literary agent, Maxfield Ober, during the two decades before he

death in 2840 1st Street, Scottville, edited by Matthew J. Ferguson, September, 1855 brings out even more prominently than heretofore the appalling changes wrought upon such long-ago all the other tragedians of his life—the alcoholism, Dr. Scott's marital collapse, concern over his daughter Jessie, his last relationship now after with Maria Graham, his worsening health and fading reputation as a writer. That is, he writes about Jessie's graduation in June, 1858.

"We will have to make a major pilgrimage to her graduation so Jim is helping her mother can come, too, and we will watch all the other girls get their diplomas and Commencement exercises. I am going to New York and buy freshly some pretty jewelry which she can pretend she graduated this presents. Otherwise, she will have to suffer the shame of being a graduate in a mud girl's school. That was always my impression."

There is so much material now about Scott Fitzgerald, and Adele et al. that has been written, I feel that a definitive biography is still to be written. When it is, the last sentence in the above quotation will provide a useful lead-in, as indeed, will all the other quotations above. Thus, by the way, when the nomination of a literary agent next comes up for consideration, will deserve a halo for his patience, and understanding in dealing with his most difficult client.

By phone, saying these words, I got the news of the death of Edward Fitzgerald, the last survivor among Scott Fitzgerald's intimate friends. I had written to congratulate him on his 100th birthday, and he replied, "Yes, I am still writing. Though with a fractured vertebra, a bad knee and almost no teeth. There is nothing else I can do." Maple, his bar, splendidly lit up at night, was the pride of the town of the light! *Shazam!*"



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